

MAN'S WORLD



OCT.

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"DO AS WE SAY,
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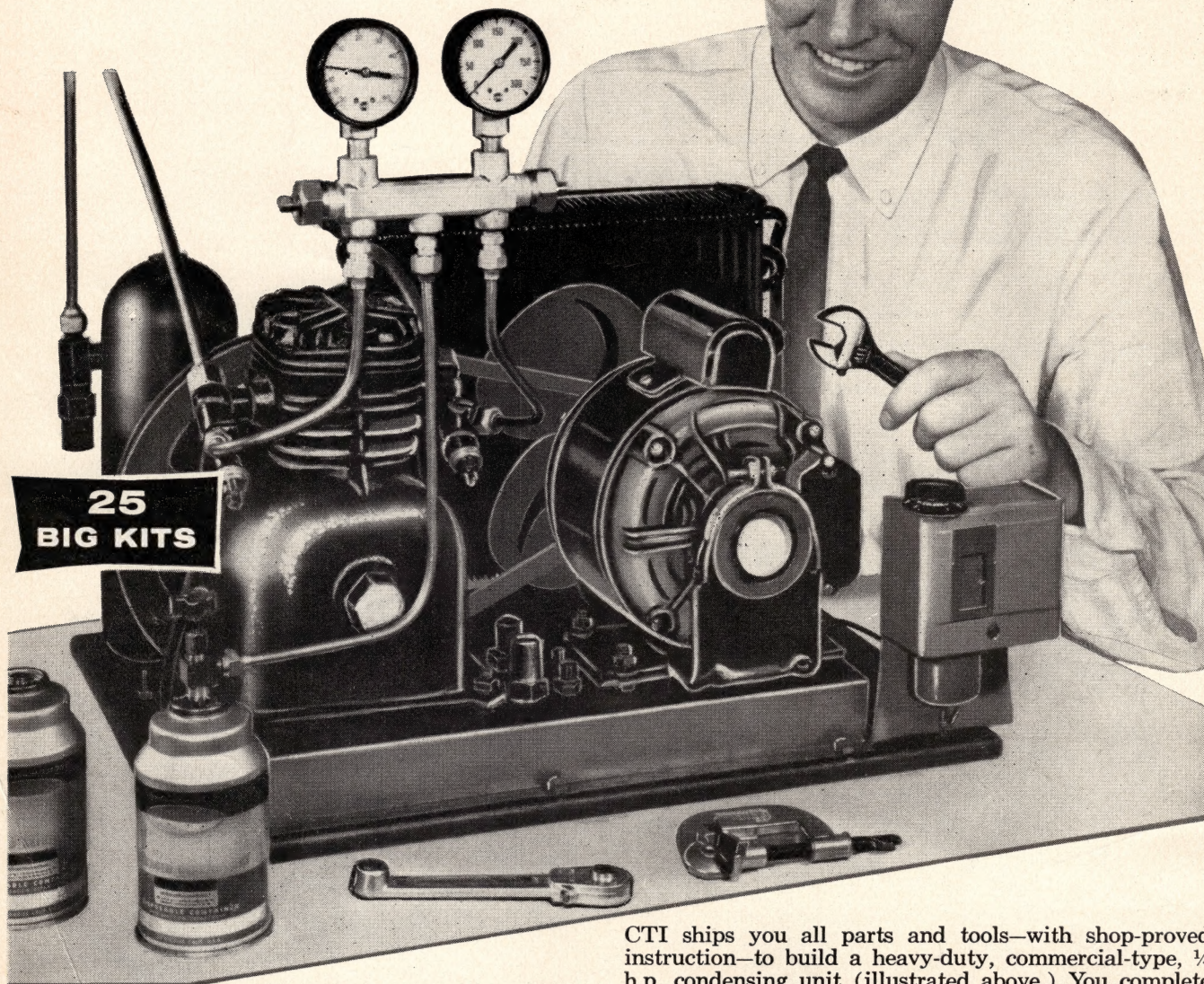
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(THE NAZI COLONEL'S DAUGHTER SEDUCED
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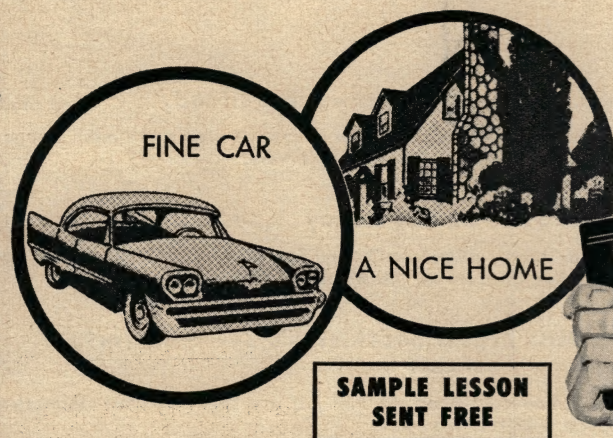
To those who want to enjoy an ACCOUNTING CAREER

If you're that person, here's something that will interest you.

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Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

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Girls and Gags

Two Hollywood model agency owners were talking when one of their models walked in. She was a pretty girl, but on this occasion she looked very unhappy.

"What's wrong, Helen?" asked one.

"You're looking at the dumbest girl who ever lived."

"Why do you say that?"

"It's this way," began Helen. "I was on the way home from work yesterday when this Cadillac convertible pulls up alongside me."

"What happened then?"

"Well, this tall young fellow in the car whistles at me."

"Yeah."

"I told him, 'I'm a lady, get out of here before I call a cop.'"

"Did that scare him off?"

"No. He tells me he'll take me to the best clubs in town and the finest restaurants. He says he's got a lot of money and he's lonesome. Then he says, if I don't want to do anything tonight, all I have to do is give him my phone number and he'll call me tomorrow."

"And what did you do?" asked the partners.

"What could I do? I wrote the number down, and when I gave it to him he pressed something into my hand and drove away."

"So why are feeling so low?"

"Because," wailed Helen, "what he put in my hand was a hundred-dollar bill! And like an idiot, I gave him the wrong number!"

Wife: Whisper the three little words which will make me walk on air.

Husband: Go hang yourself!

A bulletin board outside a church announced the topic of the minister's coming Sunday sermon: "Do You Know What Hell Is?" Underneath was printed in small letters: "Come and hear our organist."

A young guy went into a jeweler's and said "I want to buy that engagement ring in the window. And engrave this in it—'From Bill to Connie.'"

"Take my advice," said the jeweler, "and just have 'From Bill.'"

The scholarly-looking little man seemed out of place in night court. Charged with being a Peeping Tom, the hapless fellow had been caught red-handed with a pair of binoculars trained on a window across the court.

"You have been charged with spying on the girls at the Emerson Residence Hall. How do you plead?" the magistrate challenged.

"Not guilty, Your Honor."

"Just a minute," interrupted the arresting officer. "We caught this guy with a pair of binoculars focussed right on a window where a girl was undressing. He can't pretend he's innocent!"

"I was simply indulging in my hobby," countered the accused self-righteously.

"Hobby, is it?" sneered the man on the bench. "Well, I suppose counterfeiting could be called a hobby, but it's still against the law."

"My avocation happens to be ornithology," sniffed the defendant. "I am a bird-watcher."

"That's a new one!" roared the judge. "And your binoculars slipped, I suppose, and accidentally got focussed on the bedroom of a semi-nude blonde?"

"Not at all," replied the accused haughtily. "The blonde you mention is a very ordinary example of her species. But, now, you take her parakeet . . . !"

An obnoxious woman was boasting to her friend about the wonderful achievements of her ancestors.

"My great-great-great-great grandfather fought with Washington," she said proudly.

"Is that right?"

"And my great-great-great grandfather fought with Jackson."

"Really?"

"And my grandfather fought with Pershing and my husband fought with Eisenhower."

"Say," said her friend, "your family didn't get along with anybody, did they?"

"Daughter," worried the mother, "I've told you so many times. Don't let a strange man come to your apartment. You know how I worry."

"It's all right, mother," laughed the girl. "I went to his apartment. Let his mother worry!"

Critic: It's an elegant statue, all right, but isn't that an odd position for a general to assume?"

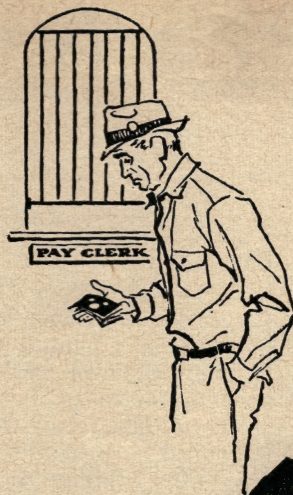
Sculptor: Perhaps it is, but you see, I was halfway finished when the committee decided that it couldn't afford a horse for him."

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE



"Say! That looks like fun!"

"I SAW MYSELF 10 YEARS FROM NOW!"



It happened one payday...

Fred worked on the line next to me. Nice guy. Married. Two children. Been on the same job 10 years.

As we walked away from the pay window together he said, "Funny. Each week I get to feel like I'm letting my family down. You know. Not getting ahead so I can give them the things they need."

His words hit me all of a sudden. I could see myself saying the same thing—10 years from now!

Not only that. I could see the same job. Same thin paycheck. Same worries.

I thought about Fred all day. Then that night

I saw an ad for I.C.S. It told about the job opportunities that open up with I.C.S. training. How people had found new careers and job success.

I mailed the coupon and that was the start. In just a few months my boss discovered I was an I.C.S. student. He was so pleased he decided to move me off the line. A year and two raises later I was made an assistant supervisor.

What about Fred? He's still working on the line. Still hoping for the future.

I told him about I.C.S. But so far he hasn't done anything. I guess some people never will.

How about you?

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Girls and Gags

continued



A conscientious bookkeeper showed up at his office one morning looking completely worn-out.

"You must have had a big evening," said his boss.

"It isn't that," yawned the bookkeeper. "I couldn't get to sleep so I started counting sheep. But I made a mistake, and it took me all night to find it."

A rich playboy was a petty officer on a submarine during the last war.

"Torpedoes are expensive," the captain warned the crew. "Before you release one, make sure you're going to hit the target."

Shortly after this lecture, the playboy officer spotted a destroyer coming toward the sub. "Destroyer spotted on the portside," he yelled into the megaphone.

There was no answer.

"Destroyer 400 yards away!" he bellowed.

Pause.

"Two hundred yards away!" shouted the rich boy.

Still no answer, and no action.

"One hundred yards away!"

No answer; no action.

"Fifty yards away!"

Nothing.

"Fire!" bawled the playboy. "I'll pay for it!"

Two men from Chicago decided to get out of the city for a weekend and went on a hunting trip. One took a quart of liquor and the other brought a jug of coffee. Both drank heartily. Then they found the right spot and waited for their prey.

After waiting about two hours, a lone duck appeared 50 feet away. Lifting up his rifle, the coffee drinker shot, and missed. From further back, the liquor drinker shot and hit the bird right between the eyes.

"Good shooting," said the coffee man.

"It wash nothin'," answered his inebriated pal. "With a flock like that, I should have brought down 10 or 12!"

A gorgeous, leggy girl seemed to be just what the manufacturer was looking for in a new secretary.

"You seem to be exactly what I want," he said. "You're smart, good on the telephone, great on the typewriter, and you're gorgeous, too. By the way, how much are you asking a week in salary?"

The girl told him.

"Sorry," the boss said. "You're too tall."

A man finally bought a parrot at an auction after some very spirited bidding.

"I suppose the bird talks," he said to the auctioneer.

"Talks?" was the reply. "He's been bidding against you for the past half hour."

The one-armed stranger winced when the barber nicked him, but the barber paid no attention and kept on chattering. He nicked him again and again and again, talking all the while. Finally the barber said, "Haven't you been in here before?"

"No," said the stranger. "I lost this arm in a sawmill."

A panhandler asked a man for 20 cents for a cup of coffee.

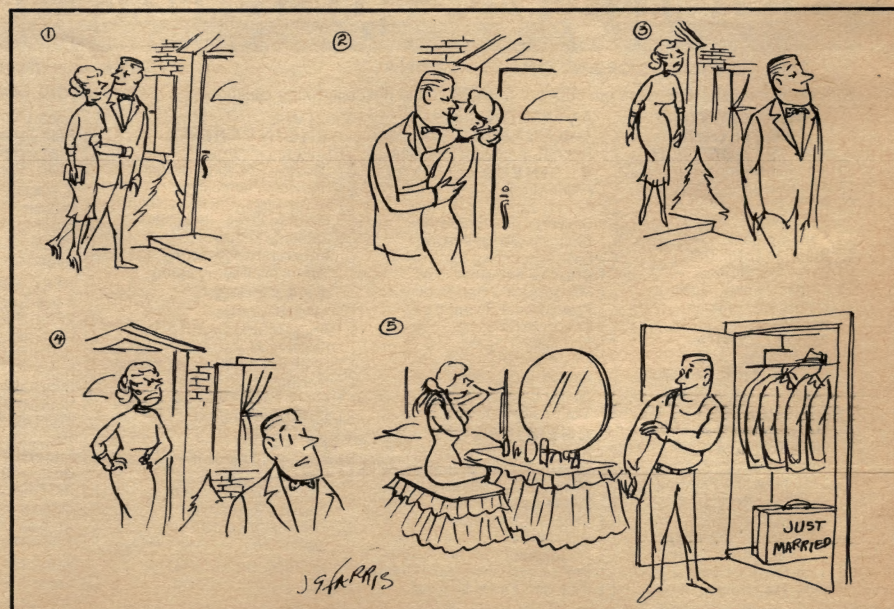
"What do you mean, 20 cents?" the man said. "Coffee's only a dime."

"I know," the panhandler said, "but I've got a date."

Four card sharps got together on a train. A cutthroat poker game followed in the smoker and was still going on at four A.M., when suddenly the dealer upset the table and shouted: "This lousy game is crooked."

"Yeah, what makes you think so?" one of the others said.

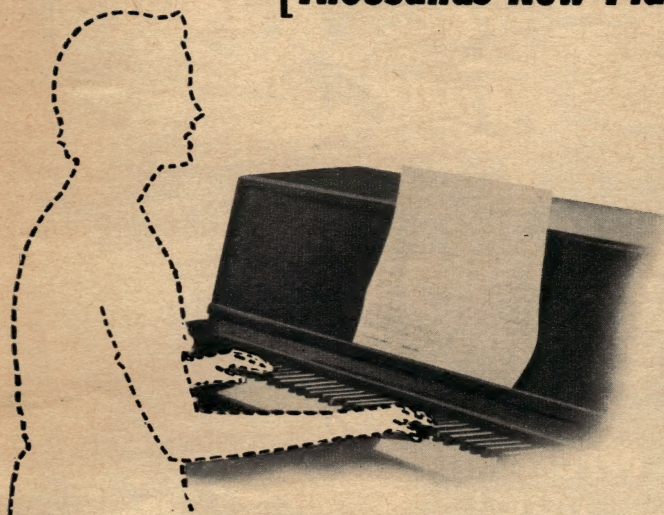
"That guy," he shouted, pointing to another of the gamblers, "is not playing the hand I dealt him."



Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to MAN'S WORLD, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

PICTURE YOURSELF PLAYING YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENT!

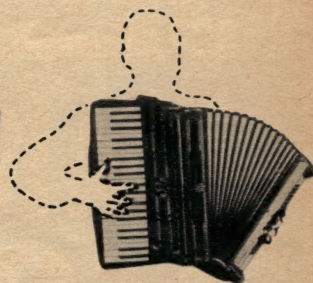
[Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could]



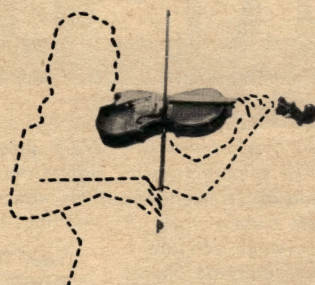
PIANO! Key to good times. Our student, Cora Franklin Duke of Bumpass, Virginia writes: "How happy I am! I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!"



GUITAR! Puts you in the spotlight at parties, dances. "It's been fun," says Howard Hopkins of East Syracuse, N. Y. "Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to all kinds of affairs."



ACCORDION! Like an orchestra in itself. Howard D. Arnold of Bloomingdale, N. J. says "Have completely mastered the piano accordion. I'm now taking your Steel Guitar Course."



VIOLIN! Ivan W. Dayley of Lisco, Nebraska, writes "I learned more in 3 months with you than in 2 years by myself . . . am now studying 'Hora Staccato'" Wouldn't you like to play this glorious instrument?



SAXOPHONE! Great for jam sessions. C. W. Hicks of the Netherlands West Indies writes: "I couldn't believe I would learn how to play the saxophone without a teacher. Thanks for making me a musician."

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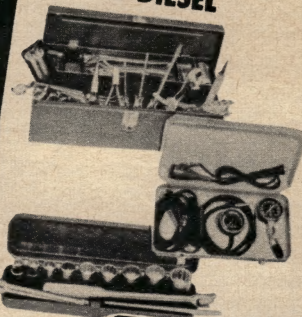
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out of this MAN'S WORLD

FANTASTIC PHIL

To the Editor:

I thoroughly enjoyed Frank Mullady and William Kofoed's story about the pint-sized con man who made \$85-million on phony drugs. (*Fantastic Phil: Brooklyn's Wildest Legend*, MAN'S WORLD, August.) Particularly the exciting way in which it was written.

And that—the colorful narrative—is what put a question in my mind. In my opinion, Phil Musica lived a fabulously thrilling life. His daring forgeries, his colossal courage in establishing "paper" businesses that didn't even exist, his manufacture of one lie on top of another—all of this earned him wine, women and yachts that the rest of us can barely dream of.

Yet, after so many victories, he suicides. Why? Just because he finally got caught? Hell, even if he'd been sentenced to life imprisonment, which I doubt, he could have had a ball just remembering the great times he had had—just puffing on his pipe and living it all over again . . .

J. A. Donaldson
San Diego, Calif.

► A conclusive explanation of why a successful man commits suicide is of course outside our competence, reader Donaldson. We tentatively suggest that a blank future can overwhelm a colorful past in a man's mind, which is another way of saying that in certain cases, crime does not pay.

THE LONG WAIT

To the Editor:

I never realized that the United States Navy was capable of such gross negligence until I read *The Lonely Midnight Death Of The Cruiser Indianapolis* in the August issue of MAN'S WORLD.

In the Kaiser's navy, during World War I, we were also very lax in the

matter of logging departures and entries of our ships, but I can tell you one thing—no German base commander worth his salt would have failed to institute an immediate search after a delay of 24 hours.

Now, I see that over 500 men drowned in the water, who could have been quite easily saved. That is a terrible thing to me, since I am a naturalized American citizen, and therefore even more aware of our shortcomings than certain other native-borns.

Wilhelm Wetzler
Milwaukee, Wis.

► The WW2 sinking of the *Indianapolis* and the unhappy drifting of its survivors was indeed an unfortunate episode in U.S. Naval history. Perhaps we Americans—both foreign- and native-born—have learned enough from it never to permit an incident like it to re-occur.

THUMBS DOWN ON HEELS

To the Editor:

Good old Charlie Schwartz! An immensely engaging chap—he "invents" a "silk machine," gets swooning bimbos to finance it, murders a preacher to

collect insurance, and what else? (*The Inventor, The Evangelist And The Willing Women Of Berkeley*, August, MAN'S WORLD.) I bet he strangled cats and dogs for a pastime.

Seriously, I enjoy "scamp" stories now and then, but I much prefer articles about men with somewhat healthier outlooks than Good Old Charlie's. Don't think that my own name has any bearing on the matter—it's just a coincidence and, besides, I'm not sensitive.

Charles Schwartz
Chicago, Ill.

► The "good" Mr. Schwartz may forget the "bad" Mr. Schwartz when he turns to page 18 of the current issue, where he will find a definitely healthy hero.

PATTE PLAYS FOOTsie

To the Editor:

From the pictures of Patte Dee running around barefoot in your August issue, you'd think her feet would be filthy. That's what I bet the guys in my barracks, at any rate. Do I win?

Pvt. Andy Bruce
Parris Island, S.C.

► Sure you win. See?



**In 1954, a brash young black-marketeer from
Ohio sailed a yawl into the Sulu Sea—to
face a year of captivity among the most sav-
age, Christian-hating people in the world.**





THE LITTLE WAR ON MANY-BRIDE ISLAND

by TED STOIL

LAJAR, Mr. Griffin, *lajar!* A sail! Look!" John Griffin straightened up from the dismantled auxiliary engine, unlimbered his six-foot frame and peered over the cockpit coaming of the *Cebu Lady*. On the yawl's deck Manuel Ragay, his Filipino navigator, was jabbing a finger toward the southern horizon of the shimmering Sulu Sea. Griffin squinted, spotted a distant speck on the surface and reached for his glasses. The speck leaped quickly into focus. It was a native *prau*—no, two of them, their blood-red lanteen sails belying full in the stiff breeze. Griffin could see white water curling back from their high prows. They were making time.

"Couple of *praus*," he announced. "Get something to signal them with, Manuel. Maybe they'll give us a tow into Sandakan."

The Filipino looked dubious. "Their sails are red, Mr. Griffin?"

The American scrambled out of the cockpit. "Yeah. C'mon, Manuel, get moving."

"No use signaling them," the navigator said. "They will come to us anyway. Those are Moro pirates."

John Griffin grinned. Manuel was off on *that* kick again. For two days, ever since a bad squall had ripped away the *Cebu Lady's* rotting canvas and left them stranded and staggering with an ailing one-lung auxiliary, the little Filipino had been mumbling ominously about "Moro devils" and "pirates," who were supposed to prey on the unarmed sailing

PLEASE TURN PAGE

As the crazed Moro slowly raised his *kris*, Malili quickly placed the hypo needle in Griffin's hand.

Art by Rudy Nappi



Captured by the Moros, Griffin had to watch the savages rattle their shields and dance triumphantly after each successful Sulu Sea raid.

MANY-BRIDE ISLAND

craft entering these southern Philippine waters.

"Knock it off," Griffin now said. "This is 1954, not the Middle Ages. They won't hurt us."

"You don't know," Manuel said anxiously. "These Moros, they are Mohammedans. They hate Christians, especially Filipinos. When the Americans and the Japanese were here, they were quiet. But now, under the Philippine Government, the Moros are pirates again. Please, Mr. Griffin, better we break out the rifles."

Griffin looked at him sharply. The little guy was really scared. "OK, go get 'em. And rouse out Chen Ling while you're at it. He's no Christian—maybe he can talk them out of chopping us up."

Manuel didn't get the joke. He glanced gratefully at his boss, then scrambled aft for the cabin hatchway. Griffin returned his attention to the oncoming *praus*.

They were much closer now, heading straight in for the drifting *Cebu Lady*. Through the binoculars, he could make out men crowding the gunwales of the native boats, brown-skinned men in sarongs and white turbans. Others swarmed out onto the *praus'* outriggers. The American's eyes suddenly caught the bright glint of metal in their hands. He refocused his lenses, but the picture didn't change. The men on the outriggers were brandishing heavy-bladed *barongs*, the machete-like swords of Malaysia. Now he could see that the Moros at the gunwales were armed with rifles. Manuel could be right—these sure as hell looked like pirates!

The Filipino emerged from the cabin, followed

by the Chinese deckhand, Chen Ling. Griffin took one of the Garands Manuel was carrying and stuffed extra clips of ammo into his pockets.

"Looks like I was wrong, Manuel. Those babies are armed to their eyebrows. You get up to the bow and cover from there. Chen Ling, you stay here with me. And Manuel, don't fire until I do."

Chen Ling looked at him unhappily. "We fight, Mr. Griffin?"

"I hope not. Maybe, if we're lucky, they'll just go away."

But the *praus* showed no sign of going away. One of them veered off sharply to cut across the *Cebu Lady's* bow and come in on the lee side. Then the two of them bored in parallel, bracketing the drifting little yawl. On the high poop of the nearest *prau* Griffin could see a tall Moro in a red sarong, haranguing the pirates with a sing-song chant that echoed across the quiet water. At the Moro's feet, another native beat time on a drum.

The *praus* came on steadily, almost abeam now and less than thirty yards off. Griffin dropped to his stomach behind the deckhouse roof, pulling Chen Ling down beside him. He slammed a round into the chamber of his Garand, rested the rifle on the coaming and waited.

He didn't have to wait long. The Moro in the red sarong yelled something in which Griffin caught the word "Allah." His cry was echoed by a wild yell from the pirates in both boats. Seconds later, a ragged volley from two sides peppered the *Cebu Lady's* hull and whizzed over Griffin's head.

Griffin squeezed off a couple of shots at the



Though the pirates descended on Griffin in *praus*, most of the marauding island tribes sail *viritas*. Insignia indicates specific Moro clan.

nearest *prau*, aiming at the men on the outriggers, and saw one of them slump into the sea.

"You got 'im! You got 'im good!" Chen Ling shrieked, jumping up in his excitement.

"Get your fool head down and start shooting," Griffin snapped, getting off another shot. "They're closing in."

But it was too late. Some of the Moros had already reloaded their single-shot guns and opened up on the kneeling Chinese. Three slugs ripped into his back and he toppled over onto the deckhouse roof. Furious, Griffin pumped the rest of his magazine at the oncoming boats, then grabbed Chen Ling's rifle and emptied it, too. He slammed a new clip into the magazine, hearing Manuel firing steadily from up in the bow, then turned to fight again. As he raised the Garand, he found himself looking straight into the dripping-wet face of a Moro, who was climbing over the side with a *barong* between his teeth.

Griffin fired and the Moro fell back out of sight. Three more heads popped up and the American blazed away at them from the hip. Then there were Moros all over the place, swarming up over the side at him, yelling at the top of their lungs. Griffin leaped to the deckhouse roof, clubbing his rifle. They came at him from all sides. He began to swing blindly, parrying the thrusts of the deadly blades, feeling the rifle stock connect with a turbaned head, then with a second. There was a loud shriek up forward and Griffin saw Manuel go down. A second later something hit Griffin hard from behind and he fell to his knees. The sun

PLEASE TURN PAGE



The Philippine government, alerted by acts of banditry, forced Moros in Lanao province to turn in their 120 rifles early in 1952.

"We stone and behead all adulterers!" the Moslem Moros had warned. Then, one warm

MANY-BRIDE ISLAND

wheeled crazily overhead, a gleaming *barong* slashed down at his head—and John Griffin knew he was dead.

He was wrong. Except for a bleeding cut in his scalp and a throbbing headache, Griffin was all in one piece when he came to. He was lying on the high deck of one of the *praus*, under the palm-roofed shelter that served as a cabin. The big Moro with the red sarong was grinning down at him and Griffin sensed other natives crowding around.

"*Ne tidur? Brenti?*" said the pirate. Griffin was surprised to realize that he understood. The Moro was asking him if he was no longer asleep, in Malayan, a language the American knew.

"Where's my *lajar?*" Griffin asked.

The native pointed aft. "*Dekko.*"

There was the *Cebu Lady*, lashed by a towline to the *prau's* stern. The towline was short and Griffin could clearly see the deck of his yawl—and what lay on it. Chen Ling's body was still slumped over the deckhouse. But the thing that shook John Griffin was the object slung over the bowsprit like a limp sack. It was the corpse of what had been Manuel Ragay, and it had no head.

The Moro beside him spat and grinned. "Filipino no good. Better dead."

Griffin stared with cold disgust at the pirate's

smooth brown-yellow face, the cruel, thick lips dyed bright red with *sirih*-nut juice, the stained, grinning teeth filed to points.

"Moro no good. Moro *sappo-lidi*," he replied, using the worst Malayan obscenity he knew. He was pleased to see the pirate's eyes narrow angrily at the insult. "When are you going to kill *me?*"

"You will not die—now. You stay with Moros, in *kampong* on Tagbabas Island. Soon Moro send word to *sappo-lidi* Filipino government man in Jolo. Filipinos pay good to free you, *saja?*"

It took a while for his captor's words to sink into Griffin's brain. They were going to hold him for ransom, figuring the Philippine Government would never let an American down. Griffin almost laughed aloud. It would be funny, if his life wasn't at stake.

"Brother," he said to the Moro in English, "are you in for a surprise!"

It was going to be a hell of a joke on these crazy Moro murderers, except they wouldn't see it that way. Because John Griffin knew what the Manila police would say when word got back that he'd been kidnaped by Sulu Island pirates.

"*Bueno!*" the Philippine cops would say. "Let that crooked bastard Griffin die!"

JOHNNY GRIFFIN—late of Ashtabula, Ohio, and the U.S. 25th Infantry Division—didn't consider himself a crooked bastard, no matter what the Manila police (as well as those of Hong Kong, Singapore and Saigon) thought. In his own view, Griffin was an enterprising businessman, arranging for the transport of certain rare goods from producer to consumer all over the Far East.

If the goods Griffin dealt in just happened to be things like gold, opium, heroin, penicillin and black-market Indochinese piastres—well, that was because those items were in short supply and high demand. It wasn't Griffin's fault that the police frowned on such trading. If they didn't like it, it was up to them to catch Griffin and stop him.

They caught him—from time to time. He based himself on Hong Kong, but he was first arrested in Singapore, where he had drifted after a stint in Korea and a Stateside discharge in 1951. Luckily, the tall blond American didn't have any of his "merchandise" around when the British police politely rapped on the door of his Raffles Hotel room that steamy morning in Singapore. He got off with a severe reprimand from a walrus-mustached limey police colonel and a polite invitation to make himself scarce around the Crown Colony.

Griffin moved north, to Saigon, taking with him \$14,000 in US currency and a working knowledge of Malayan. He found the Vietnamese capital a happy hunting ground, since the local French *gendarmes* were too busy coping with Red terrorists and assorted guerrilla armies to bother about a stray Yank who was cashing in on black-market penicillin. Griffin found a slim and supple little Tonkinese girl who was only too willing to help

Griffin charged out of the surf, enraged at Rokul. The spear the jealous native had thrown was imbedded in Mahili's back.



night, they found Malili in John Griffin's arms.

spend his free-flowing cash and cool his fevered brow in the torpid Saigon nights, and he prospered. Until a French Army medical officer talked his head off after being caught red-handed selling a consignment of penicillin to one of Griffin's emissaries.

Regretfully, the young go-getter from Ohio kissed his pretty Lat-Huong goodbye and took off for Macao, one jump ahead of the *Sureté*. And that's the way it went, up and down, from Macao to Hong Kong to Jakarta to Sydney, and finally to Manila.

Johnny Griffin found Manila pretty tame. There wasn't much doing in opium, and gold-running was hardly worth the effort, the payoff was so small. For a while Griffin had a good thing going in surplus grenades for the Hukbalahap guerrillas up in the Luzon hills. But an Intelligence lieutenant of the Philippine Constabulary, after appealing vainly to Griffin's patriotism, hinted with no great subtlety that the American could have a lifetime job at Iwahig Prison Farm if he didn't watch his step. Griffin got the point, and the Huks got no more grenades.

It was just at that time that Griffin saw the item in a Stateside newspaper which was to send him south into the Sulu Sea. The story read:

"New York—The antibiotic 'wonder drug' terramycin has been found exceptionally effective in treating yaws, a disfiguring and sometimes crippling skin disease prevalent among the natives of most tropical regions, two American scientists have just reported."

The article went on to describe the rapid effect of three or four injections of terramycin in treating yaws-stricken natives of Haiti, where the two American doctors had conducted their clinical research. In most cases, they reported, the antibiotic drug began to heal the hideous skin ulcers of yaws in a few days, and cured them completely within a week.

Griffin knew about yaws. He had seen the natives of Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines, their arms, legs and faces gruesome and raw with open lesions, pus-ridden and odorous. He had seen men, women and children crippled for life when the untreated infection dug through the flesh and invaded the bones of legs and arms.

He didn't know much about terramycin, but he soon found out. A doctor friend in Manila told Griffin:

"There's some of it around in the Philippines, but not nearly enough. Mostly black market. Even so, we're lucky here. In Borneo and Indonesia, there isn't a drop of the stuff."

Now this was something Griffin understood. If terramycin was valuable in Manila, it would be priceless in Sandakan, British North Borneo, where yaws was practically a fact of life. Within three weeks, Griffin had cornered \$10,000 worth of the rare antibiotic, chartered Manuel Ragay's *Cebu Lady* and set sail from Mariveles for San-



"Heal her with your yellow water," the chief ordered, nodding towards the terramycin. "Otherwise, both of you shall be killed."

dakan. The Borneo British, he knew, would pay at least \$60,000 for the terramycin.

Four days out of Mariveles, the *Cebu Lady* lost her canvas in the squall. Within forty-eight hours, her auxiliary engine conked out. And then, almost within sight of the Borneo coast, the Moro *praus* appeared.

THE Moros' *kampung* on Tagbabas Island was a palisaded village of palmetto-roofed shelters open to the sea breeze, with bark-cloth screens that could be let down for privacy or protection from the rain. It stood at the edge of the thick green wall of jungle that covered the island, overlooking a dazzling white beach in a sheltered cove.

The whole village turned out in triumph as the two *praus*, towing their prize, hove to in the cove. Wading ashore between two brawny Moros, Griffin was startled to see that the women—unlike those of the Philippines—wore sarongs that covered only their hips. Although the pirates were Moslems, their women were not veiled, and many of the younger ones were quite beautiful, with large, dark soft eyes and black flowing hair. On closer inspection, however, Griffin saw that the warm saffron softness of their arms and bosoms was marred by raw, red suppurating skin ulcers. The Moros, too, were afflicted with yaws.

Leading the shouting, chanting, laughing procession to the water's edge was a tall muscular Moro wearing the amulet that marked him as the *datto*, or chief. He surveyed the American prisoner with cold eyes and listened impassively while Rokul, the red-saronged pirate leader, told of Griffin's capture. Then the *datto* issued an order and two guards hustled the American off to one of the huts.

Griffin squatted on a straw mat, oblivious of the circle of children and half-nude girls who clustered around to stare at him. He was hungry and his head hurt from the blow he'd received in the fight. He knew he should be (Continued on page 48)

U-BOAT 314's



DEADLY DECOY

War or no war, all ships afloat answer distress calls. That's what the Nazis banked on when they set up an Icelandic whaler as decoy.

by ARTHUR KAPLAN

FOR 28 hours there had been thick, choking, impenetrable fog. Then, suddenly, the whaler *Helga* burst through to clear water and only minor wisps and patches of cloud.

"We're coming out of it, skipper," the helmsman called over his shoulder to Captain Olaf Klaestad. The captain, a gaunt, kindly looking Islander of sixty, the sole owner of the *Helga*, put down his calipers, ran from his map table to the port wing of the bridge and shouted to the mate on the deck below.

"Thom, check the harpoon gun."

The little man sent back an, "Aye, Aye," and rushed quickly to the bow.

And even as Captain Klaestad stood there the crow's nest lookout roared, "Objects, four points off port bow!"

"Whales, Captain," one of the crewmen on deck called up at him. "Whales! We're in luck. Let's get 'em."

Other crewmen came running onto the deck, shook each other's hands, clapped each other on the back. But the celebration was short-lived; Faberholm, the mate in the harpoon gun mount picked up the megaphone and shouted

aft: "Submarine, Olaf. Two of them. Can't make out their nationality."

Submarines they were; nationality, Nazi. The last few wisps of fog cleared and there was no mistaking them. They sat flatly on the dark green waters of the Denmark Straits, their red and black ensigns flapping rigidly in the wind. Klaestad asked for his binoculars, which were brought by the helmsman; Thom Faberholm came running up the catwalk to the bridge as fast as his short legs would carry him.

"Maybe we can make a dash for it," he said, puffing. "Maybe we can get back into the fog."

But even as he spoke the blinker of the nearest sub began to send, ordering the *Helga* to stand by to receive a message. The captain shifted his binoculars to the subs' decks and saw that both guns were manned and pointed straight at them. He shook his head.

"Too late, Thom. Get to the blinker and tell them we'll receive. We have nothing to worry about. Iceland's a neutral nation."

Before the mate could take the tarpaulin cover from the blinker the Nazi signalman was (*Continued on page 62*)

Every time an unarmed Allied tanker responded to the *Helga's* emergency signals, U-boat 314 was waiting in ambush to torpedo them out of the water.





The towering wave, which had started miles off, smashed the loose sails. "For God's sake, hold on!" Shackleton shouted.

Art by Harry Schaare

IRON MAN ERNEST SHACKLETON'S 800-MILE TORTURE

by THOMAS P. RAMIREZ

For nine months he
waited near the ice-
crushed *Endurance* for
help that never came.
And he knew he had
just one hope left—
to cross Antarctica
in a 22-foot lifeboat.

ALL THAT DAY Shackleton nervously paced the ice skirting the camp. He seemed to sense that something decisive would happen before nightfall. "The Boss's" aimless wanderings, coupled with the awesome grindings of the pressure-tortured ice, made the others more and more edgy. Late that afternoon Shackleton climbed up ice steps into a 25-foot-high lookout pushed up by a pressure fault.

Looking across craggy, haphazard jumbles of snow and ice—rafting had formed miniature ice ranges 25 to 50 feet high—he observed a black smudge on the ice, about a mile distant.

The smudge depressed him. It was all that remained of a once proud vessel—the *Endurance*, their flagship, caught in an impenetrable ice jam, unable to extricate itself these nine months. Now the ship was a scrambled mass of ropes, chains, and spars. The ice floes had converged again and again, crushing the life from her. She was finished.

At 5 P.M., a heavy shudder, accompanied by weird groans where pressure ridges exploded, shook the ice floe. In the gloom Shackleton saw open water appear, spearlike, its point aimed directly at the *Endurance*. Seconds later the lead reached the boat, and it began to tremble, then heave. "She's going, boys!" Shackleton shouted from his vantage point.

The men tumbled from their tents, in time to see their beloved ship slide listlessly into the water, wallow momentarily, then dive, bow first, stern upraised, into an 8000-foot Weddell Sea grave. For the entire party it was the blackest of days. The *Endurance's* death seemingly ended their last contact with civilization as they knew it.

Wearily Sir Ernest Shackleton stared at the spot where, minutes before, a skeleton ship had lain. Then he painfully took stock of his expedition's perilous situation. The world's first trans-Antarctic expedition, he snorted. What a mockery! How could all their carefully laid plans have gone so far astray?

A march across the entire Antarctic land mass from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Wasn't that a challenge to inflame the heart and mind of any adventuring man? And adventurers there were, fighting for the chance to accompany Shackleton on one of the most daring voyages in the annals of Antarctic exploration.

The *Endurance* had left Grytviken whaling station in South Georgia on December 5, 1914, bound for the drifting ice packs and Luitpold Land, near the deepest indentation of the Weddell Sea. Achieving this, the marching party, with 100 Canadian huskies and land sleds, would disembark and begin a trek to the South Pole, 700 miles distant. From here they would cover another 700 miles to the Ross Sea where the *Aurora* would lie waiting for the return to England.

True, the whalers had warned Shackleton that the shelf ice was impassable this season, had cautioned him to wait. But Shackleton hadn't—*couldn't* wait. A fitful impatience burned in his stomach. He was Shackleton; he knew more about the (Continued on page 38)

CALL-HOUSE HIDEOUT OF

The inspector knew only one way to stop the League of Masked Men. He went to work in their Paris brothel headquarters.

IN THE midst of his usual supper of an omelette and kippers, a French detective from the *Sûreté Generale* named Jules Lumiere was startled by the insistent ringing of his phone. It was a May night in 1937.

The ring was most annoying to Lumiere. At 30,

Art by Jack Rickard

Pretending anger, the red-haired madam strode up to Lumiere and said, "Here boy, clean up the bedrooms—and leave my girls alone!"



FRANCE'S HOODED TERROR RING

by **BEN BLAKE**

he was becoming something of a crusty bachelor, thanks to the care lavished on him by his spinster sister Clothilde.

But when Lumiere heard the news from the policeman at the other end of the wire, he lost interest in food. He hung up and thoughtfully lit a

cheap Gitane cigarette. His long fingers were stained by this strong but inexpensive tobacco.

"It is another Cagoulard case, from the looks of it," he told Clothilde. "Do not wait up for me, please. This one may take some time." He left hurriedly.

PLEASE TURN PAGE





When the hooded Cagouleurs began parading in the mid-1930's, most Parisians considered them jokesters who would soon disband.



The laughter stopped in 1936. A Paris police lab was blown up when workmen dropped 6000 grenades taken from Cagouleur warehouses.



A top official revealed as a Cagouleur traitor was Jean Chiappe, prefect of Paris police, shown here before his denunciation.

CALL-HOUSE HIDEOUT

As things turned out, it took a great deal of time and changed the history of France.

A girl was dead. It had been a particularly shocking murder, which had occurred in a brightly-lighted car of the Paris Metro just before the train pulled into the Egmont-sur-Villiers station. She had been beautiful. Now she lay sprawled in a subway seat, blood stiffening the hairs of her platinum mink stole. A small dagger with an odd triangular blade was embedded in her breast.

Inspector Lumiere, who had investigated two killings with similar knives in the preceding six months, studied the blade carefully. He closely questioned the gendarmes who were guarding the body and examined a red card—with photo attached—which the dead woman had carried in her purse. This permit, that of a Provisional Temporary Resident issued to foreigners, revealed that her name was Letitia Tournau and that she had been a Venezuelan citizen of French parentage.

To Lumiere, who might forget breakfast but could remember a 20-page criminal dossier, the name rang a bell. Impatiently, he folded his lanky frame into a small patrol car and drove back to the Prefecture. With him was a fellow officer, Inspector Duprez.

"I have seen this girl in court," Lumiere mused. "She was the sweetheart of Max Poinceau, a forger. He is supposed to be making phony papers for the Cagouleurs now."

Inspector Duprez was bored with politics and his job. He yawned. "You are hipped on the subject of Cagouleurs, Lumiere. Be careful. The Commissioner of Police himself, little Chiappe, is rumored to be one. We cannot afford to get in bad with him."

As a result of Lumiere's spy work, French police descended into Paris' sewers, found Cagouleur ammo depots in its caverns.



Lumiere glanced irritably at Duprez as the car swung into the Place de la Concord. "This is not a case of politics alone, Duprez. It is murder. I want to find out who kills people with triangular knives, and why. More important, I do not like cheap imitators of Hitler who dress up in hoods and masks and try to undermine our country. If the Cagoulards are mixed up in this, and I'm sure they are, let's get the facts."

In the troubled France of 1937, beset by cabinet crises, the growing might of the Nazis, high taxes, and unemployment, a new and menacing secret society had become the topic of conversation in cafes, bistros, army barracks, and in the Chamber of Deputies itself.

The leaders and members called themselves *Les Cagoulards*—the Hooded Ones—and they had launched a campaign of coercion and terror which made patriotic Frenchmen wonder how many of their countrymen had sold out to the Nazis.

Tonight, as Jules Lumiere pored over the files in his dingy office in the Sureté, he reviewed what he knew about the Cagoulards. It was not much. One thin dossier showed that on February 5, Hugo Pellesou, a burly and not-too-bright baker from Chantilly, had been found dead by a postman making a pre-dawn collection at a mailbox in the Bois du Boulogne.

Around the victim's thick peasant's neck was a crudely-lettered sign reading: "The Cagoulards deal mercilessly with fools and loudmouths!"

Before he was killed, the baker had been tortured. He had cigarette burns on the soles of his feet. The left eye had been burned by a hot poker; it was a raw socket. Flecks of foam on his lips indicated he had been choked before a knife in the

chest had finished him. The job had been thorough.

Upon interviewing the dead man's family and friends, Lumiere had learned that Madame Pellesou, addicted to wine, had often bragged in her favorite bistro:

"When the Cagoulards come to power, my Hugo will be a big man, not just a baker. Wait and see. They are gathering weapons and will take over the government soon. Then we will have fun with the swine in this town who look down their noses because we are bakers."

But when grilled further, the Pellesou woman could shed no more light on the hooded order. Her Hugo had gone away once a week in boots and a leather jacket to drill "with the boys." Sometimes he carried a black hood in his knapsack along with his sandwiches. No, it was not in his room now . . .

The next death attributed to the Cagoulards was that of a Parisian journalist named Claude Verlien. He was found in the Seine weighted with rocks and chains. A dredge boat had fished him up along with silt, old tin cans, discarded inner tubes and rubbish.

This man, who wrote on space rates for a pro-Hitler organ called *Brave World*, had been bashed with a rock before his death. He was bloated and almost unrecognizable after ten days in the water. But a knife in his heart—which was getting to be a Cagoulard trade-mark—had caused his death, the coroner reported.

In the man's pocket was a faded penciled note, soggy and almost illegible after immersion in the river. Under a magnifying glass, Lumiere had made out: ". . . and you will die, Verlien, for dipping into the arms fund. You are unworthy of being a member of Brigade 6."

The dead man's common-law wife gave Lumiere other information. Always a seedy fellow, her Claude had suddenly blossomed out in a new suit, fine shirts, a derby, and a cane. Just before he disappeared, she had found 40,000 francs under the frayed living room rug. How it got there, whose it was she did not know. Claude Verlien had angrily snatched it from her.

Lumiere guessed that the writer, entrusted with buying arms on the black market, had spent too much on finery and too little on munitions. For his folly, the Cagoulards—he had been one—had turned him into a water-logged corpse. . . .

The detective sat for a long time, smoking his cheap cigarettes and brooding. Finally, he adjusted his worn cuffs, inspected his old hat, and went off in the night to No. 16 Rue Duphot.

With murders like these to solve, a policeman couldn't be finicky, especially a man like himself who knew little about loose women. In this resigned mood, he paid a call on his second cousin on his mother's side—Berthine Mailleux.

Even in a Paris made testy by depression and war jitters, the *maison du joie* operated by Madame Mailleux did a booming business with men who had sufficient francs, pounds, zlotys, rubles, piasters and dollars. Berthine herself, a handsome but somewhat busty redhead from Brittany, laughed at Inspector Lumiere and mockingly called him "my fuddy-duddy, (Continued on page 83)

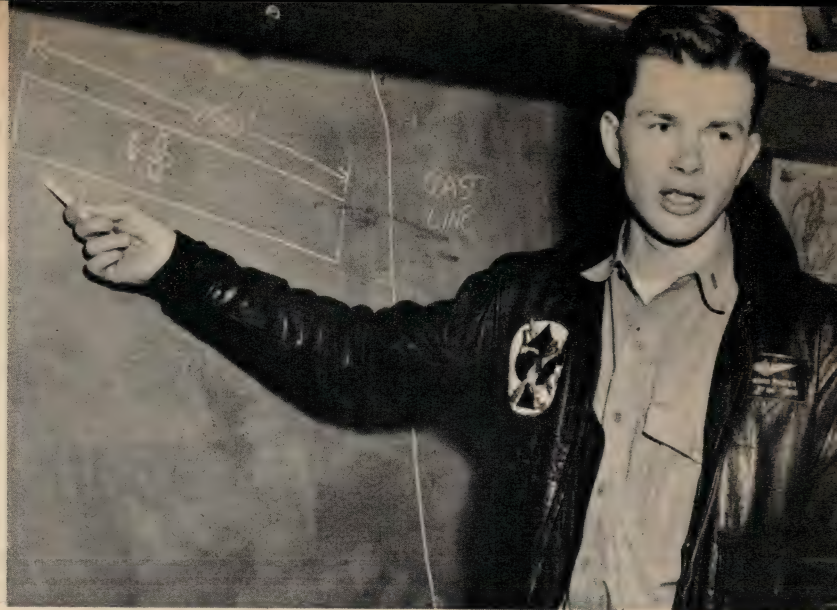
Round-up of Fascist arms from sewers and subsidiary warehouses included rifles, machine guns, bombs, grenades and dynamite.



**“GUIDE ME IN, SKYRAIDER—
THEY’VE SHOT OUT MY EYES!”**



With a blinded pilot frozen to the controls of a plane off his right wing-tip, he was going to try "talking" him down for a landing from 10,000 feet



Safe aboard the carrier again, Lieutenant Howard Thayer showed squadron mates how he guided Schechter to a South Korean emergency airfield.

by **BILL WHARTON**

IN the fraction of a second before total unconsciousness engulfed him, Kenneth Schechter instinctively dragged on the joystick and brought the nose of the dive-bomber up. Then, as the plane climbed at 200 miles an hour and enemy anti-aircraft guns continued concentrating their fire on him to finish their job, Schechter blacked out.

He regained his senses in a blaze of agony. His hand still gripped the joystick of the Skyraider. Miraculously she had remained under control during the few seconds he had been blotted out. But when United States Navy Pilot Schechter tried to open his eyes he found that the world around about him was jet black.

For a few seconds, as the dive-bomber droned on with her belly full of unexploded bombs, Schechter shook his head and felt for his bottle of water which he kept handy. He uncorked it and poured some over his head. There was a stinging agony in his face. He raised his left hand to his face and felt the gashes. It seemed as if both his eyes were gone, his face almost shot away.

"God, no!" he muttered. Then, as the grim realization came over him, Schechter screamed aloud into the microphone, "I'm blind! Oh God, I'm blind! Howard! Howard—Howard Thayer, are you receiving me? I'm blind. My eyes have been shot away. Where are you, Howard?"

Lieutenant Howard Thayer, also flying a Skyraider bomber of the Yellow Devil Squadron over Korea, jerked out of a reverie into which he had dropped minutes before reaching their target beyond the well-defended North Korean Wonsang area. Kenneth Schechter's Skyraider was still climbing towards heavy clouds at 10,000 feet. The anti-aircraft fire from below was heavy but futile at this height.

"Ken," Thayer shouted, "Ken, bring your nose down, level off. I'm coming to join you."

As Thayer climbed he took in the battered Skyraider above and to his port side. He could see that the cockpit had been torn completely off by the anti-aircraft. (Continued on page 44)



One after another, Skyriders of the Yellow Squadron took off from the U.S.S. Valley Forge, bound for North Korea.

TRUE BOOK BONUS





THE FRAULEIN SELLOUT

Because of his love for a Nazi colonel's daughter, the turn-coat Frenchman infiltrated the entire European underground—in the worst betrayal of WW II.

by **COUNT THEODORE
ALEXANDER deKAUCHER**

I MUST have been following him for at least twenty minutes, when he suddenly turned into an alley. I knew that this was the end of the trail. I caught only a glimpse of the old man as he disappeared in an old arched driveway. Suddenly I heard a rustling noise coming from within an arched gateway to an old building. I reached the gateway and entered.

I had gone only a few feet from the entrance when my feet came in contact with something on the ground that nearly sent me sprawling. When I recovered my balance, it took my eyes only seconds to get used to the dark. I bent down and felt the object in front of me. It was the old man I had been following. There was a knife in his chest! He was dead! Slowly I straightened up. I was about to turn when I noticed a slight movement a few yards to one side of me. I hit the ground just in time. The knife that was meant for me whisked harmlessly over me, hit the wall, and fell to the pavement in the alley. Instantly the figure disappeared, swift and silent, into the courtyard to which the alley led. I saw him slip through an open doorway in one of the buildings surrounding the yard. I knew there was no sense in my following. I would never be able to catch him. I decided to get out of there in a hurry.

How had I gotten myself into this situation! Me, Rene Lagoit. The Germans occupied France, my native land, and somehow I came in contact with Colonel Kruger, the head of the Forces in Lyon, my town. I was

PLEASE TURN PAGE

Margarete and I hauled drugged Fallsworth to the bed. The model smoked, waiting to pose for the blackmail snapshots.

Art by Julian Paul



As a result of Lagoit's inside spy work for the Nazis, French underground dynamiting parties were shot down in the streets.

THE FRAULEIN SELLOUT

called in for routine questioning, when the Colonel took a liking to me. He liked the fact that I could speak German. The next thing I knew, he had invited me to a dance with his wife and daughter, Brunhilde. I fell in love with Brunhilde at first sight and we became engaged soon after. When I told my parents the news, they threw me out. I was a collaborator. I moved in with the Krugers, and then I found out what the Colonel had in store for me. He wanted me to be a spy. He trained me and sent me out on my first case against the Resistance group in Lyon. This is how I became involved.

Without knowing it, both the old man and I had been followed from the very beginning. I was so busy keeping my eyes on my quarry that I did not notice that I myself was being trailed. Somehow, the underground must have received information that the prisoner was to be released. They had then sent a man down to City Hall to keep an eye on him. They wanted to make sure that he would not lead the Germans to their hideout. That's why they did away with him. As for me—well, I too was a danger to him and his friends, if I found out where the old man was going. . . .

I couldn't have walked more than a few blocks or so when another thought struck me. If the killer should get in touch with members of the movement and give them my description, the mission I was about to perform would end before it had actually started. Without wasting any more time, I hurried back to the scene of the murder. It took me only a few minutes to reach the archway. As I came closer, I heard voices where I had left the body. I looked carefully around the corner. Two men were bent over the body, apparently going through the pockets of the victim. I had to act fast. I took out my gun and stepped quickly around the corner. As soon as he saw me, the man reached into his right jacket pocket.

Early in 1942, the Germans closed in on the Paris taproom which had been used by members of the Resistance as a meeting place.



I fired. As soon as I had fired the shot, I turned and ran down the alley as fast as I was able. As I slowed down I looked behind me. Seeing no one following, I stopped and leaned against the wall of a large building, to catch my breath. I had rid-ded myself of the only man who could have identified me and given me away. I had killed a man. It was a frightening feeling, but I had no time for such thoughts. I had to get out of that neighborhood.

The first thing I have to do now, I said to myself, is to get a hotel room, close by.

The hotel I selected was a rather small one, but clean and pleasant. I registered under an assumed name, received the key, and was shown to a nice little room, the window of which overlooked the main street. I locked myself in and sat on the bed.

I had to have a clear head in order to decide upon my next step. It was already mid-afternoon. There was no better time than the present to try out the radio equipment. Besides, the colonel was no doubt eager to hear from me. I took the suitcase out of the closet, put it on the bed, and opened it. Since the lid of the suitcase served as the antenna, I was all set to go.

It took me more than five minutes to get results.

I gave the colonel a full report of what had happened from the minute I had left City Hall.

Then I put the apparatus compactly together again and piled my clothes neatly on top of it. Then I locked the suitcase and put it in the closet. As I was about to close the closet door, a thought came to me. What if someone should search my room while I was absent and find the suitcase in the closet? I knew that it was not a safe place to hide a suitcase, and yet there seemed to be no other place where I could put it. Then I got an idea. Why not put it in the bed, under the pillows? That would be the last place anybody would look, and since the suitcase was relatively small there was a chance that it would not be found. No sooner thought of than done.

I went into the bathroom and washed my face with cold water. It felt good, refreshing. Then I took out my automatic pistol, cleaned it and reloaded it, and put it back in my pocket. I made sure that the microcamera was in order and then left the room, locking the door securely after my exit.

Just as I reached the street the lights went on. Although I knew the city well, there were certain spots that I had not been in before. The one I was standing in front of was such a café. The sign read: LE PARADIS DES ARTISTES. The artists' paradise. I entered. It was a large café. It was well lit and ornately decorated. There were only a

few people sitting around, so I decided to have something to eat while it was still quiet. The few people in the bar looked like artists of one sort or another.

After I had finished eating I ordered a glass of beer. I must have been sitting there for more than an hour when things started to roll. People came in singly as well as in groups. About the same time, a small floor show started. It lasted only about twenty minutes, and when it was over the orchestra went on playing. By now, the place was crowded.

Another floor show was about to begin. This time it was a strip-tease act, done by a pretty, petite blonde. She took off nearly all her clothes. By the time the act was over, all she had on were her panties.

Then one of the girls in the large group at the nearby table suddenly jumped up and looked around in a rather wild way.

"You think that was a great act, hey? She is nothing! I can do the same thing, and better, too! What's the matter? Don't you believe me? I'll show you!"

She stood on her chair and then jumped on the table. She first performed a so-called fire dance on the table top, and then started to undress, very slowly and very calmly. Every time she shed an article of clothing she received loud applause not only from her friends but from everybody in the bar.

For some time now, I had been noticing several men come and go through a door at the back of the bar, close to where I was sitting. At first, I thought that it was a back door, an exit, but then I saw one of the waiters carry in some drinks. I noticed that the people who went in there seemed to be patrons of the café. I was very eager to find out what was going on (*Continued on page 70*)

Despite Lagoit's betrayal of Dinah Coulan, young Parisiennes like her fought effectively against Nazi occupation forces. They came out of hiding only after the war had ended.





The chaplain would be in his corner until the moment he stepped through the green door. After that, he was strictly on his own.

"Guard, What Time Is It?"

by E. HARLAN FISCHER

TONIGHT the death watch has started.

It is a cold wet Thursday night late in the year and the execution has been set for 11 P.M., two and a half hours from now.

Here in the formidable red brick building known as Death House at state's prison, a gray tenseness penetrates into each cell. Even the guards—the two special guards posted outside the isolation cell—feel the nearness of death. For here in Death House, The Chair waits silently behind a small green door, only a short distance away from death row, a short walk along the bleak concrete corridor.

I've watched the preparations for legal execution five times before and each time felt more deeply the fellowship of the condemned, the pity and the vicarious terror which focus on the one elected to walk the last mile. I've heard the final prayers and seen the hopes and demands for final reprieve left unanswered.

I admit, too, that I have thanked God the three bolts of electricity were meant for another.

As usual, quite a few people have visited Death House today—lawyers working towards the stay-of-execution, a few distant relatives to say goodbye, and the prison officials who come finally to make certain that The Chair is in good working order.

The man doomed to die is a convicted murderer named Harold Austin. He didn't eat much for dinner. Said he didn't feel much like eating; told his guard that he had a gnawing feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Like a hundred termites whittling away inside me," he said.

The guard nodded sympathetically.

"Some say ants, some say mice," the guard commented.

And tonight I know exactly how the condemned man feels, know only too well this time. During this death watch I have no secret elation that The Chair is intended for another. Because tonight the death watch is for me.

I'm Harold Austin, convicted of planning and carrying out the murder of my best friend, Tom. And unless my key witness will break her court testimony and tell instead the truth of the events that have led me into Death House, I have now less than three hours of life left on this earth.

Perhaps God knows why this young woman persists in clinging to her vicious lie, why in the face of severe court cross-examination she clung to her story that I threatened Tom, then carried out my threat.

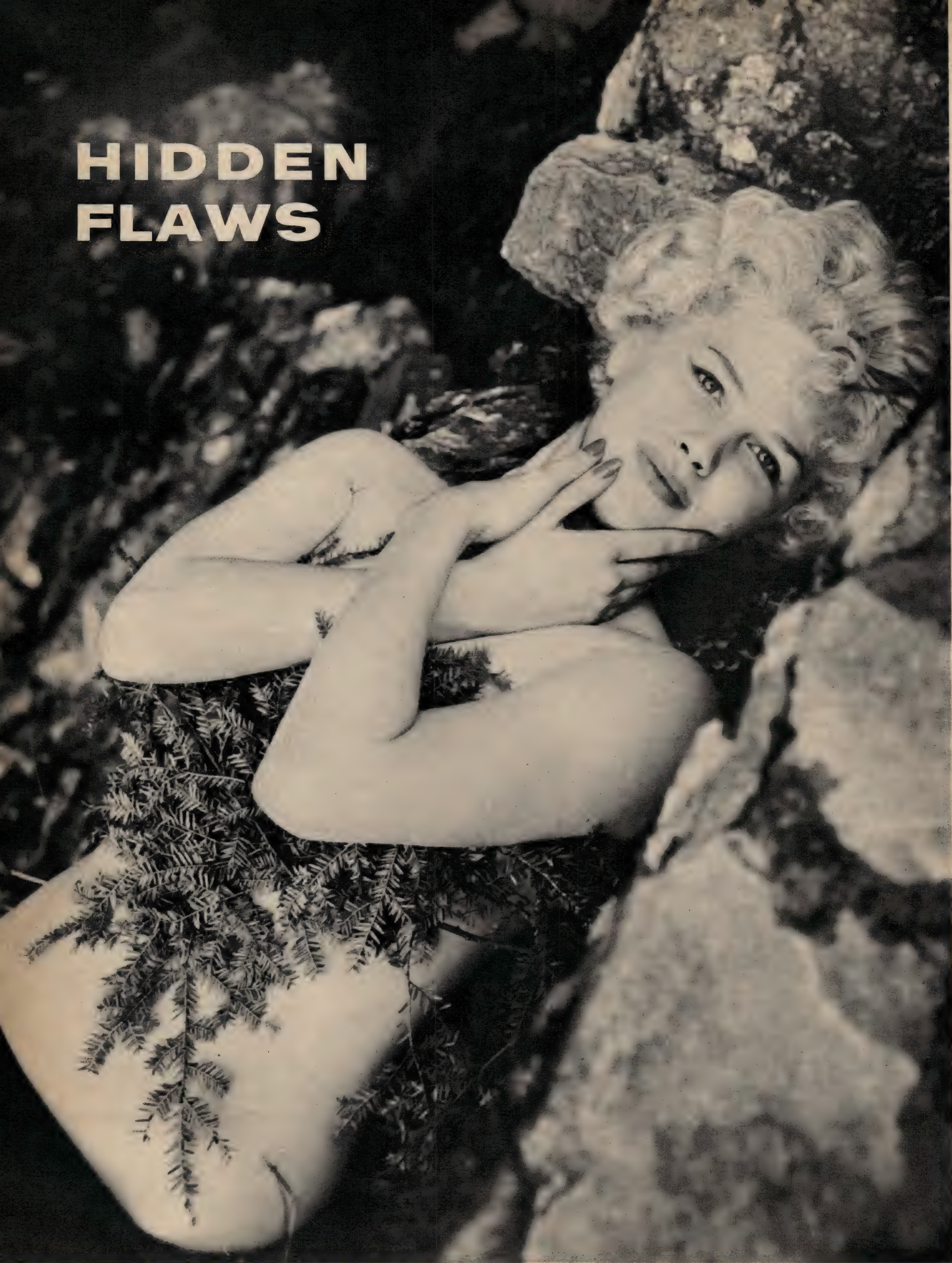
I know only that the "termites" gnawing voraciously at my stomach are like living creatures of fear, not only fear of death, but the more acute fear that Elaine will not change her story.

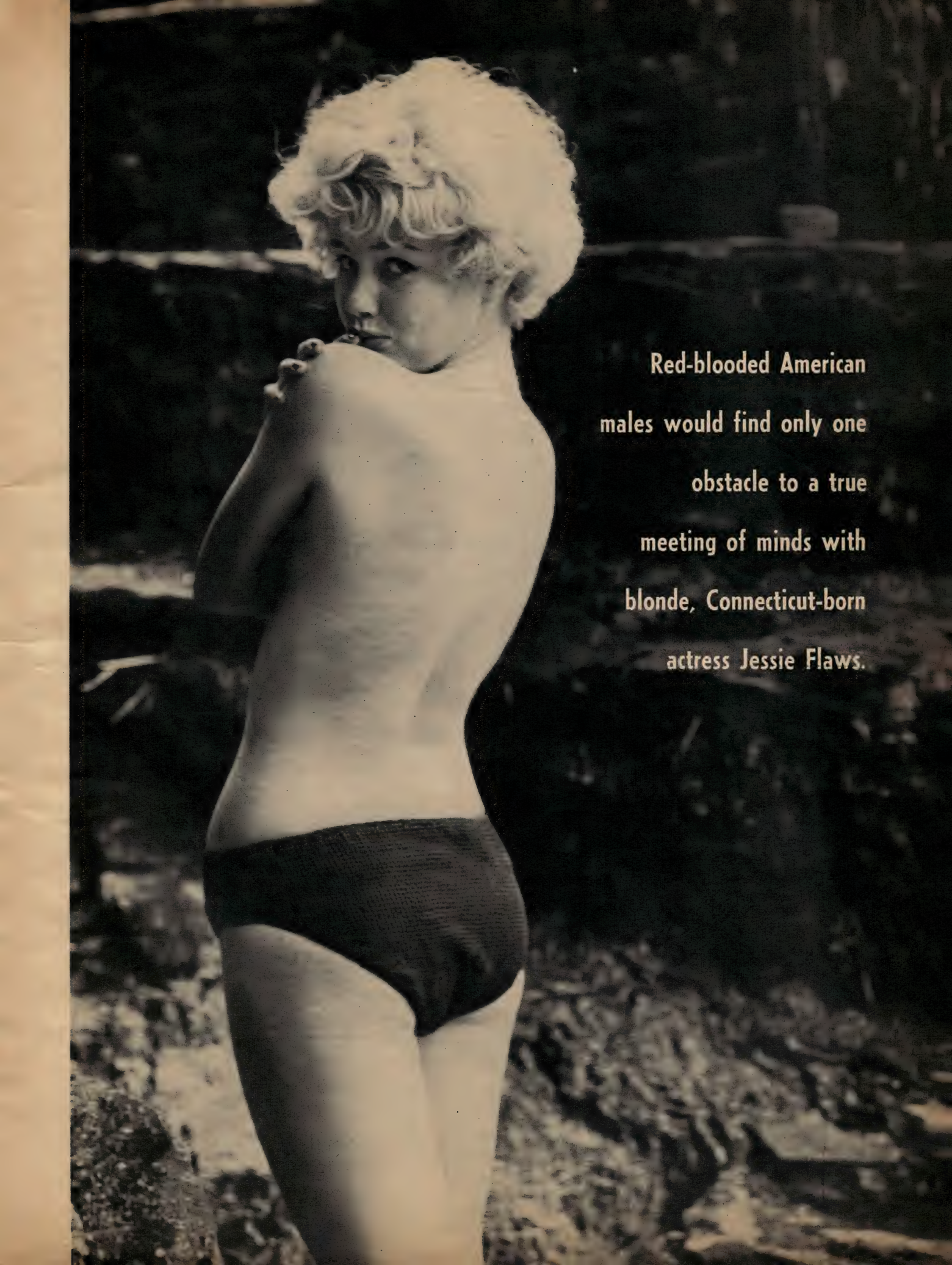
The prison chaplain has just visited me. It's like I told him, "I'm plenty scared. I've seen the other guys walk the last mile, felt sorry for them, but somehow kept thinking it would never happen to me. Maybe, though, if I knew *why* I must walk the mile, I could accept it, be less afraid."

Chaplain nodded his head and his glasses reflected a shaft of dim (Continued on page 58)

The guards let me stop for a moment. "Goodbye now, Shortnin' Bread," I said. "Don't forget—make it steak when your time comes."

HIDDEN FLAWS



A black and white photograph of actress Jessie Flaws. She is shown from the waist up, turned away from the camera but looking back over her shoulder. She has short, curly blonde hair and is wearing a dark, textured one-piece swimsuit. The background is dark and appears to be a rocky or wooded area.

Red-blooded American
males would find only one
obstacle to a true
meeting of minds with
blonde, Connecticut-born
actress Jessie Flaws.

HIDDEN FLAWS



Though Jessie roots for Yale,
loves to swim and beats a bongo, she's
been in Sweden since a tot—and
speaks only the barest broken English.







Shackleton's 800-Mile Torture

Continued from page 21

Antarctic than any man living. He would take his chances.

But though he did succeed in gaining entry into the ice fields (after battling severe Antarctic storms and forcing the steel-prowed *Endurance* through ten-foot-thick ice) on January 19, 1915 his luck went sour. On that day the *Endurance* became solidly entrapped in the ice, never again to be freed.

And now, huddled in his icy lookout, Shackleton pondered their predicament. Here they sat, on an erratically drifting ice floe, 180 miles from nearest land, 1000 miles from South Georgia, 1050 from the Falklands, with no wireless, while in the outside world World War I raged, giving the ice-beleaguered men not the slightest hope that England would send rescue parties.

Survival and escape rested with him only, Shackleton knew. Any mistake of judgment he made would kill 28 men. He would make no mistakes. He climbed down from his perch. He wasn't beaten yet. The Antarctic would claim none of his men for victims. He would see to that.

He returned to camp, then vigorously bawled out the cook for cutting the sausage ration short in the evening meal.

WHAT kind of a man was Shackleton, that men would flock to his hazardous expedition from all corners of the earth?

He was an explorer universally known as the "Old Man of the Antarctic." His name was synonymous with success. In his previous Antarctic expedition (1908-09) he had come closer to the South Pole (97 miles) than any other adventurer in history. In no expedition had he lost a man. To sail with Shackleton virtually guaranteed the fame of achievement which all exploring men hunger for.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, though small of stature, was brawny and tough and stubbornly proud of his competence. He would curse the air smoky blue when he felt foolish mistakes had been committed. He was an incurable romantic. He would quote Swinburne rhapsodically one minute, execute acts of icy bravado the next. When he issued an order it was done with quiet terseness; he knew it would be instantly obeyed.

His men doted on Shackleton with such blind, unreasoning intensity that his rare lapses of judgment were immediately forgiven, treasured even, as the type of mistake any questing, acting man might make. To his men he was an idol, a man's man, and every manjack of them longed to emulate him in any way possible.

If "the Boss" couldn't bring about their release from this frozen hell, no man on earth could.

On December 20, a month after the

Endurance was destroyed, Shackleton told his men: "Pack up, boys. We're going to move." Then he informed his officers, Frank Wild and Frank Worsley, that the party would leave Ocean Camp on the morning of December 23. Destination: Paulet Island, 360 miles northwest, where jettisoned supplies of an earlier expedition would be found.

The news of the impending march was received joyously; the men had resigned themselves to mere survival for too long. Quickly pushed to the back of their minds were remembrances of the past months of tedious inactivity, the eight months on the ice-gripped *Endurance*, the past month on the ice. The endless joshings, card games, reading and sleeping—the watches stood in -70° weather—all were forgotten in the prospect of a hand-to-hand encounter with the Antarctic ice fields.

Christmas was observed on the 22nd, and a merry, boisterous celebration it was. All the luxury items salvaged from the *Endurance* were eaten and drunk, their bulk prohibiting their inclusion in the trekking supplies. As night (such as it was, "midnight sun" prevailing) came on, the men toasted the king and queen, their chances for escape, and finally, wives and sweethearts—the tent wag adding the dogeared: "Pray God they never meet."

With two lifeboats drawn on sledges, the remaining sleds loaded with food, tents and other necessities, the march was begun the following morning. It was a miserable, bone-grinding trek. The weather was warm (it was summer), the sun blinding, and some suffered from sunburn, others from snow blindness, even with protective goggles. Shackleton and three others reconnoitered the icefields ahead, cutting ice blocks to bridge cracks, shoveling and chopping passage for the sledges through towering pressure ridges.

THE ice was soft and after the first day Shackleton ordered that the party sleep during the day and travel in the half-light of night, hoping for lower temperatures and firmer ice. Even this plan helped little and the men were constantly falling into holes in the "rotten" ice, and were forced to live in soaked clothing. At last the march was discontinued, calculations proving that seven days of struggle had netted them only seven miles advance! Chances of reaching Paulet Island were nil, for at this speed they'd never overcome the relentless northward drift of their floe.

Patience Camp was pitched on December 29. From then until April 9, 1916, this shifting, shuddering, precarious ice field was to be their home.

All through January—midsummer—the

temperature hovered between 36 and 40 degrees. Life on the ice became increasingly intolerable. The men suffered from eternal wetness, frostbit and skin infections. The ice melted to a trackless, watery plain, and Patience Camp turned to slush. The penguins and seal packs had migrated, and nearly always, nowadays, the hunting parties returned empty handed. Finally it came to the worst: All but two dog teams were killed for food. Shackleton compared the meat to beef in flavor, only much tougher.

SEEING that the time was near when their lifeboats would mean salvation, Shackleton sent a party back to Ocean Camp for the single boat they'd abandoned. The men returned with the boat with only hours to spare, for, on the day following, they were shocked by a booming, thundering roar and looked up to see their floe break into two separate pieces. They were entirely isolated from Ocean Camp—now their ice island was smaller by half!

By the end of March things were desperate. March 29 saw the floe pelted by a torrential rain, the deluge cutting further inroads into the fibrous, spongy ice. Despairingly they watched the acres of ice split and reduce to half, then quarter acres, and finally to blocks. The sight of scavenger killer whales in the open water sent shudders through them. Anxieties were revealed in petty arguments; the first signs of dissension appeared. The last of the dogs were shot; no more seals were seen.

The final days of Patience Camp were harrowing. The island was a honeycomb of cracks, and guards were posted to warn of each new fissure. Time and time again the camp was moved as cracks threatened to divide the party, or—worse still—cut the men off from the boats. The cries of the guards: "Crack starting, northwest! Crack opening, due south!" haunted the men day and night. Shackleton himself saved his men more than once by catching widening cracks at their inception. The warning whistle hanging from his neck was used more and more as April dragged on.

Once Shackleton was awakened by a sudden lurch beneath him and found that the ice had cracked and separated directly beside him. Another lonely night he heard the stealthy snick of parting ice and saw a tent, 50 feet away, torn in half. "Help! Men drowning!" he roared, charging the spot. Only frantic, feverish effort saved the dazed men floating in their sleeping bags, for seconds later the jagged edges of the ice cake came together again with a hungry, cheated snap.

On April 9, the day the long readied lifeboats were finally set afloat, Patience Camp rested on a sliver of ice 100 yards long by 90 yards wide.

The voyage through heavy running seas in small, open boats, lasting from April 9 until April 15, was a ghastly nightmare. The first few days were spent rowing and pushing through slushy, ice choked channels, trying to gain access to open water. At night the party landed on isolated floes, but got no real rest. The ice, in constant flux, split their beds again and again.

Death awaited them everywhere. During the day ice cakes, some 20 feet thick, dogged them. If they moved together at the wrong time, the boats would be crushed like paper. Then throughout the long, bone piercing

night, water, flowing darkly beneath their floes, waited to drown them. And always, day or night, they saw the ugly snouts of the killer whales, blowing, upsetting ice cakes wherever a patch of open water existed.

It seemed nothing more could go wrong—but more did. First Shackleton and Worsley discovered that they'd been moving eastward instead of westward, and they were 30 miles out of their way. Also the temperature steadily dropped until it was continually below freezing. After all, it was April—Antarctic autumn. Shackleton decided to skip Deception Island and make for Elephant Island, over 100 miles away.

Then, on April 13, the ice pack suddenly opened and the men found themselves in open, wild seas, rapidly being blown northward, completely away from the ice. That night was the most hideous of all. As it came on, despite bitter protests from the men, Shackleton ordered the three boats to cluster, drop sea anchors, and wait out the storm. It was the first time his authority had ever been openly questioned.

It was a wise move, though one paid for at a terrible cost in human suffering. Throughout the night men were tortured by the incoherent cries of the few who had lost their minds. "Betty, Betty..." one wailed without stop, calling upon a sweetheart, a wife. Who knew? In Shackleton's boat one sailor reenacted a Christmas homecoming over and over. Their mouths were swollen, their lips cracked from thirst.

In his craft Captain Worsley traded matches for champagne, one bottle a match, the debt to be paid upon return to England when the shipmate opened a dreamed-of pub. Other men became desperately seasick and in the darkness choked hoarsely, retching over themselves.

The temperature plunged to -40°. Starved and weakened, their greasy beards rimed with salt spray, the men hung fiercely to the careening boats' sides and seats, as wave upon wave of stabbing cold water crashed over them. The boats were at times half full of water, and the men were forced to sit to their waists in it, fearful that sudden moves would overbalance and flounder them. Those who could, bailed gingerly, painfully, their fingers splitting in the cold. Others chipped away the sheets of ice that formed over every surface, ice whose sheer weight would sink them if not removed.

Miraculously, every boat survived the storm and wholesale deaths from exposure were averted the next day when a provident sun appeared. The boiling seas calmed somewhat. The sight of Elephant Island in the distance spurred the men on. By nightfall they dropped anchor scant miles from the coast.

Another interminable night passed. At dawn of April 15 the boats warily approached the island. Sixteen months had passed since Shackleton's men had last set foot on solid ground! Many of them, thankful for their incredible deliverance, knelt to pray.

BUT if the men were thankful for their rescue, they were also sobered by the realization that another Antarctic winter was at hand, that they were poorly clothed and housed, that food supplies were almost gone, that there was no hope of search parties looking for them at out-of-the-way Elephant Isle.

With these dire consideration before him, Shackleton spent long, soul-searching days weighing ways to spring his men from their icy prison. Their liberation called for a daring plan, and daring men.

On the 20th Shackleton called them together. "Men," he said gravely, "we've got a piece of work to do. The *James Caird* is going for a little ride. We're going to try for South Georgia." The men gasped. South Georgia was 800 miles away!

"True, it's a haul. But with the westerlies to push, and with tough experienced hands, we'll make it, we'll bring help. And if we don't... well... it's better than just giving in to death... Crean, Vincent, McCarthy, McNeish, Worsley... step up..."

The *James Caird* was the biggest lifeboat, 22 feet in length, seven feet in width. Under Shackleton's supervision the whaleboat was strengthened, fitted with mast and sail, given a framework of sledge runners over which canvas was tautly stretched. Food for a month, two barrels of water, a paraffin lamp for cooking, were loaded aboard. Shackleton would command the *Caird*, while Frank Wild would be in charge of the men remaining behind.

On April 24, amid the cheers of the holding party, the *James Caird*, with a crew of six, pushed away from Elephant Island into angrily running, sullen seas. What desperate longing hopes must have been read in the eyes of those mute men as they stood watching the bobbing, pitching speck blend into the horizon and finally disappear!

Even for a fresh, splendidly outfitted crew the 800-mile drift would have been outrageously dangerous. Then consider the state of the men guiding the *James Caird* through the mountainous waves of a peevish, quixotic Antarctic sea: weakened by months of exposure, with minds on the verge of snapping, their clothing ragged and filthy, their bodies

covered with "sea blisters" caused by dirty, rough, salt-water-soaked clothing.

It was most amazing that through the next 17 days, they were able to hold a course at all. Only brilliant seamanship, plus foolhardy, bullheaded courage accounted for this. When the sun was visible and readings possible, the daredevil navigator, Captain Frank Worsley, would emerge from beneath the canvas and grimly move from strut to strut toward the mast. Here he would ingeniously attach his sextant to the mast and wait.

THE *James Caird* would lie calmly in a trough of water 15 to 20 feet deep, then roughly crash up through the crest of the next huge wave. At this exact moment Worsley would fix a reading on the horizon. Hanging precariously, he would recheck his observations on the crest of succeeding waves. Finally he would clamber back into the boat, soaking wet, and set the new course.

Generally three men were "abovedeck" while the others huddled beneath the canvas trying to rest and dry themselves. One man stood watch, another bailed or chipped ice, another held the dirtiest job of all: steersman. Often, when a hitch at the tiller was concluded, the man would have to be literally stretched by his mates, his cramped position having caused temporary paralysis. Some small amount of cooking was accomplished on the primus stove, with one man holding the lamp while another steadied the cooking container, holding it high when a wave threatened to overturn everything.

The third day out the *Caird's* motley crew discovered the inadequacy of their canvas deck. Though the boat was carefully constructed, the pounding seas loosened the too-short nails, and from then until voyage's end, water was almost directly funneled into the





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boat by the sagging canvas. The heavy stones aboard, used as ballast, formed a lumpy mattress upon which the men spread their sodden sleeping bags. The salt water, burning and working into their blisters, further maddened them.

On May 5 there occurred one of the most uncanny sea spectacles that Shackleton, in his 26 years of ocean experience, had ever witnessed. A storm of near hurricane violence arose during the day, and the men fought for hours on end to keep afloat. At midnight, with Shackleton at the tiller, the seas calmed slightly. Looking to the south and seeing a firm white streak on the horizon, he thought day was coming. Moments later, horror-struck, he realized the white line was the crest of an onrushing wave—a wave so tremendous it made all previous bouts with heavy seas seem like Sunday outings.

"For God's sake, hold on!" Shackleton shouted. "It's got us!" For what seemed hours, but was in reality only moments, they were caught in a whipping, hurtling vortex which threw the boat around like a bobbing cork. Gasping and blowing, the men swam up from beneath the canvas. When the wave passed, the men immediately commenced bailing like maniacs, using any container they could lay hands on. The boat was wallowing sickeningly, three-quarters full. Even a small swell now would send them down.

Ten minutes later the craft was safe, and the men shuddering convulsively, set about reorganizing their equipment. From that day forth they suffered from agonizing thirst, for the wave had inundated everything, and their food and water was salt tainted.

But eventually, the variety of weather, below-zero one day, fortyish the next; the ceaselessly thundering tons of water striking their minute craft; the bone-probing coldness of their soaked clothing; the relentless, haunting shriek of the wind took their toll. At the end, two men, Vincent and McNeish, went completely out of their heads.

On the morning of May 8 the crew was stirred from its numbed lethargy by Shackleton's excited cry: "Boys, we're going to make it! There she lies!" Looking up, they saw the hazy outlines of the South Georgia mountains in the distance. But Shackleton's proud boast was almost disproved the next day when a fierce gale arose, again nearly sinking the *James Caird*. As the storm abated it was discovered that the mast had loosened and another half hour of strong wind would have torn it away. Had that happened the boat surely would have gone under.

JUDGMENT normally would have forbade Shackleton, on the evening of May 10, to attempt landing in near darkness. But thirst was getting the best of them, so he took the chance. Sucking currents drew the boat into the cove at a headlong pace, and though there were anxious moments, the *James Caird* was safely beached in what was later identified as King Haakon Fjord.

Their disappointment the next day, in finding they were on the opposite side of the island from the Stromness whaling station, was somewhat softened by the discovery of a dry cave and also ample food supplies in the form of albatross fledglings, still land borne and easily caught. Using the stays and bracings of the *Caird's* deck, they lit a fire, and for the first time in weeks, became warm and dry.

Recuperation was all the men were capable

of for the next few days, and recuperate they did, sleeping, eating, warming themselves by their skimpy fire. A scouting trip produced a small sea elephant and the men feasted on steak and liver. On the 15th the party sailed farther into the cove. Here Peggoty Camp was made and the *James Caird* was overturned and chinked with moss and stones, providing a shelter.

Drawing Crean and Worsley aside, Shackleton said, "It's left to us, I'm afraid. Vincent and McNeish will never survive an attempt to round the island. I've made up my mind." He indicated the heretofore unclimbed Allardye Range. "We'll go over the top. It's our only chance."

SO Shackleton, Crean and Worsley, seamen all, with not an ounce of mountaineering blood between them, turned screws into their boot soles and at 3 a.m., on May 19, began picking their way up the 9000-foot mountain. With no charts, and only a pocket compass to guide them, they had no inkling of what they might encounter. They estimated the island crossing to be 17 miles.

All that day they struggled upward, yard by yard—at times inch by inch, finding niches to cram a toe into, back-tracking, digging ice ladders, dragging and hauling on their rope. Incredibly, by nightfall of that day, they found themselves at the range's crest.

But here their bitter labors were rewarded by disappointment. In the last fading light of day they saw that below them the mountain fell away to an almost sheer drop. There was no possible way to climb down! Scouting the rim of the steep slope uncovered no passage. Chopping the steps into the ice proved futile and time consuming. Knees trembling with exertion, chests heaving from the thin air, they realized that there was only one way to go now: back. Already the bone-shattering cold of 9000 feet of elevation was piercing their clothes; if they waited for daylight they would freeze to death. Now they saw clouds of fog rising from the incline's base. They must act soon.

With heavy hearts they evaluated their position. Here they were, so close to help—yet light years away. Weaker men might have wept. Had the miserable months of Patience Camp, the harrowing sea voyages all been for nothing? And the 25 men who waited behind, counting desperately on them to bring aid. Were they to die also? Momentarily Shackleton's mind clouded with grief. Waste, waste! Everything gone for nothing! Then he regained control. What to do?

For long minutes they stood transfixed, silent, hearing the victorious, taunting shriek of the mountain winds, feeling their bodies go leaden with cold. "Slide," Shackleton said sharply, matching the winds dare for dare. "That's it, boys. We'll slide."

Slide? Involuntarily Worsley backed off. Into what? They looked into the thick, impenetrable darkness. It would be like jumping into a glacier crevasse. There might be boulders, bottomless fissures—It was impossible—sheer insanity.

But though both Worsley and Crean questioned "the boss's" decision, they said nothing. After all, one chance was as good as another. The only alternative was death. So slide they did. Coiling their climbing rope into a compact loop, the men sat on it, hugging one another's waist. Hearts roaring mur-

(Continued on page 42)

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"Guide Me In, Skyraider ..."

Continued from page 27

shell which had exploded under the plane. Luckily, there was no fire. Schechter had not heeded Thayer's command to level off, however. His plane entered the sullen bank of cloud and was lost to view.

"Ken!" there was an imperative urgency in Thayer's voice. "Ken, bring your nose down at once. Over. Get it over!"

As Thayer climbed with throttle wide open to reach his badly wounded friend, his voice droned through the veil of blood and blackness which engulfed Schechter. Schechter heard it, only dimly, but pushed the joystick forward and felt the change in the plane as she began to dive. He had no idea of his angle. His head felt as if someone had struck him a blow with a chopper. Blood oozed from his wounds and when he tried to wipe it from his eyes his hand met with raw flesh.

"Take her up a little, pull back just a little," Schechter heard Thayer's command. He pulled automatically on the joystick and felt the plane level. "That's okay," Thayer snapped. "Keep her just like that while I come closer to look you over."

Thayer approached to about 30 yards off Schechter's starboard quarter and studied the plane. From what he could see Schechter should have been dead and his plane an explosive wreck on the North Korean soil. But he was alive, how Thayer did not stop to consider. All that mattered was that Schechter, his special buddy on their parent aircraft carrier *Valley Forge*, was alive and in very serious trouble. The pilots of the famous Yellow Devil Squadron from USS *Valley Forge* were on a bombing mission over North Korean railway marshalling yards on this day in 1952 when Schechter, whose home is in Los Angeles, came in for a trial run at 1200 feet and got hit by the antiaircraft shell.

"Are you able to see at all?" Thayer, who also comes from Los Angeles, barked into the microphone. "Can you see your instruments?"

"For God's sake, help me," Schechter screamed. "I am blind. I am blind."

"You are level now," Thayer snapped. "Keep your plane level. You can feel the gravity, can't you? Keep her like that. I'll try to get you to safety."

Thayer saw that the cockpit of Schechter's plane was in a bloody mess and the canopy over him shot clean away. Schechter's face was half shot away, too and as the blood began to congeal in the cold air, fresh blood forced its way out and trickled down his face.

He can't live, he can't possibly live, Thayer thought. No man that badly shot up could live. He should have been dead already. He saw Schechter reach up, obviously to open the canopy for fresh air without

realizing in his half-unconscious state that there was no canopy. Schechter reached for the water again and, as Thayer watched, poured some water over his head and shook his head to clear it.

"Howard," Thayer found it difficult to understand Schechter with the roar of the plane's engines in the microphone, "Howard, can you get me down in one piece?"

"By God," Thayer barked, "we can. You follow my orders and we'll get you down in one piece, Ken. You've got bombs. Open up and drop them. Now. Drop them."

Thayer counted as the bombs fell away to North Korean soil. "Dip your wings," he ordered. "Gotta make sure there are no bombs left." Obediently Schechter dipped. The bombs were all away.

"Okay now," Thayer snapped, "push over, more, more, that's fine. We are heading south for Wonsan. If we can get near enough to one of our ships you can bail out. You gotta hang on tight. It won't be very long."

Thayer kept talking continuously. He had to keep Schechter awake. With the young Ensign losing blood rapidly it was more than likely that if he blacked out, that would be the end.

Flying less than 100 feet off Schechter's wing Thayer kept him under watch as he continued speaking, giving positive orders in order to grip Schechter's attention. Schechter poured more water over his head. He knew that he had been critically wounded. Just how badly Schechter did not know but a chunk of shrapnel had torn across his face towards his right cheek and left a gaping hole. Blood ran down his throat and he kept trying to spit it out while he fought the wave of blackness that threatened to engulf him.

"I can't hold out very much longer," Thayer heard Schechter say. "You gotta get me down, Howard, fast."

"We're near Wonsan. Are you ready to bail out?" Thayer asked.

"Negative! Negative!" Schechter screamed into the microphone. "I'm not going to bail out. You've got to try to get me down."

Thayer knew why Schechter did not want to jump. Under any conditions coming down in the sea is a dangerous business for a pilot, but for a pilot as badly wounded and bleeding as Schechter it would have been almost certain suicide. There was a possibility that the ships would not see him in the smoke of battle as they poured gunfire into Wonsan or that even if they did see him they would not get to him in time to save him. His weakness from loss of blood and the excruciating agony tearing at his body made it unlikely that he would be able to free himself of his parachute harness.

"I've got to use your eyes, Howard," Thayer heard Schechter say. "Too little

chance of living if I come down in the sea. You got to land me somewhere even if I die trying."

"We'll do our damndest," Thayer said as he hunted around in his mind for the bearings of a strip of beach or airfield near enough where he could try to bring Schechter down. It was going to be nothing short of a miracle to get Schechter down in one piece, Thayer knew. The young pilot's life was in his hands.

Thayer continued talking as the two planes flew side by side south. He did not stop talking even for a second. His eyes were on Schechter. They were flying on the coastline and Thayer kept a sharp lookout for United States warships which would tell him that he had brought Schechter into friendly territory. If worse came to worst and Schechter had to go down at once Thayer intended coaxing him into jumping.

Four minutes later he saw plumes of smoke from a United States cruiser blasting at communist installations ashore. "There is the first one," Thayer snapped elatedly into the microphone. "An American cruiser playing up hell with the commies. We are very near help now. How do you feel, Ken?"

There was no reply. Schechter's head was down and the plane was beginning to take a dip. "Ken! Ken, wake up!" there was an imperative note in Thayer's voice. "Ken, damn you, sit up. You ain't dead yet."

Schechter came erect and muttered, "Roger," thickly and uncertainly into the microphone. Thayer expelled a deep breath. "We're heading for Geronimo. It's about thirty miles. Hang on, Ken."

"Get me down, Howard. Get me down, I can't hang on much longer," Schechter whispered almost inaudibly into the microphone.

"Okay, okay. Now begin a right turn. Easy. I am turning with you. Okay, hold it. We're on course now for the base . . ." Thayer, his eyes on Schechter, saw the young pilot's head fall forward again. For a second Schechter's head came erect again and then fell forward once more.

"Ken! Ken! Can you hear me?"

THERE was no reply. Thayer screamed, "Ken, wake up, damn you! We're nearly home. For God's sake don't go and pass out now."

"Roger." The word was whispered and Schechter's head was forced upright as Thayer began to study the land ahead for a landing place, any landing place. There wouldn't be time now to get the wounded pilot anywhere near the base which they gave the code name of Geronimo. Thayer did not think that Schechter could last another five minutes. It was a sheer fight against seconds now. Straight ahead Thayer saw an open area. It might be a paddy. It might be anything but if it were flat he would have to bring Schechter down there.

As they roared ahead Thayer saw that the open piece of land was an abandoned airfield.

"Ken, do you hear me all right? We are going down. There's a landing place dead ahead. Listen to me. Do you hear me?"

Schechter replied painfully, "Roger."

"Okay, push your nose over, now drop your right wing."

Schechter obeyed as Thayer watched anxiously to see whether the wounded pilot

(Continued on page 46)

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was following his orders. The abandoned airfield came into full view but Thayer knew that there was no skeleton crew on this field. It struck him violently that in his anxiety he had forgotten a similar abandoned airfield only a few miles farther on, a strip which had been used for reconnaissance aircraft. There was a skeleton crew and the runway was graveled and safe for landing a Skyraider on her belly.

"We're approaching Jersey Bounce," Thayer said calmly giving Schechter the name by which the field was known to them. "There are some men down there in a car. They're looking up. This is it, Ken. How do you feel?"

"Lousy," Schechter whispered.

"We're making a 270-degree turn to put you down."

"All right," Schechter was terribly weak by now. He was fighting to keep his mind from blacking out. It was a losing battle. His face was a mass of blood, congealed and fresh blood, his eyes completely blind and his brain functioning slowly and uncertainly as he heard Thayer's instructions.

As the planes approached the runway a car came from one of the disused hangars and stopped while three men alighted and watched curiously. Thayer swallowed and looked down at the unpaved runaway. Inwardly he breathed a prayer that Schechter's flaps were okay. If they were not Schechter would not even have a thousand to one chance of landing in one piece.

"Ken, get your left wing down slowly and bring your nose over, easy now, a little

more. That's it. We're coming in to the runway now. Get your gear down."

"Like hell," Schechter's voice was feeble but firm and suddenly Thayer remembered that in such an emergency it is always best to land with the landing gear up on the belly of the plane because there is less chance of coming down off balance and doing a nose over or tearing off a wing.

Thayer went on talking to Schechter as the planes roared down towards the runway. Schechter had to understand every word and obey every command if this landing were to have any chance of success, but, Thayer asked himself, could Schechter in his present condition follow orders implicitly? Could he give the correct orders to bring the plane down in one piece? If they made one mistake Schechter's plane would plow into the ground and Schechter would die in a second. It would have been difficult enough to bring a man into land even if he were unwounded and could see everything; in the present case Schechter was near death and blind.

Although Thayer was giving orders continuously, Schechter was not acknowledging them. Only from the movement of the battered Skyraider could Thayer be sure that Schechter was carrying out his instructions. There was something so positive about the actions of Schechter's plane that it gave Thayer added confidence. They were only seventy feet above ground now and coming in towards the runway. Thayer studied Schechter's plane. There was a chance that when she landed on her belly she might explode into flames. It was a chance they had to take, but if he could coax Schechter into gently putting the plane down on her belly

so that she could skid along it would lessen the chance of fire.

"We're fifty feet off the ground," Thayer was saying sharply, clearly although he was tense, keyed up with excitement. "Take her back a little, easy, hold it, good. You are level now. Hold her there. You are directly over the runway now. Twenty feet. Kill her, just a little, a little . . . you're setting down . . . ten feet . . . down . . . okay . . . hold it . . . CUT!" The last command was a hoarse scream. Everything depended on cutting the engine at the last moment.

Schechter, almost unconscious, waited for the shock as the Skyraider hit the runway. He had expected a violent jolt, a rending of metal, the plane lurching to one side and a flash of flame before the end came, but somewhere, far away, he heard Thayer's voice in his ear, "You're down, boy, you're down. Good luck!"

THE plane lurched slightly, then skidded on the runway for thirty yards before coming to a stop without sustaining any damage. Thayer, circling the field at a hundred feet, saw Schechter fall out of the cockpit and stumble to his feet and stagger blindly away. The car Thayer had seen was racing towards the pilot. A man leaped from the car as it drew to a halt and ran to the pilot, the second man in the car followed and between them they supported Schechter and hurried him towards the car. Thayer saw the car speeding away towards one of the huts. Only when the occupants had helped Schechter into the hut Thayer turned and set course for his aircraft carrier. Twenty minutes later he set his plane down on the flight deck of the *Valley Forge*, totally unaware that everyone aboard the aircraft carrier knew about his miraculous rescue of the blind pilot. Only when Thayer climbed out of his plane, exhausted by his ordeal in landing the blind pilot, and officers came forward to shake his hand did he realize that they knew about the incident although it had happened only a few minutes before.

The task-force commander, Rear Admiral Frederick W. McMahon sent his congratulations on the most brilliant feat ever performed by any United States pilot. To his congratulations were added those of all the officers and men who had every reason to be proud of Thayer.

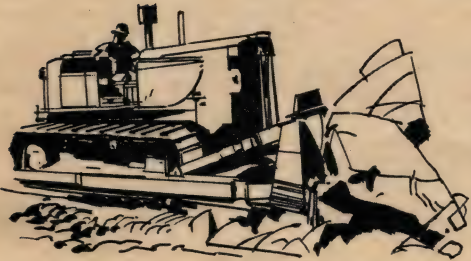
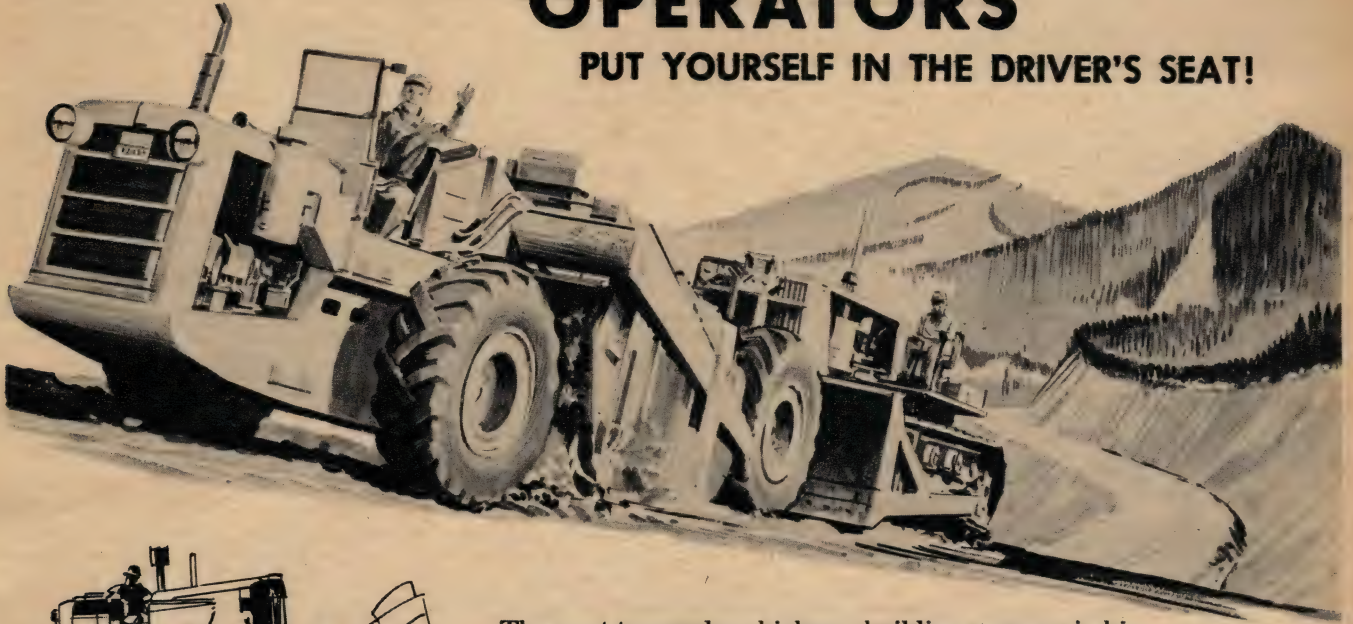
Thayer discovered that the Air Operations radio speaker had been tuned in on his wavelength and that everything which was said between him and Schechter had not only been received aboard the *Valley Forge* but recorded. As word went around the aircraft carrier about the drama of the blind pilot, every man on the carrier listened. The same night the recording of the conversation between Thayer and Schechter was played over so that those men who had not been able to hear it could listen to the tense drama as it was played out.

Schechter was picked up from the airfield by helicopter and transferred to the American base where he was given first aid before being flown to Pusan and the naval hospital ship *Consolation* in Pusan Harbor. It was found that fragments of shell had pierced both his eyes. His right eye, surgeons thought, was permanently blinded, but they managed to save his left although he could see only dimly with it. Later Schechter was flown to Japan and from there home to the States for continued treatment.



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Many-Bride Island

Continued from page 17

thinking of a plan of escape, but his mind refused to function. At least they weren't going to kill him—not until they'd heard from the Filipino authorities who, Griffin was certain, would refuse to ransom him. Well, that might take weeks, or months. There was still time.

Food was finally brought to him, by a slim, bare-breasted girl in a green sarong. As Griffin wolfed down the meal of fish and bananas she had brought, the girl watched him curiously with her large, slanted eyes. He inspected her in turn. She reminded him a little of Lat-Huong, the Tonkinese he had left in Saigon. This Moro girl's skin was more coppery, evidence of her Malay ancestry. As with others he had seen earlier, her arms and legs were disfigured by the raw wounds of yaws. It was a shame. In every other respect, she was a lovely girl.

"What is your name?" Griffin asked, by way of conversation.

The girl lowered her eyes. "I am called Malili, *tuan*."

"This food is good, Malili. Did you prepare it?"

She nodded, giggling. Her teeth were white and even. They had not been filed, like those of the male Moros.

"Your father is fortunate that you cook so well, Malili," Griffin said.

"I have no father, *tuan*. I am the wife of Rokul, the *mandur*. It was he who sent me to you."

Griffin shook his head in surprise. The girl could be no more than 17. He found himself staring at her nude bosom, wondering at the strange customs of these people, who would let their wives walk around in front of strangers like that. Malili caught the direction of his glance and blushed. Without another word, she picked up the empty food platter and turned away. Griffin watched her go, marveling at the easy sensuous grace of her walk. It was too bad about the yaws, he thought.

A LITTLE while later, a boy came running up from the direction of the beach with a message for the American's guards. They motioned Griffin out of the hut and led him back to the center of the *kampung*. As he approached, the Ohioan saw that the pirates had unloaded the crates of terramycin from the *Cebu Lady*'s hold and were clustered around them, staring in obvious confusion at the strange boxes.

Banjak, the *datto*, turned to look at Griffin.

"What is the yellow water in these bottles, *totok*?"

"It is medicine, *tuan datto*," Griffin replied respectfully.

Banjak tried to hide his surprise. "You are a healer?"

John Griffin was a gambler. He tried a long shot now.

"I am a great healer, *tuan datto*. My name is known in all the islands to the north. Also in the great island to the west, in Borneo."

"You were taking this medicine there? What can you heal with it?"

"With this magic water, *tuan*, I can cure the affliction that eats the flesh, that which is called yaws."

There was a murmur of surprise from the pirates clustered around Banjak. One stepped forward, holding up his arm for Griffin's inspection. The American steeled himself to keep from shuddering. Yaws lesions had eaten deep into the Moro's muscle and Griffin could see the bone showing in the pus-filled craters.

"You can heal this?" the Moro asked.

Griffin nodded.

"Good. I will take the yellow water to drink."

"It is not to drink," Griffin said. "It must be pushed into the flesh with this . . ." He lifted a hypodermic syringe from one of the crates his captors had brought ashore.

There was a loud mutter of dismay. The Moros had never heard of a medicine which had to be administered with a needle. The man with the infected arm edged slowly away from Griffin, eyeing the hypodermic fearfully. Only the *datto*, Banjak, seemed unafraid. He took the syringe from Griffin and inspected it closely. Then he passed it to an old man in a purple turban who stood beside him.

"What do you say, *kaddi*?" he asked. Griffin recognized the title. The old man was the Moros' Moslem priest. He examined the needle with a frown, then pushed the glass plunger home. Suddenly, he threw the syringe on the sand.

"Do not listen to the forked tongue of this *totok*, Banjak," he said. "Allah has made him like the cobra. It is well known that the Christian infidels use the flesh of the pig for many things, perhaps even to grease this needle. Should this man stick your people with it; they would be defiled forever."

Griffin started to protest, to tell them that the *Kaddi* was wrong, that his hypodermic had nothing to do with the flesh of pigs, which was the Moros' greatest taboo. But Banjak cut him off.

"The *kaddi*, Pauwauri, has spoken. Hear me, *totok*. You may keep your needle and your yellow medicine, but you are not to use it on my people. You will be fed and you may go where you wish within the *kampung*. I warn you, do not try to escape. Until the Filipinos pay ransom for you, your life is valuable to us. But we will not hesitate to kill you if you try to run."

Griffin shrugged. His gamble with the

terramycin had failed. The Moros made way for him as he turned and started back for the hut.

In the weeks that followed, he found himself all but shunned by most of the Moros. As Banjak had promised, Griffin was free to move around the *kampung*, to swim in the quiet bay or fish from the primitive dock where the *Cebu Lady* was moored. Wherever he went, the American was followed by an entourage of curious Moro children and, at a safe distance, groups of half-nude young girls who continually whispered and giggled among themselves as they stared at the handsome white man.

But no adult Moro would speak to him, and it was only through the children that Griffin learned something about his captors.

The Moros, he was told, had a long tradition of piracy. They were, in fact, descended from Malayan Moslem raiders who once had terrorized all of the South China Sea. A few of the Mohammedan traditions—such as the veiling of women—had been dropped, but for the most part the Moros strictly followed the tenets of the Koran. Alcohol and pork were taboo, although many Moros raised pigs for trading with the Dyak natives of Borneo, only sixty miles away across the Sibutu Passage. Moro men were allowed to have up to four wives, although in practice few could afford that many.

One who could was Rokul, the *mandur* or captain of the pirate *praus*. From Malili, who continued to bring him his food, Griffin learned that Rokul had recently taken a fourth wife. Malili had been Rokul's favorite and she hated the newcomer, whom she described as having a "face like a Filipino," which was a supreme Moro insult.

Chiefly because he wanted to maintain Malili's friendship, since she was the only adult Moro he could talk to, Griffin lent a sympathetic ear to the girl's marital grievances. But it soon became clear that Malili misunderstood his sympathy for something else. She seemed to take a stubborn delight in brushing his hand with hers while they talked, seemingly by accident. She no longer blushed when Griffin's glance happened to fall on the tantalizing beauty of her bronze body, and her eyes were bright with knowledge of the turmoil she was provoking in him. Malili was obviously looking for trouble.

For his part, John Griffin did his best to resist. It had been a long time since he had been intimate with a woman, and the semi-nakedness of Malili and the other Moro girls who were constantly in view did nothing to quench his natural hungers. He found himself living in a private hell by day and a torture of erotic dreams by night, dreams in which Malili would come to him and . . .

But that was out of the question, Griffin told himself. He knew very well what could happen if he should succumb to the temptation and were caught. It would mean death, slow and unpleasant. The Moros' religion was very clear about the punishment for adultery.

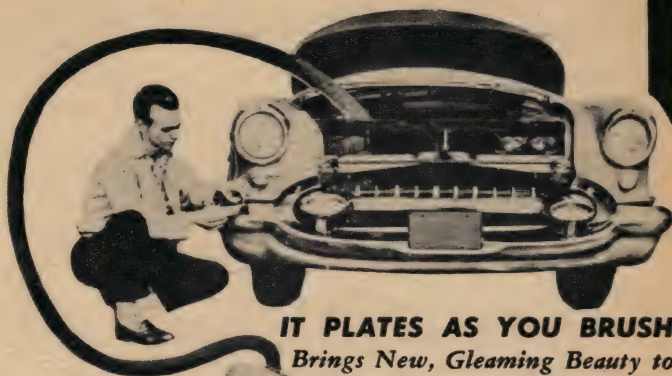
The captive American carefully avoided any word or gesture that might encourage Malili. When she sat too close to him, her sarong provocatively arranged to reveal the softness of her young thighs, Griffin would find an excuse to stand up or move away from her. When her talk grew too intimate, he would pointedly change the subject.

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 48)

The beautiful Moro girl, however, was not fooled. She could tell the effect she was having on the American and she seemed to plan every word and gesture that would increase Griffin's discomfort. And finally, on the night after her husband, Rokul, had sailed with his *praus* on a new raid toward Mindanao, Malili forced the issue.

It had been raining most of the day. Toward nightfall the rain increased, coming down in steady sheets that drummed monotonously on the palmetto roof of Griffin's hut and cascaded down the *tapa*-cloth screens that formed its walls. Griffin lay on his mat listening to the rain, wishing for the thousandth time that he were anywhere but on Tagbabas Island, and gradually letting the downpour lull him into a fitful sleep.

Suddenly, in the utter darkness, he sensed that someone had entered his hut. He opened his eyes, trying to pierce the gloom, not moving, waiting. There was a soft rustle as the intruder moved slowly toward where he lay. Griffin tensed, ready to leap up, as his eyes slowly began to separate the shadows. Then a voice hissed suddenly close to his ear:

"Quiet, *tuan*. Do not cry out."

He recognized it. "Malili! What are —?"

But she didn't let him finish. With a soft, sudden movement, she was crouching at his side, the warmth of her mouth close to his. Griffin tried to rise, to speak, but it was already too late. Malili's arms embraced him, her avid lips found his mouth, her lithe young body pressed him back on the mat. She was soaking wet, but under the coldness of the rain, her flesh was feverish, searing to the touch. In vain, the warning of danger echoed in Griffin's brain and he tried to pull away. But Malili was there, next to him, the tingling warmth of her body insistent against

his. He smelled the heady perfume of the flowers in her hair, saw the glimmering sheen of her breasts and thighs in the dim light, felt the softness of her feverish lips. The woman-hunger welled up in him, driving out fear and caution. Gradually, he returned her embrace, drew her to him . . . and the torturing desires of his haunted dreams were satiated.

In the morning, Malili was gone before Griffin woke. And when she returned with his breakfast as usual, she acted as if nothing had happened. Except for a surreptitious caress of his hand as she stood close to him, Griffin might have believed that this, too, had been one of his dreams.

HE made up his mind to speak to Malili about it, to warn her not to repeat what she had done. But when she came to his hut again late the next night, Griffin found all his resolution gone. He soon became lost in Malili's inventive passion, matching it with his own . . . and forgetting all danger.

But the danger was there. Just before the dawn that ended his fourth night with Malili, John Griffin awoke to find himself staring into the scowling face of Rokul, who had entered the hut to find his wife sleeping in the American's arms. The *mandur*, waving his *barong* threateningly, began yelling at the top of his lungs, while Malili shuddered, naked and fearful, at her lover's side. In no time, every Moro in the *kampung* was crowded around the hut, staring, while burly guards prodded Griffin to his feet and marched him toward the center of the village, followed by the girl.

It was all over, Griffin knew. There wasn't a thing he could say in his own defense, and escape was out of the question. Much as his captors had been relying on the ransom they were sure the Philippine government would

pay, they were certainly going to kill him now.

Banjak, the *datto*, and Pauwauri, the Moros' priest, sat solemnly in judgment as Griffin and Malili were brought before them. When Rokul had described how he had found them, Banjak turned to the American.

"Do you know the penalty for defiling a Mohammedan's wife, *totok*? It is written that the man who does so shall be beheaded and the woman stoned to death. What words have you to defend yourself?"

Griffin was silent, feeling the sweat pouring down his face.

"He can say nothing!" Rokul shouted. "Kill him!" Other Moros in the crowd took up his cry, demanding vengeance for their betrayed *mandur*.

But Banjak held up his hand, smiling craftily. The crowd grew silent.

"He is worth much gold to us alive," Banjak said. He beckoned to one of the guards and whispered in his ear. The man went trotting off toward Griffin's hut.

"We will not kill the *totok* or the woman—yet," the chief continued. At his side, Pauwauri opened his mouth to protest, but Banjak silenced him. "The *totok* claims to be a healer, with his magic yellow water and his medicine needle. Let us make him prove his words.

"Hear me, *totok*. This woman you have defiled bears the wounds of the illness called yaws. Let us see you heal her wounds, as you say you can. If, as Pauwauri says, your needle has been greased with taboo pig-flesh, it can do no harm to Malili, who already is beyond the mercy of Allah. If you heal her, both you and she will live. But if, within four days, the marks of her illness remain as they are now, you will both be put to death."

Johnny Griffin shuddered inwardly. This was something he hadn't expected. All he had to go by was that newspaper item he'd read in Manila, which said that terramycin was a cure for yaws. But he didn't know for sure that it would work. Yet it had to work. Now his life depended on it.

The Moro to whom Banjak had whispered returned, carrying several vials of the terramycin and one of the hypodermic syringes. Gravely he handed it to Banjak, who ordered Griffin to step forward.

"Work your healing magic now, *totok*, where all can see!"

His fingers trembling, he took up the hypodermic. He had never given an injection before. He tried to recall the shots he'd had in the Army, how the medics had gone about it. The terramycin vial was fitted with a rubber stopper. He pushed the needle through it, pulled back the plunger of the hypodermic, filled the syringe. He didn't even know how much of the stuff to use. Well, he'd have to risk it.

Holding the syringe, Griffin turned to face Malili. He lifted her arm, seeking the girl's eyes with his own. She stared at him, frightened, her eyes appealing. Griffin tried to smile. He looked down at her arm, covered with the red ugliness of the yaws lesions. Then boldly he pressed the needle into her flesh.

Malili flinched but didn't cry out. There was an awed murmur from the watching Moros as Griffin slowly pressed the plunger home and the yellow liquid disappeared from

TAME THE WORLD'S WOMEN!

A FRAULEIN FOR THE S.S. ERGENSTRASSE CREW—Minutes before World War II began, Capt. Ehrlich of the German freighter *Ergenstrasse* slipped his craft out of an Australian harbor and headed for the Fatherland. Halfway across the Atlantic he and his 30-man crew were driven half out of their minds by a tempestuous fraulein passenger, but he still managed to lead the British on the greatest sea chase of the 20th Century. **SALTY BOOKLENGTH ADVENTURE IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF MALE**

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT BOSOM RIOT—Sammy Rafinesque was a roguish expert on everything the 19th Century had to offer—books, birds, booze and blowfish. And the Quaker City still hasn't recovered from the contest that divided its men from its women. **IN MALE FOR SEPTEMBER.**

THE TERRIBLE REWARD OF "FAR EAST HARRY" WAX—He was a natural with small arms and a hand-to-hand fighter of awesome skill and fury. But he stayed one night with an Eurasian woman and woke up in a big bronze bell, his sound moaning through the Orient.

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And these are only the beginning of the action-crammed

September issue of

MALE
on sale August 4th



(Continued on page 52)

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Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

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Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk. In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days—with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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the syringe. He drew out the needle and stepped back.

"It is done," he announced. "Tomorrow and the next day, I shall again administer my healing. On the fourth day, the wounds of Malili will begin to mend."

And as he said this, John Griffin hoped he knew what he was talking about.

The following day, while the villagers again gathered round to watch the process, Malili was brought to the *kampung* clearing where Griffin waited with his needle. Anxiously, he watched her approach, noticing with chagrin that there was no apparent change in the open sores on her arms. He saw Rokul's sneering face and Pauwauri's sly grin as they interpreted his expression.

"Well, healer," said the *kaddi*, "where is your magic now?"

Griffin pretended not to hear him. He took up his needle and gave Malili the second injection, acting with a sureness he did not feel. Once more, the Moros murmured as they watched the yellow terramycin flow from the syringe into the girl's flesh. Banjak watched closely, his face solemn.

"*Tuan datto*," Griffin addressed him. "Behold how I apply my healing. When I have cured this woman, you will see that all your people can be healed in the same way, with my magic."

The *datto* said nothing, but old Pauwauri snapped at Griffin. "Hold your tongue, *totok*! The woman's wounds are the same as they

were. In two days more, you will die."

But when Malili was brought to him on the third day, Griffin's hopes rose. Inspecting the lesions on her arm, he definitely saw pink scar tissue forming around their edges. The stuff was working, after all! This time, he smiled as he flourished the needle and brought it down toward Malili's flesh. He might beat this rap yet.

Malili must have known what he was thinking. As she was brought into the *kampung* clearing on the fourth morning, Griffin saw that she had covered her forearm with a strip of cloth which concealed her wounds. He didn't know what to make of it. Had the sores gotten worse?

The guards stepped back, leaving the two of them alone in the center of the ring of villagers. Griffin lifted her arm, looking at Griffin's face as she did so. He tried to read her thoughts, but her face was blank. Slowly, with fumbling fingers, he began to unwind the primitive bandage. Then, when he saw the unveiled flesh, Griffin almost cried out in disbelief.

The sores were gone! Miraculously, the yellow antibiotic had done its amazing work. Where there had been raw, open wounds just twenty-four hours earlier, there were now pink, healing spots, healthy flesh growing instead of pus-laden sores.

He stepped back, lifting the girl's arm dramatically.

"Behold, *tuan datto*, it is done. The woman is cured!"

The Moros muttered excitedly as they in-

spected Malili's skin. Banjak stepped forward to look, his eyes lighting up. The *totok* was indeed a healer.

He lifted the skirt of his own sarong, revealing yawns lesions that covered his legs.

"You have done well, *totok*," Banjak said. "Heal me with your yellow water."

"No, *datto*," yelled Pauwauri, "do not do it. This man is a *dajinn*, an evil one. He will defile you as he defiled the woman, with his taboo needle."

The Moro chief looked at the old man scornfully. "He has healed her. It is enough. He shall heal me and all our people. Use your needle, *totok*."

EXULTANT, John Griffin took up a new vial of terramycin. He had won. The yellow stuff had saved his head.

In the days that followed, the Ohioan treated most of the tribe's members with his "magic" needle. One by one, men, women and children stepped forward fearfully to get their injections. One by one, the Moros' faces were wreathed in smiles as they found their wounds healing, the lesions giving way to the curative effect of the antibiotic.

Only Rokul, Pauwauri and a few other men refused to submit themselves or their families to Griffin's needle. Suspicious and angry, they remained a group apart, predicting a terrible fate for the tribe which, they said, had been lost to the grace of Allah.

But Banjak now became John Griffin's friend. Most of the Moros still looked to the *datto* for leadership, and when they found that the *totok* healer actually did cure their yaws, they showered him with gifts and with friendship.

One unexpected result of his new popularity was that Malili became Griffin's "wife." After she had been cured by the terramycin, the girl had been publicly divorced by her irate husband, Rokul, through the ancient Moslem ritual of declaring three times:

"Get out! Get out! Get out!"

Thus freed, Malili had moved her personal things from Rokul's hut to Griffin's. And, although Pauwauri refused to perform the ceremony that would unite the two in a Moslem marriage, all the other Moros recognized that the girl was Griffin's woman.

Malili's gratitude to the man who'd saved her life was boundless. Griffin found himself waited on hand and foot, and his nights were filled with the sweetness of Malili's young passion. For a long time, Griffin almost forgot that he was still technically a prisoner.

He knew that he was still in danger. From time to time, friendly Moros warned him to be careful of Rokul and Pauwauri. The old priest, they said, felt that Griffin's magic healing had undermined his own power and he was plotting his revenge. But when Griffin would ask what he might expect of the *kaddi*, his Moro friends fell silent. It was something they preferred not to think about.

The American did not have long to wait. One night as he lay with Malili in their hut, the sound of an insistent drum began to throb from the jungle that surrounded the *kampung*. Griffin felt the girl tense in his arms and she broke from his embrace to sit up, shivering with fright.

"What is it, Malili?"

She looked at him, her eyes round with terror. "*Juramentado*," she whispered.

Griffin sat bolt upright.

(Continued on page 54)



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Juramentado was a Philippine-Spanish word, meaning "one who has taken an oath." Specifically, it referred to a Moslem who has sworn to kill Christians. He knew that the Moros sometimes chose one of their number, put him through an arduous ritual of religious preparation and then hopped him up with jungle drugs before turning him loose as a *juramentado*. Once armed and released, the man would run *amok*, slashing and murdering everyone who got in his way, killing wildly and blindly until he had achieved his purpose—the death of a Christian.

Griffin had heard weird stories about *juramentados* in Manila. There were authenticated cases of such men actually being hit by four and five heavy-caliber bullets, but continuing their crazy rampage until they had reached their victim. Now, according to Malili, a *juramentado* was loose somewhere out in the nearby jungle. And he, John Griffin, was the only Christian on Tagbabas Island!

He leaped up from the mat and reached to put on his jeans. But even as he fumbled with his belt, there came a terrified shriek from outside, followed by another, and another. Griffin froze. The shrieks died, there was the sound of a woman wailing, and then the night air was ripped by a maniacal roar and a wild cry:

"Amok!"

Seizing a *barong*, Griffin rushed into the *kampung* clearing.

A terrifying sight confronted him. There was a fire burning in the clearing and beyond it lay three mutilated clumps. Two of the Moro women and a child had panicked at the sound of the *juramentado* drum and rushed out into the night, straight into the arms of the man who had come to kill.

He stood now over them, blood glinting bright on the razor-edged ceremonial *kris* in his right hand.

Behind Griffin, Malili caught sight of the *juramentado* and screamed in terror. The Moro turned and saw the American. A terrible grimace crossed his face. He threw back his head, raised the *kris* and once more belated:

"Amok!"

Facing him across the fire, Griffin recognized the man. He was a burly giant named Labuan, one of Rokul's pirate lieutenants. He was stripped down to loin cloth and turban, his muscular torso gleaming with sweat. His drugged yellow eyes grew wide as he saw his intended victim waiting for him across the clearing.

"Amok! I kill. I kill the healer *totok*," he shrieked.

With a single bound, he leaped across the fire, landing in an animal-like crouch three feet from Griffin. He raised the *kris*, whirled it above him and bore down with tremendous force toward the American's head.

Griffin sidestepped, raising his *barong* to ward off the blow. Steel clanged on steel, and Griffin felt a terrible tremor go through his arm at the vibration of the contact. Once more he parried Labuan's thrust, and again. The *juramentado* whirled and swung with terrific force, ignoring Griffin's blade, intent only on killing the hated *totok*.

Again the blades clashed and the *barong* slipped down along the length of the *kris*. Griffin felt his sword touch flesh, saw blood welling from a deep gash in Labuan's arm. But the demented Moro didn't seem to notice. He swung the *kris* again. Griffin parried, then jumped back in horror as the *barong* went flying from his grip. He was unarmed!

A grin lit up Labuan's face. He crouched,

gasping and sweating, advancing step by step toward Griffin. The American backed slowly away, not daring to glance behind him, his eyes fixed on the bloody *kris*. Now the Moro stopped, raising the sword slowly, deliberately . . .

And in that moment, Griffin felt something smooth and round thrust into his fingers from behind. At his back, Malili's voice hissed urgently:

"The needle, *tuan*, the needle!"

Labuan gripped his *kris* with both fists, blood pouring from the gash in his right arm. The blade glinted, went back, started its arc toward Griffin's head . . . and the American raised his hand, holding the hypodermic needle before Labuan's wild eyes.

THE Moro recoiled, too late, as he saw the dreaded taboo instrument. Griffin ducked under the swinging *kris*, shot his hand forward, and buried the needle in Labuan's side. The half-naked giant let out a scream of terror, dropped his blade and sank to his knees, staring wildly at the hypodermic that dangled from his flesh. He pulled it free and hurled it from him, sobbing hysterically.

In a single moment he had turned from a crazed maniac to a weeping child, convinced that the terrible taboo needle had defiled him in the eyes of his god.

Shaking, John Griffin retrieved his *barong* and stood over the crouching Moro. Slowly, other villagers appeared from the safety of their huts and came forward, jabbering excitedly. Someone took the *barong* from Griffin, while other men tied Labuan's hands behind him. Dazedly, the American let Malili lead him back into their hut.

Labuan stubbornly refused to tell who had made him *juramentado*. Griffin, of course, suspected that Rokul and Pauwauri were behind this attempt at assassinating him, but it could not be proved. Both the *mandur* and the *kaddi* sat implacably in the tribal trial of the subdued fanatic, and both concurred in the sentencing of Labuan.

His fate was traditional. He was formally cast out of the tribe and set adrift in a one-man *prau*, equipped with a sail, but no paddle, food or water. Malili explained to Griffin that if Labuan was fortunate enough to escape starvation or death by thirst, he would still die soon enough. He could not land in any Moro *kampung*; the word of his fate had been passed to all the other Sulu islands, none of whose villagers would take him in. If Labuan drifted west to Borneo, chances were that he would be killed by the Dyak head-hunters of that island.

In any case, the *juramentado* didn't seem to care. He was convinced that his soul was doomed because he'd been touched by Griffin's defiling needle. Neither life nor death had any meaning for him now.

By contrast, John Griffin's prestige with his Moro captors increased steadily. As proof of his status, Banjak, the *datto*, offered the American his youngest daughter, Tunangah, as his second wife. The girl, a happy, laughing creature in her late teens, moved into the hut with Griffin and Malili, who accepted her as she had not accepted Rokul's last wife. Griffin did his best to divide his attention equally between the two girls, reveling in the leisure and solicitude which they lavished on him in return.

Now Banjak, his "father-in-law," sought

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Griffin's advice on many matters relating to the tribe. The American directed the Moros in simple sanitary measures to safeguard the health of the *kampung*. He showed them how to build a jetty for their *praus* from stones they gathered in the jungle, to replace the rickety wood pier which was destroyed by typhoons almost every year. He continued to battle outbreaks of yaws, which gradually diminished among the villagers, and instructed Banjak himself in the use of the hypodermic.

In time, Malili announced that she was bearing Griffin's child and insisted that he take a third wife. The American was reluctant to do so. He had grown very close to this wonderful loving girl who had helped save his life, and he wanted to do nothing that would hurt her. But, when Malili became adamant, Griffin complied, and still another Moro girl—a wispy, willowy creature named Bersiha—joined his household.

By approximate reckoning, Griffin had now been a comfortable prisoner of the Moros nearly a year, and still there was no word from the Filipinos at Jolo in reply to the ransom demand. It almost seemed as if even Banjak had forgotten that the tall blond *totok* was a captive and not an actual member of the tribe.

Griffin and his three beautiful Moro brides were bathing in a quiet sea cove one hot morning when tragedy struck. It came without warning, while the girls playfully splashed their husband's bronzed body, diving below the surface and tugging at his legs as he struggled in their tender embraces.

SUDDENLY, beside him, Malili's eyes widened as she stared toward the shore. Something had moved at the jungle's edge. The green wall of foliage parted and something flew through the air toward them, glittering in the sunlight.

With a moan of terror, Malili flung herself in front of Griffin, shielding his body with her own. A second later, he felt her shudder violently and sag against him. The other girls shrieked and dove into the water. Looking down, Griffin saw the haft of a fishing spear protruding from Malili's slim back. Blood welled from the wound.

He dashed for the shore, heading for the spot from which the spear had been thrown, and plunged into the brush. Ahead of him, someone thrashed through the heavy undergrowth in panic. Griffin tore on, catching sight of the fleeing figure as it ran through a clear space under the clustered trees. He raced across the clearing, then leaped in a flying tackle that brought the assassin crashing to the ground.

The man twisted under Griffin's grip. It was Rokul, the *mandur*, who had been replaced as captain of the *praus* and who had never disguised his hatred for the American. He broke loose and rose, aiming a kick at Griffin's groin. The American jumped to his feet, avoiding the blow, and countered with a blind double jab at Rokul's middle. The Moro sagged under the impact, and Griffin followed it with a powerful punch that snapped Rokul's head back and dropped him unconscious to the ground.

Griffin leaped on him, furiously, battering the senseless man's face with his fists. By the time the villagers found them, Rokul was unrecognizable, his features a swollen pulp,



and more dead than alive. It took three men to pull the stunned American off him.

Malili was dead. And Banjak refused to sit in judgment on the man who had killed her.

"Do with Rokul what you wish, *totok*," the *datto* told Griffin. "He tried to kill you. It is for you to deal with him, to avenge your wife."

Griffin stepped to the center of the clearing to face Rokul.

"It was you who sent Labuan to murder me, *saja*?" he snapped. Rokul averted his eyes, refusing to answer.

The American repeated his question. Still the Moro remained silent. Griffin turned to Banjak and muttered something. The *datto* nodded and repeated his order to several of the watching villagers, who went off to do as he directed. Then Griffin squatted in front of Rokul, silent, staring at the man who'd killed Malili.

After a while, the villagers returned, carrying the carcass of a pig which they'd just killed. They dumped it in front of the cowering Rokul and slowly, deliberately began to skin the porker. At Griffin's direction, they stretched the pig's skin between two trees. Rokul watched, bewildered.

"Now hear me, Rokul," Griffin said. "You are going to die. But I give you a choice you don't deserve. You can die as a Moslem, if you tell who sent Labuan to be *juramentado*. If you do not speak, I shall have you sewed into the skin of the pig. Then you will be killed."

Rokul glanced at him, then moaned in terror. The other villagers edged back, horrified. What Griffin was threatening was the worst thing that could happen to any Moro. If a man died while sewed in the skin of a pig, the eyes of Allah would not recognize his soul. It was a fearful thing.

Griffin reached down and took Rokul by the throat, forcing him to his feet. Slowly, he edged the *mandur* back toward the stretched pigskin.

"Speak, *sappo-lidi*!" roared the American. "Who made Labuan *juramentado*?"

Rokul choked, backed away under the pressure of the hand at his throat. Another step, and he felt the defiling contact of the pigskin at his back. Tears welled in his eyes and he groaned.

"I will speak, *totok*. Please, I will speak, but don't sew me in the skin. It was Pauwauri who did it. It was Pauwauri who made Labuan swear the oath to kill and who fed him *amok* herbs. I swear it!"

To a man, the Moros turned to stare at the old *kaddi*, who had been standing at Banjak's side. He cringed under their glance, looked around him wildly, but there was no escape. He was hemmed in.

In the next minute, he was dead. With a roar of rage, a Moro grabbed up a *barong* and plunged it into the old man's chest. Griffin recognized the man. His wife had been one of the women killed in Labuan's insane frenzy.

As if it were a signal, others took up swords and closed in on Rokul, yelling and roaring as they hacked away at his body. He went down in a flurry of flailing *barongs*, screened from Griffin by the howling tribesmen who surrounded him in this grisly execution of their vengeance. Within seconds, the *mandur* was dead.

A few weeks later, word finally came from Jolo. The captain of Philippine Constabulary there informed Banjak that he was not prepared to ransom the American named Griffin. Furthermore, the *datto* was warned, he was to release the American immediately and send him to Jolo. If not, the Constabulary was prepared to launch an attack with gunboats and machine guns against the Moros of Tagbabas Island.

Surprisingly, Banjak seemed pleased when he informed Griffin of the Filipino reply. He had not wanted to kill his captive, he explained. As for the ransom, the good work Griffin had done with his healing and the other things he had taught the Moros far outweighed any gold the Filipinos might have paid.

It was with mixed feelings that John Griffin stepped into the *prau* that was to carry him to Jolo. He was glad to be getting back to civilization. But, on the other hand, most of his time among the Moros had been pleasant, carefree. There, on the stone jetty he had built, stood Bersiha and Tunangah, his two "wives," their slim coppery bodies still inviting, silently but eloquently urging him to remain with them forever. With an effort, Griffin turned away as the *prau* slipped out into the cove, facing toward the open Sulu Sea.

ON April 12, 1955, John Griffin returned to Manila by air from Jolo. He was met by a police official, who promptly informed him that his black-marketing in terramycin had become known and that the Philippine Government would be obliged if he left for other parts as soon as possible.

It was a funny ending to his amazing adventure. He hadn't made a nickel out of the terramycin. His \$10,000 investment had gone down the drain, wasted except for the cures he had wrought on Banjak's people.

A few days later, Griffin left Manila for Taipei, Formosa, where he was last seen a few months ago by a United Press correspondent. As usual, he was living on some undisclosed source of income which, according to Chinese sources in Taipei, involved certain contraband goods smuggled in from the Communist-ruled mainland.

Those who know him are not surprised. Johnny Griffin, they say, is a guy who'll always land on his feet and find the fastest buck around. ■

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"Guard, What Time Is It?"

Continued from page 33

light from the wire-covered bulb in my cell. "Austin," he said, "I have already sent the girl a letter, admonishing her in the name of God to tell the truth. The lawyer took it with him."

"If any part of her story could be changed, I'd have a chance for a last minute reprieve—"

Chaplain nodded. "Have faith, Austin."

"Faith, Chaplain? I've had faith all these months that she'd come to her senses and clear me. I killed Tom accidentally and Elaine knows it! Maybe if I could hate her, I'd be able to face walking through that green door in a few hours."

CHAPLAIN shook his head. "The reason you don't hate her makes many of us believe firmly in your innocence, Austin. Otherwise you'd be inclined to detest your accuser with vengeance—mainly because she exposed your guilt."

"I'm still scared, Chaplain. Hate or no hate, guilt or innocence, I fear death . . ."

From a side pocket of his business suit, Chaplain withdrew a small black leather copy of the New Testament, opened it at a marker and handed it to me.

"Read this marked passage, Austin," he commanded.

I took the slim volume and scowled under the 25-watt bulb in my isolated death cell.

"For me to live is Christ and to die is gain," I muttered.

He nodded, saying "Philippians 1:21."

"I see no gain in death, Chaplain. Death is stark terror from where I stand, black nothingness, the end of all, a deep empty well."

To put my fear into words caused the termites in my stomach to become a herd of elephants, bull elephants stampeding in and out of the channels of my nervous system. I felt blobs of sweat break out on my forehead and upper lip.

"This passage," Chaplain said gently, "was written by a condemned man like yourself, the Apostle Paul shortly before he was executed by the Roman government."

He turned towards the cell door.

"Keep the Testament, Austin. I'll return as soon as there's definite news."

"Paul, too, must have felt the whole animal kingdom trampling his insides to bits," I said.

Chaplain shrugged.

"Perhaps. But he faced the stampede knowing through death he would be with Christ, fulfilling his belief in Christ's promises for eternal life, knowing, too, his ultimate triumph would be far greater than the petty achievements of his executioners."

He hesitated at the door.

"Think it over, Austin."

I have done nothing but think and sweat and tremble since Chaplain left. I wish the seconds would become hours, that the passage of time would stop altogether and clocks refused to tick.

How strange and diabolical to remember the times I've wished for the clocks of life to speed up! Like my two years at Iowa State College while studying agriculture. I was a well-to-do farmer's son and my heritage was Dad's landholdings—the pure-bred milk herds and the fertile fields of corn and alfalfa and wheat. My father had had a lifetime love affair with his black soil and vast barns and stately silos. But not me. I wanted the pulse of city life running through my whole being.

After two years I asked to be released from my studies and Dad gave me the fare to New York City and Mom gave me her money cache from the sugar bowl. Then time couldn't pass quickly enough till I set out. I returned to the farm only twice. Once when Mom died and the second time when Dad said goodbye to his mistress, the farm lands.

Tonight for the first time I'm glad they're not alive.

"Guard, what time is it?" My voice sounds to me as if it comes from far off in space.

"Plenty of time yet, Austin. Try not to think about the time." He whispers softly through the bars of the death cell and I see the second special guard beside him squirm uneasily.

"What else am I supposed to think about?" I hear myself yell out. "Time and death, that's all that's left!"

"Easy, Austin," the second guard says. "It's nine twenty-five. Want a drink of water?"

"No, no water."

AND the terrifying aloneness comes over me again.

I'm in isolation now, the final preparation for death. I was taken from the fellowship of the condemned this morning, allowed to walk along the corridor in Death House and say goodbye to the inmates through the small slits of their steel cell doors.

"When the time comes, relax and don't fight it, Harold," Joe had advised. "It'll go easy."

"Thanks, Joe."

"And, Harold . . ."

"Yes, Joe?"

"Good luck, that's all, kid."

"You, too, Joe. Good luck."

Shortnin' Bread had grinned impishly through the slit in his cell. His turn to walk comes next month. He's fogging his mind by thinking only of his "last supper."

"What'd'ja order for your supper, Austin?" he demanded.

"Steak, Shortnin' Bread. A real New York cut! Try one sometime," I joke. "Forget about sowbelly and corn pones. Eat real food for a change."

"Think I might," he said seriously. "With caviar and banana cream pie an' . . ."

"You do and you'll puke all over The Chair," Joe called out.

"Aw, I ain't no Tom Thumb," Shortnin' Bread protested.

Tom Thumb went to The Chair last month. A thin little guy, scarcely more than a midget. When the guards told him it was time to move to the isolation cell, he'd cowed on his cot and had to be taken forcibly and he'd cried and vomited in the corridor and hadn't been able to say goodbye to any of us.

For me to live is Christ and to die is gain.

What gain for Tom Thumb? He couldn't even go to his Maker with dignity.

"Think it over," Chaplain says . . .

When I first arrived in New York City six years ago, I didn't do much thinking then. I tried ten or twelve different jobs in the beginning, going from one tall office building to the next. Finally I found a job I liked, selling life insurance. I had the feel of selling and the policies to my credit piled up fast. Advancements were rapid and I wrote enthusiastic letters back to Iowa and received letters of praise in return.

Those were golden days for a young man in his early twenties, plenty of clients to entertain, a fat expense account, and no boundaries to my ambition.

Then several years ago the big prize was dropped in my lap, a supervisor's job in the home office. This is where I met Tom, the friend I accidentally killed.

TOM and I shared a large, expensively furnished office, and we shared a stenographer—Elaine. Our threesome had a reputation for turning out work smoothly and quickly. We were a success, and in a matter of months Tom and I became the best of friends, despite our office quarrels about business decisions. To an outsider we might have given the impression of being bitter enemies. But once out of the office we never discussed shop, in fact often went out on the town together. Elaine knew this; she was frequently with us. And frequently she tried to be alone with Tom . . .

"Guard, what time is it?"

"Austin, the clock's on the wall right over our heads here. Why keep asking us?"

"I'm afraid to look."

"It's 10, Austin."

"We leave here about 10:30?"

"About 10:45. We'll tell you when."

"Okay, thanks."

"Want some water or fruit juice, Austin?"

"No, thanks."

Now I can almost see the grayness settling more heavily over Death House. In their own cells back along death row, the fellowship of the condemned will be watching the time now, sweating it out along with me from here on in. Unless Elaine changes her story. For somewhere in the nighttime elegance of New York City my lawyer is working on Elaine, trying to ferret the truth out of her. Is there a chance I'll go free?

Freedom—even the word tastes good! I

(Continued on page 60)

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can bite into it and chew it like I used to savor Mom's fresh-baked bread.

My left hand suddenly aches and I find I am clutching Chaplain's New Testament as if it were the last anchor to life. Perhaps it is the *only* anchor to life, eternal life.

IT has become clear to me now, too, during these past few weeks how Elaine clung, anchor-like, to Tom. I hadn't known how deeply she loved him till she confessed it during my trial. And how deep was her fear that she might lose him.

What should have been a clue to me regarding Elaine's depth of feeling was a talk Tom and I had the night before one of our frequent weekend hunting trips in the mountains.

Tom and I were in his apartment cleaning our rifles and packing our gear. Tom suddenly left off working, leaned back on his heels and looked up at me thoughtfully. It was a Thursday night like tonight, except there was a brisk autumn snap in the air—deer season in the north woods. We were preparing to fly out early the next morning for our long weekend.

Tom chewed his lip thoughtfully, then said, "Harold, we'll have to hire a new stenographer when we get back Monday."

I was stunned.

"You mean Elaine's quit us?"

Tom flung his rifle carelessly over his knees and rocked gently on his heels.

"Nope, but she's getting into the act too

much, getting wound up over office business, getting things all twisted up in her mind. Take the argument you and I had over old man Blaine's investments just before closing time tonight."

I nodded indifferently. "So? What's unusual about us having a business argument? That's the way we work together."

"You remember you shouted that the home office wasn't big enough for the two of us, that one of us had to go?"

"Sure, Tom. But you know I didn't mean it."

"Elaine took it seriously. Said if anyone was going any place, it ought to be you for threatening me like that."

"She was kidding, Tom. She knows darn well we're pals."

"Nope. Dead serious. Got red in the face. Said nobody was going to threaten me and get away with it. So I told her if anybody was leaving, it was she. In short, I canned her."

I GASPED. "Just like that?"

Tom nodded. "Well, I haven't notified anyone else. I'll have to do that Monday. But she comes into the office only long enough to pick up her severance pay when we get back."

I shrugged. "Okay by me if that's what you want."

"Well, not only that," he confessed, "other things, too. She's been hanging around me a lot, showing up wherever I am. Sort of a nuisance. Then this latest, attacking you."

I nodded indifferently and turned back to

checking my hunting gear—red cap, wool mackinaw . . .

Here in Death House the cells are highly guarded, concrete and steel cubicles, constructed like that, I suspect, on purpose so that the grayness and monotony blend with the predominate scheme of death. And the faded red brick building itself is the gloomiest of all the buildings which make up the state's prison. Those of us housed in this structure of hopelessness never get out except for brief periods of physical exercise in a small prison yard.

How unlike the vast unencumbered fresh forests of the north where the air is a constant testimony to freedom; where the world has the good smell of pine trees and bright lakes and streams; where the nights are a vast sky laced with stars.

On Saturday of our hunting trip, Tom waved aside the protests of our guide and said we'd set out alone that day; it might break our luck. The day before we had not even seen a deer track, let alone had a shot.

"But today we each get one. I guarantee it," Tom promised.

Working our way up a mountain, the early morning air seemed suddenly warm and Tom cast aside his mackinaw and hunting cap.

"For city dudes," he smiled. "I'll get my buck in shirt-sleeves!"

At a fork in the trail we parted, planning to rejoin one another at the summit.

"Bet you a five-course dinner back in the city that I bag the first one," I called after Tom.

"It's a bet. See you at the top, Harold."

I'd done lots of hunting as a kid—pheasant and quail in the Iowa fields, and deer-hunting trips into Minnesota and Wisconsin with Dad. I had a steady hand, a good aim. Thirty minutes later when the brush ahead of me rustled and a glimpse of tan showed through the brush, I aimed and shot, and my shot hit with deadly accuracy . . .

"Austin, Austin!"

Chaplain is standing in front of me, calling my name. I notice his business suit has been changed for a black cassock. He carries a Bible. Now my mouth is suddenly and unnaturally dry, as if I'd smoked three packages of cigarettes consecutively.

"It's time, Chaplain?"

"Almost, Austin."

"Elaine didn't change her story then?"

Chaplain's cassock must be too large for him; he seems swallowed up by it, almost buried by its blackness.

"She stands on her court testimony, Austin," he says.

INOD and the apostle Paul's words flash through my mind. ". . . To die is gain." "I'm still scared, Chaplain, but at least I understand now. It helps to understand."

"She's to be pitied, Austin. Elaine will suffer the rest of her life, a man's execution on her conscience."

"She loved Tom, Chaplain. In a strange twisted way she's made me the scapegoat for her own loss. It stacks up that way."

Chaplain nods.

"Nobody else knew Tom had fired her. Her word against mine, and her word against mine that Tom and I had had an ugly quarrel, that I threatened to kill him."

Chaplain nods.

"Chaplain, what is it like to die? Will I feel pain?"



"I only know, Austin, that men who have made their peace with God seem to go easier."

"I've made my peace. With God, with myself."

Suddenly I find myself fumbling with the slim volume the Chaplain gave me earlier in the evening, the bridge between life and death—the New Testament.

"There is an eternity, Chaplain?"

"Christ promised it, Austin."

"Then what you said earlier tonight adds up pretty well for me. Guess my ultimate triumph will be far greater than the petty achievement of Elaine."

"Yes, that's the way it stacks up, Austin. God has stacked it in your favor."

"Chaplain, these past months here in Death House I've thought so often, if Tom had been wearing his hunting cap that morning, then I'd have probably spotted the flash of red as he crawled through the underbrush, stalking the same deer I was after. Or if he had waited another second before raising his head into my line of fire . . ."

"Such thoughts only take you around in circles, Austin."

Now the guards appear at my cell door, unlock it and swing it open wide.

"It's time, Austin. Let's go."

I stand straight and take a deep breath.

"You go with me, Chaplain?"

"To the portal, Austin. Then you must proceed alone."

I hand him the New Testament.

"Some other guy will need it, Chaplain. Maybe Shortnin' Bread next month when he walks the last mile."

"I'll try to help him, Austin."

"And, Chaplain . . ."

"Yes, Austin?"

"Tell Shortnin' Bread maybe his reprieve will come through. I'll check with the Man upstairs about it when I get there."

"I'll tell him, Austin."

WE leave the cell formally. A guard to my right and Chaplain, opening his Bible, on my left. Other guards behind. My knees are weak and don't support me well. Chaplain starts reading the Twenty-Third Psalm as we walk along the corridor towards the green door.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me before the still water . . ."

So this is death, I think, and beyond the green door waits The Chair and beyond The Chair waits eternity. So this is death, the bridge to immortality, the beginning of my freedom. ■

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The Mechanism of Mind



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U-Boat 314's Deadly Decoy

Continued from page 19

sending fast and furiously, instructing the *Helga* to maintain radio silence and stand by for a boarding party.

Captain Klaestad cursed. "First the fog, now this. We'll be lucky if we get enough whale this trip to fill a sardine can. Tell the Nazi pigs that we're standing by as ordered."

The *Helga*, like many Icelandic whalers, was a converted World War I American sub-chaser which had been sold as surplus and refitted in a Norwegian shipyard with harpoon mounts. Its port was Akureyri, Iceland, in the shadow of the Arctic Circle. Besides the mate, Faberholm, and a chief engineer, Lars Gottvaldersen, she carried a crew of eight, including one man who worked below decks with the engineer, and Einar Klaestad, the captain's only son. The crew were all in their late teens or early twenties, all college students on summer vacation. Summer is when Icelandic whaling is done; the season is short, from mid-May to the first of October, when the weather becomes impossible again.

A boarding party left the sub marked 314 in a big rubber raft; the other boat, number 202, rode easily several hundred yards away. Both boats' guns remained trained on the *Helga*. Captain Klaestad followed the progress of the raft with his binoculars. An officer sat in the stern. Four enlisted men paddled and two in the bow of the raft held sub machine guns, muzzles up, stocks resting on their thighs. Klaestad cursed them under his breath, but threw the raft a line when it came alongside. The officer—a lieutenant—came aboard, preceded by the two gunners, who covered the crew.

The lieutenant spoke Danish which, though different from Icelandic, was close enough to be readily understood by the *Helga's* crew. He asked if they were all present and when someone answered that there were still two men in the engine room he barked an order to one of his men who ran to the engine-room hatch, shouted down, "*Achtung*," and descended, gun first. He came up a few seconds later with engineer Gottvaldersen and his helper, hands upraised.

"Remove your knives," the lieutenant called out curtly. "Place them on the deck before you and push them, out of your reach, with your toes. Quickly now. I don't have to warn you that any false movement will be fired upon first and questioned later."

The men obeyed, slowly, grumbling, as the Nazi sailors levelled their guns.

Captain Klaestad and Faberholm had watched the entire proceedings from the bridge. When the lieutenant had finished with the crew, and one of his men had kicked all the knives into the sea, he called up to the captain.

"Captain, where's the radio room?"

Captain Klaestad jerked his thumb aft. One of the Nazi sailors with the sparks of a radioman on his sleeve climbed the ladder on the double and made for the second door aft of the bridge. The lieutenant and the remaining two sailors ascended the ladder to the bridge. One man went to the blinker and began to send to the submarines; the other was sent to search the ship.

"I am Lieutenant August von Eck," the Nazi officer said bowing curtly. "May I please see your log book and crew list, Captain?" He held out a hand impatiently. Captain Klaestad brought the documents from the drawer of the bridge desk and handed them over. The lieutenant thumbed through the log book until he came to the entry of the day the *Helga* had left port and began scanning each entry from there. When he finished with the book he held it under his arm and scanned the crew list quickly. His only comment was to look up at the mate and say:

"You are Faberholm?"

To which Thom nodded nervously.

The lieutenant called his signalman from the blinker and the two spoke for several minutes, in German, too low for Captain Klaestad to understand. The signalman gave a final, "*Jawohl, Herr Leutnant*," saluted, and returned to the blinker where he began to send a long series of messages. That sailor who had been sent to search the ship reported that all men were on deck, then stood, machine gun levelled, at the helm.

"Captain," Lieutenant von Eck said imperiously, "do you have any weapons on board? I warn you to surrender them, for if they are found later both of you and your crew will be subjected to severe punishment."

"There are two pistols and two high-powered rifles in the bulkhead cabinet in my cabin," the captain said calmly. "These are the only weapons on board. The key to the cabinet is in my desk."

THE Lieutenant gave an order to the man at the helm, who saluted and made his way aft to the Captain's cabin.

Klaestad got angry then, understanding for the first time what was happening. "Now wait a minute," he called out to the lieutenant and stepped forward, his face red, his big hands outstretched as if ready to choke the Nazi. "We're Icelandic citizens. This is an act of piracy. We are not at war with your country. By what authority do you stop and search this ship?"

The lieutenant stepped back, drew his pistol and said, "By this authority, captain," brandishing the gun.

The blinker on the 314 began to respond to the information the Nazi signalman had sent; the signalman, writing in a black book,

blinked at the end of every instruction to indicate that he had understood. When the sub stopped sending he brought his several slips of paper and handed them to the lieutenant and waited for a response. The lieutenant read his orders officiously, nodded to his signalman then came up to Captain Klaestad.

"Captain, I have been instructed to hold you, your ship and your crew captive, on suspicion that you are acting as an agent for the Allied powers, which is against the best of my government's interests. I will assume command of the ship. Four of my men will remain with me to enforce my orders, with bullets, if need be. Also, just to make sure there is no mutiny against my command, I have been ordered to transfer one of your crewmen, Einar Klaestad, as hostage, to the submarine. He is your son, is he not, Captain?"

Captain Klaestad clenched his fists and took several steps forward but again the cocky Nazi officer had his gun in his hand.

"I see that I was correct," the German said with a smile. The sailor who had been sent to the captain's cabin came onto the bridge carrying two pistol belts and the two high-powered rifles in the crook of his arm.

The lieutenant ordered the rubber raft alongside. Einar Klaestad was asked to step forward and when he did his arms were tied behind his back. He was helped to the raft and placed in the bow where the paddlers could watch him, and the raft moved away.

Captain Klaestad watched the small craft make its way awkwardly to the submarine then descended to the main deck. He told his crew that they were prisoners of the German Navy and that Einar was being held as hostage for their conduct.

"The lieutenant is in command of the *Helga* and you will take orders from him." The Nazi, who had stood to one side, smiled, then took a cigarette out of his pocket, lighted it, blew the smoke out and walked up jauntily.

"Gentlemen," he said. "There is nothing for you to worry about if you listen to and obey my instructions. If not, I will be forced to shoot you for mutiny. It's as simple as that. First, I want the engineers to return below decks. The rest of the crew is to be divided into two sections, only one of which will be allowed on deck at any time. I must warn you that no one but your captain and mate is permitted on the bridge; both of them will take turns at the helm. Also, anyone seen near the radio shack will be shot immediately. Is that clear?"

The men grumbled and the Nazi sailors who stood facing them firmed their grips on the sub machine guns.

The *Helga* was seized on August 2nd, 1942, and for the next two weeks she sailed under the command of Lieutenant von Eck and his four sub machine guns. The ship was always accompanied by the two submarines, though they ran submerged during the day, only coming to the surface after dusk. Each evening all three ships shut off their engines and drifted several hundred yards from each other, presumably to save fuel. They sailed always in a south, south-westerly direction until they reach 60 degrees latitude, then slackened their speed and moved due west. At first Captain Klaestad didn't know

what the Nazi wanted of him or the *Helga*. But within two days it was made crystal clear.

At 11:30 in the morning of August 4th, at a position several hundred miles off the coast of Greenland, the Nazi sailor on watch in the crow's nest sighted ships on the horizon. While one sailor ran the *Helga's* ensign upside down, the lieutenant ordered all engines stopped and raced back to the radio shack. The German radioman touched the key only once, the transmitter already set on an assigned frequency. And, as Captain Klaestad and Faberholm watched in horror, the signalman at the blinker began sending a distress signal to the two ships on the horizon: *Disabled. Screw dropped from shaft. Radio out. Request immediate aid and tow.*

There was a long pause, then both ships slowly changed course and headed for the *Helga*. The Nazi seamen scanned the horizon again and again and only when they were satisfied did they report to Lieutenant von Eck that there were no escorts. The lieutenant's grin stretched to a broad smile. The lead ship, a freighter, blinked out that they couldn't tow but would stop momentarily to pick up the *Helga's* crew. They moved in slowly on the *Helga*, the freighter stopping dead in the water, the second ship—a tanker—moving slowly a short distance aft. Both ships were several thousand yards from the *Helga* when the first torpedo struck the tanker neatly amidships, the submarines having had plenty of time to aim and fire. The ship burst into a huge orange flame. Seconds later the freighter was hit just aft of amidships. She too burst into flame but remained afloat long enough to take one

more torpedo and the shells which the surfaced U-202 began throwing into her. The tanker sank almost immediately; the freighter managed to stay afloat for about a quarter of an hour. There didn't seem to be any survivors from the tanker and those who managed to get off the freighter were fired upon by the machine guns in the conning towers of both subs. The gunners concentrated on the few life rafts and one whaleboat which had been launched from the stricken freighter, the bullets either killing the men or forcing them to jump into the water. The sea was cleared of human life within half an hour of the attack and the *Helga* and her two captors moved south. The only comment made to Captain Klaestad, who had watched the entire action with horror and disbelief, was by Lieutenant von Eck that evening after he had conducted a spirited exchange with both submarines by blinker.

"The freighter, Captain Klaestad, was the *S.S. American Architect*, 15,000 tons. The tanker, 17,000 tons, was the *S.S. Hiram McPherson*. Both American. I believe congratulations are in order on your part. You must admit that it was a good day's work."

Captain Klaestad, disgusted, turned and went below.

The next day, August 5th, the *Helga* sighted a Canadian corvette, the K-17, and the Nazi signalman gave the international signal for recognition, which the corvette returned politely and sailed off without bothering to stop and investigate. After the corvette was out of sight Lieutenant von Eck ordered one of the *Helga's* crewmen, Erik Nielsen, who was his size and height,

to give him a set of clothes. The four Nazi sailors changed costumes the same way.

On August 7th, the subs sank a crippled Canadian troop transport, the *HMCS Harold MacKenzie*, while the *Helga* stood on the horizon and watched. The transport was returning to Canada from England and luckily, Captain Klaestad learned from von Eck, she was traveling almost empty, her only passengers being one undermanned battalion of free Polish Army troops who were being sent to Canada for rehabilitation.

ON August 10th, in different actions, the *Helga* lured two tankers into position, both of which foolishly stopped moving to render assistance, and were immediately hit by torpedoes and sunk. Lieutenant von Eck was jubilant and boasted that he and his men would most likely get Iron Crosses for their work. "Perhaps," he sneered to Captain Klaestad, "I can see to it that your crew is rewarded, too."

The *Helga* was not only used as a decoy. At night, the subs came alongside, removed most of her food and pumped as much fuel as could be spared. The whaler's crew, in half strength, worked on deck all day, the other half being locked in the crew's quarters. Engineer Gottvaldersen and his helper were locked in the engine room and communicated with by means of the air tube from the bridge. The crew's rations were reduced to two meals a day; breakfast consisted of coffee and biscuits, the evening meal of thick bread and heavy soup. Every fourth day, at dinner, the crew was given one strip of bacon each.

Lieutenant von Eck took over Captain

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Klaestad's quarters; the other Nazi sailors occupied the mate's cabin. Both the captain and Faberholm slept with the crew in the focsle. The Nazi radioman remained at the transmitter all day and slept on the deck beside it during the night. One Nazi sailor, who was relieved every six hours, kept lookout in the crow's nest from before dawn until after dusk. There was always one armed Nazi sailor on duty on the bridge. Each evening, at five, the radioman sent a message to the Icelandic Coast Guard, reporting the weather and position of the ship. This was customary whaler practice. It not only helped Coast Guard meteorologists plot the weather but it signified that all was well.

For two weeks the *Helga* sailed back and forth along latitude 60 degrees. Whenever an Allied Patrol craft came into view there was an exchange of signals and that was all, though von Eck and his crew were ready for a boarding party at all times. The *Helga*, during that time, stood helplessly by while the Nazis sank six Allied ships for a total of some 85,000 tons.

On the evening of August 15th, a raft was lowered over the side of the U-314 and the commander of the submarine came aboard the *Helga*. He congratulated Lieutenant von Eck, then retired to the captain's cabin and ordered tea for himself and Captain Klaestad. He was a short arrogant man with a stiff shaved neck. He wore a monocle. A thick gold chain hung from the lapel of his jacket and disappeared into the breast pocket; dangling in a haphazard manner from the chain was an Iron Cross. He introduced himself to Captain Klaestad as Commander Ulrich Stahlmann. He offered Captain Klaestad a Turkish cigarette from a silver cigarette holder, which Klaestad refused, lighting his own then from a silver lighter. Captain Klaestad noticed that the third finger of his left hand was missing.

"Captain," the Nazi began slowly, speaking German without asking Klaestad if he understood the language. "We are allowing you to return to your port of Akureyri. You will be missed if you don't return in a day or so, to curse the luck that has made you the victim of fog and engine trouble, which in turn has forced you to miss every school of whales in the vicinity, eh?" The com-

mander smiled, puffed and regarded his cigarette, then blew the smoke out easily. "Imagine, not one whale in two weeks. Of course you wouldn't want to mention the various unfortunate Allied ships we've run into. That would indeed be a mistake." The commander's tone changed. He placed both elbows on the table and faced the captain squarely as if to show that he meant business.

"Captain, here's what we want. We want you to load up with supplies and fuel, all that you can carry. Here," he said pushing an envelope across the table, "is a list of machine parts we need for our vessels. Also inside the envelope is Icelandic money." He smiled. "We understand that you've had an unprofitable season thus far and that it might be difficult for the ship chandlers to advance credit. I understand, Captain Klaestad. We sailors understand each other, eh?" He laughed at that then quickly became serious again. "Yes, we will remove our men and you can set sail immediately. But one word of caution. We will continue to hold your son. If you are not back within four days at the exact spot mentioned in the envelope your son will be killed immediately. If, during that time you are gone, we are attacked by Allied ships or planes, he will also be killed. You, of course, will tell this to your crew and warn them. You have no choice, Captain. But then you are not at war. Why should you feel squeamish about a few Allied ships sent to the bottom, it makes no difference to Iceland who wins this war. We understand each other, do we not, Captain, eh?"

CAPTAIN Klaestad nodded slowly. The commander extended his hand but Klaestad refused to even notice it. Instead he walked to the bridge and through the speaking tube gave orders for Gottvaldersen to get up steam. He descended to the main deck and watched while the locks were taken off the focsle and engine room doors. He ignored the Nazis as they clambered over the side and into the raft. He shouted down to the focsle that he wanted all men to line up on deck. The crew came up quickly and even as the Nazi crew were pulling away Captain Klaestad spoke to his men, softly,

quietly, confused, sometimes with a lump in his throat.

"They are holding Einar," he said. "We are to return to port for supplies and to show the authorities that nothing is wrong. I beg of you, for Einar's sake, please, to trust in me, go along with me. So long as Einar is alive there is hope. I'll make it up to you, somehow, some way."

The crew cleared their throats and shuffled their feet. Though it was dark and they couldn't see the old man's eyes they knew, from his voice, that there were tears in them. One by one they mumbled they understood. One by one, they said they would do what Captain Klaestad asked.

"I cannot command you," he said to them, "I can only ask."

And again they assured him that they would do what he asked.

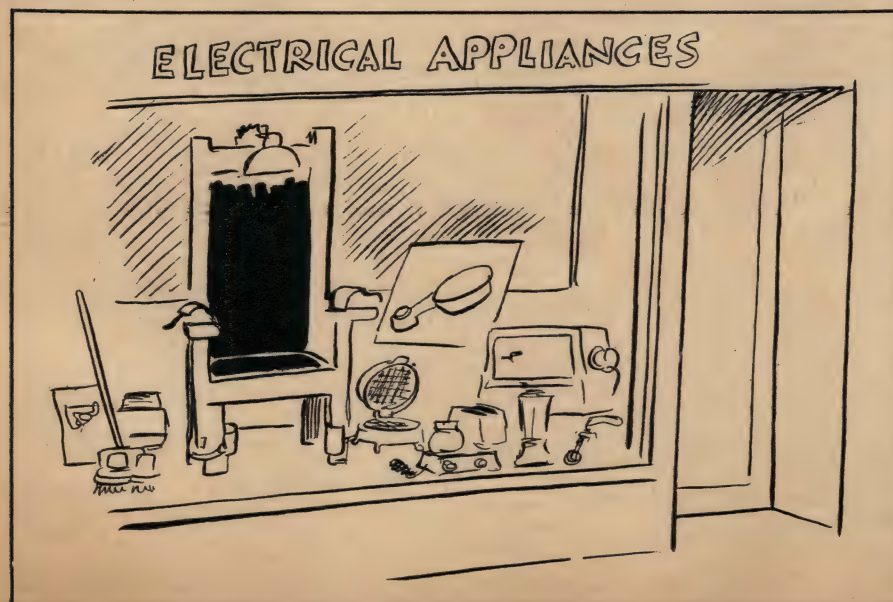
It was a sad crew that sailed, early on the morning of August 17, empty-handed, into the harbor at Akureyri. The ship tied up at its usual spot and the crew went ashore, a few at a time, but only to telephone their homes. Captain Klaestad immediately put in his orders for supplies and fuel, asking for rush deliveries. He also ordered those machine parts the Nazis had asked for. When he met other whaling captains or men from the whaling factory, he blamed his bad luck on the fog and the repeated engine trouble. The crew worked without sleep and the *Helga* was loaded in about 14 hours.

It was about noon that Klaestad resolved the problem that had been bothering him ever since they had sailed for home. He loved his boy more than anything else in the world; his wife had died in childbirth and he had raised Einar by himself, training him to take over the *Helga* some day in the future. But he was, after all, a man, a descendant of Vikings, and he couldn't take this insult, this captivity, this slavery without a fight. He had to do something about this evil, these monsters which had suddenly fallen on him.

With this in mind he made his way to the headquarters of the Icelandic Coast Guard which in Akureyri is located in a handsome stone building overlooking the harbor. He went to the office of Lieutenant-Commander Tage Gerhardsen, an old friend, the son and grandson of old friends. Gerhardsen, then in his mid-thirties, handsome, tall, blond and blue-eyed, had been a member of Iceland's famous Coast Guard since he was 21, joining immediately upon his graduation from the University of Reykjavik. He was intelligent, resourceful, an excellent seaman and had participated in many brave rescues, often risking his life to pluck crewmen off stricken and sinking vessels. In addition, Gerhardsen was a world-famous amateur oceanologist, his articles having appeared in the American National Geographic Magazine, the Magazine of the Royal Geographic Society of Sweden, and in scientific journals all over the world, in many different languages.

Captain Klaestad sat alongside the young Commander's desk and asked him to please excuse his secretary, that what he had to say was personal. The commander asked his secretary to leave. Then Klaestad swore the coastguardsman to secrecy and told him the story. It was simple, and yet so complicated—there was nothing one could do, and yet something had to be done, something.

"Perhaps," Captain Klaestad said, "I am too involved. Perhaps I am unable to think



because of Einar. Is there something you can suggest?"

Gerhardsen looked at him. "Olaf, there's only one thing I can suggest at present."

The captain waited hopefully.

"That I be allowed to go out with you."

"But," Klaestad said nervously, "they'll kill Einar the moment they spot you. They'll suspect something. I was ordered not to change any member of my crew."

"You can tell them that Faberholm broke his leg. When they ask why you didn't sail without him you can tell the truth, that union regulations force you to sail with a full complement."

Captain Klaestad looked at the young man. There was some hope after all.

"And another thing," Gerhardsen suddenly broke in. "We can at least have the bare outlines of a plan. I think the first task is to get rid of one of the subs, the one that doesn't have Einar aboard. Thus we cut down our enemy to half his size."

Klaestad smiled. There was hope indeed.

Gerhardsen made plans to join the *Helga's* crew. He called and ordered a set of mate's papers made out in his name, then requested time off from his superior officer, immediately and without question. His request was granted. Gerhardsen slipped aboard the *Helga* after dark. The only stumbling block they ran into was Thom Faberholm who was insulted when asked to leave the ship and even offered to break his leg and remain aboard. But Gerhardsen and Klaestad convinced him finally to remain in port.

Gerhardsen came aboard with two cases of harpoon explosives, telling Captain Klaestad that the Nazis would surely be suspicious of any other type of explosives or weapons. He also brought detonating caps and detonators, both immediate and remote, which could fit onto the explosives and render them as dangerous as sticks of TNT. They searched and searched and finally hid the detonators in the hollow of a spare shaft.

The *Helga* sailed at midnight, August 19, to keep her rendezvous with the Nazi subs. Only when they were out of sight of land did Captain Klaestad call his men together and explain the plan, or at least that part of it that had been put together. Gerhardsen spoke to the men, asked them not to do anything rash, lose their tempers, strike one of the Nazi guards.

"We can beat them if we use our heads. And beat them we will."

The crew promised, to a man, that they would obey orders and remain ready.

Even before the *Helga* reached the rendezvous point, which was latitude 65 degrees 130 miles off the coast of Iceland, Gerhardsen had an idea. He detailed it to the captain first.

"We're to find out on which sub Einar is being held. Insist that you see him. Tell the Nazis anything, threaten them, recklessly, but insist that you won't move until you see your son. Even if they threaten to shoot, insist. Then we'll blow up the other sub."

"Blow up," the captain's eyes widened. "But how?"

"We'll empty a wooden box of tinned meat which they'll probably take aboard as soon as we meet up with them. We'll stuff it full of dynamite and set a time mechanism to go off some 20 hours later, then pray it goes off while they're submerged. These U-boats are jammed full of torpedoes; they're stored all over the ship. Any really decent explosive

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charge will set at least the closest one off. But even in case it doesn't, there'll be enough dynamite in a wooden case to blow a hole the size of a man in their hull; an explosion inside a sealed submarine is twice as potent as one on the outside of the hull. I'm sure it'll work but we can't be worried, we've got to try."

Captain Klaestad nodded. "Yes, we've got to try."

Gerhardsen himself stuffed the dynamite into the wooden box, making sure it weighed the same as when it held tinned meat. He affixed a time mechanism but didn't set it, then hammered down the lid and placed the box with other cases of tinned meat. He instructed the crew, who most likely would load provisions aboard the sub, how to handle this particular case of tinned meat, where to place it in the submarine's storeroom to get maximum advantage from the blast.

The *Helga* arrived at the rendezvous spot in mid-morning, on schedule. She cut engines and drifted, but there was no sign of the subs. Captain Klaestad expressed concern. "What if they've been sunk? Einar didn't have a chance. What . . ."

But Gerhardsen comforted him, told him the Nazis were probably playing it safe, making sure the *Helga* hadn't brought any friends with her. They floated on position all that day and night and the next day as well, the coastguardsman assuring the captain that there was nothing to worry about. He was right, too, for at dusk of the second day, August 22nd, both subs suddenly surfaced, a rubber raft was lowered from the U-314 and Lieutenant von Eck and his crew were rowed to the *Helga*.

THE lieutenant was furious when he saw Gerhardsen and demanded an explanation. Captain Klaestad mentioned union regulations.

"But supposing he has told his friends," the little Nazi, his face crimson, asked. "Or his wife or someone before he came aboard. How do we know he didn't do that?"

"He didn't know about this rendezvous until we were under way, past sight of land," Captain Klaestad answered coolly.

Lieutenant von Eck looked at Gerhardsen suspiciously for a long minute, then transmitted the news to the 314 and waited for instructions. Instructions came and the lieutenant ordered the entire crew, Captain Klaestad, Gerhardsen included, to strip down to their skins. He watched while one of his men went through every stitch of their clothes. When that was finished he and two of his men made a thorough search of the *Helga*, one of the sailors even crawling into the bilges and examining them carefully. In several hours, when the lieutenant was satisfied, a message was relayed to the 314.

It was then that Captain Klaestad asked to see Einar. The lieutenant didn't bother to even look up but studied the ship's log.

"But I mean what I say," the captain said, reaching for the little Nazi's shoulder, spinning him around and grabbing him by the throat. "I want to see my boy. Tell your Commander Stahlmann that I want to be sure that he's all right, that he's safe and healthy. I don't trust you, you murderers."

The Nazi sailor on the bridge poked the muzzle of his gun into the captain's ribs but the captain ignored him and began to squeeze the lieutenant's throat. The lieutenant nodded his head and signified that

he understood the captain and Klaestad released him. He rubbed his neck and gasping said, "I will ask that your son be brought to the bridge of the submarine when it comes alongside to take on fuel and supplies."

That night the 314 came alongside first to take on food and what fuel the *Helga* could spare. While she was tied up alongside and the crew of the *Helga* formed a chain to pass the cases of food to the sub, Einar Klaestad was brought to the bridge and spoke with his father, assuring him that he was all right, that he was being treated as well as could be expected and that he was bored. "This is the first I've been above decks since they took me aboard," he said.

After the 314 the 202 came alongside and was loaded. Gerhardsen quickly set the timing mechanism inside the tinned meat box and it was gingerly handed from one crewman to another and placed in the sub's storeroom forward, immediately behind the tiny galley. It was covered with other supplies, boxes and bags. The crewman who had placed it in the storeroom reported that two torpedoes were lined up along the sub's hull, immediately above the explosive charge. "There is nothing left to do but pray," Gerhardsen said quietly.

They remained at the rendezvous spot for the rest of that night, riding easily within sight of one another under the big moon. It was peaceful, almost balmy, warm even for the summer and Gerhardsen complained to the Nazi guard on the bridge that he couldn't sleep on such a beautiful night. Gerhardsen walked onto the deck for a while, then sat on one of the hatches on the after deck, out of sight of the guard, took out a pair of binoculars and trained them on the 314, studying the sub for a long time. When he finally did go below he whispered to Captain Klaestad, "They only have one man on guard in the conning tower. They feel pretty safe at night. They're probably undermanned and give the crew an opportunity to get a good night's sleep. It's good to know." He was awake a long while before he fell asleep.

Before dawn both U-boats submerged and Lieutenant von Eck again headed the *Helga* southwest toward the coast of Greenland, holding her on a straight course all that day. There was one alarm from the crow's nest in mid-morning but what was thought to be an airplane turned out to be a bird. Captain Klaestad, Gerhardsen and the members of the crew looked often at their watches. The explosion was timed at about two o'clock. They prayed that they wouldn't run into anything that would make the 202 surface.

BY dusk nothing discernible had happened. Captain Klaestad and Gerhardsen both stood on the bridge waiting for the sub or subs to surface and it seemed they remained underwater longer than usual. Finally, at about eight o'clock Gerhardsen put his hand on the skipper's shoulder and nodded toward the starboard—a sub was breaking the surface. It was the 314. They looked around and anxiously waited but the 202 didn't surface. It never surfaced again. There was a long blinker conversation between the *Helga* and the 314 that night, in code. That night, in the crew's quarters, Captain Klaestad and Gerhardsen reported that their first plan had worked. The crew celebrated, silently; to show how well the Nazis had searched the ship, one seaman took out a bottle of whisky from his duffel bag and

passed it around. All toasted their victory, Gerhardsen warning that there was still one to go, a tough one.

It was a bad week for Allied shipping. The U-314 managed to sink three more freighters, the *S.S. Albert Orlander*, the *S.S. Granite City* and the *S.S. Hamilton Victory*. The *Granite City* was most likely carrying explosives for she sank within three minutes without a trace. Lieutenant von Eck mentioned, in passing, one afternoon on the bridge that the U-202 had gone back to Germany for major repairs.

EACH evening Gerhardsen managed to remain on deck and study the dark hull of the U-314, or the Nazi sailors aboard the *Helga*, learning each one's habits, trying to discover if there was something in their personalities which could be put to use. When he did go below he and Captain Klaestad spoke in low tones, compared notes, the captain being anxious, coming up with plan after plan: "Maybe we can lure Stahlmann on board, snare him and only turn him loose when we have Einar back with us?" To which Gerhardsen slowly shook his head and said no. Once, the captain was so despondent that he shook Gerhardsen just as he was about to fall asleep and said, "What nerve I have, Tage. Here I ask the entire crew to risk their lives for my son. What right have I to do that? Let's just sail away some night. It isn't fair. It isn't right." But Gerhardsen calmed him down.

One night, about 12 days after they had rendezvoused with the subs, they were lying in their bunks, talking, when they became aware of one of their men tossing and turning, and moaning. Gerhardsen investigated and found that it was one of the crewmen, Willy Erlander, a young blond giant. He complained that he had a sore in his mouth that pained him something terrible. Gerhardsen examined Willy's mouth and found a huge boil on the roof of his mouth. He was about to pound on the locked door to ask the guard for a first aid kit when the idea came to him.

"Listen, Willy," Gerhardsen said, running back to the seaman's bunk. "I think I know how we can get Einar off the U-boat and sink it."

Willy looked at him, wondering what it had to do with his boil.

"It means," Gerhardsen went on, "putting you aboard that sub. Are you game?"

Willy Erlander looked at the coastguardsman for a second and shook his head up and down. Gerhardsen spent the next three hours telling Willy his plan and instructing him on the signs and symptoms of appendicitis explaining to him how he should react when anyone searched for these signs and symptoms. He told him to keep his mouth closed most of the time and not let them see the boil.

Before dawn, when the *Helga* was getting up steam and the guard came to let half the crew out of their quarters, Gerhardsen rushed to the bridge and told Lieutenant von Eck about the pains in Willy's belly. The lieutenant followed Gerhardsen to the crew's quarters and examined Willy suspiciously, looking up quickly every now and then to see if he could detect something in Gerhardsen's or the captain's eyes. When he touched Willy's belly the seaman grimaced with pain and brought knees up to relieve it. The lieutenant put his hand on Willy's forehead;

Willy had been bundled in blankets, his hair was wet with perspiration, his forehead was red. After the examination von Eck turned to Gerhardsen and Captain Klaestad and shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no doubt that your man is sick. Maybe he'll live until you get back to port. There is nothing we can do. There was a doctor on the 202 but, as you know, they returned for repairs."

Captain Klaestad, acting, his face showing all the anger he could muster, stepped up to the little lieutenant. "But you've got a hospitalman and a sick bay, medicines. You can at least care for him until it is time for us to leave. You're not dealing with an animal, a fish. This is a human life, this is one of my men. If you don't care for him, I'm going to turn the bow of the ship and head for the nearest port. Better still, I'm going to radio for help. I don't care what you think. You need us and I demand you care for my men. We have caused you so little trouble and this is a small thing to ask for."

The three crewmen who had been listening jumped from their bunks and moved toward Willy's bunk. Von Eck looked around him. He was alone; there were five hostile, angry Icelanders who looked as if they were ready to tear him limb from limb. He looked from one face to the other.

"But you don't understand." He wet his lips. "We're short-handed. We have a smaller complement than any other U-boat in the fleet. Everyone is overworked; we can't spare a hospitalman who also does yeoman and storekeeper work."

"Tell your commander," Captain Klaestad said slowly, "that I want a hospitalman to look at Willy."

VON ECK nodded, shrugged his shoulders, seemingly happy to get away. He returned to the bridge and his signalman immediately began to send. The medic arrived within a quarter of an hour, examined Willy, who put on a wonderful show of grunts and groans whenever the German's hands touched his stomach.

"Looks like appendicitis," the hospitalman said to Lieutenant von Eck. "Can't be sure until I take a white blood count. I'll have to take him back to do that; we've got to submerge before it gets light. Anyway, just to make sure, I'll freeze the appendix and feed him intravenously."

Lieutenant von Eck received permission to transfer the ailing man to the sub for confinement and treatment.

The *Helga's* crew gently lifted Willy and placed him on the rubber raft. Alone, in a narrow passageway, Gerhardsen and Captain Klaestad shook hands but neither smiled—the hardest was still to come.

A white blood count showed Willy to have an infection; the hospitalman never saw the boil and the infection was deemed an attack of appendicitis. Willy was forbidden to take any food by mouth and an ice pack was placed on his right side to freeze the appendix. Because the Nazi medic had so many duties to perform, Einar Klaestad was brought to the tiny sick bay to care for the sick man. This, Gerhardsen had also figured on.

When Einar and Willy were alone, the latter outlined the plan, in whispers, between groans and grunts. When they heard any footsteps Willy fell into a half-faint, and lay staring up at the ceiling; Einar wiped



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his brow of imagined perspiration. When they were sure they were alone, Einar gave Willy some solid food he had saved from his meal. The 314 submerged just before dawn, and they ran all that day, the *Helga* above them, searching for Allied ships. Once, Einar said to Willy, "It'd be just our luck to be sunk, today, by the Allies." But the only general alarm of the day turned out to be a false alarm. "Whales," one of the sub's crewmen sneered into the sick bay as he made his way back from his battle station. At dusk the 314 surfaced, signalled the *Helga* that all was well and received the *Helga's* "all's well" in return. During that day Einar, rummaging around in the sick bay, found several scalpels and a good sized wrench which was most likely used on the autoclave.

On board the *Helga* things moved according to plan. After the evening meal Gerhardsen and Captain Klaestad went up to the bridge and the coastguardsman began moving the helm wheel back and forth. When Lieutenant von Eck rushed over to see what they were doing they told him the ship hadn't responded to the helm as well as it should have. The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders and announced to the guard that he was going to turn in. Captain Klaestad accompanied him to his cabin, asking permission to get something from one of his bureau drawers. The lieutenant gave a bored yawn and nodded his head.

THE lieutenant's back was turned, the cabin door closed, when Klaestad, with surprising agility, grabbed the startled Nazi, clamped his hand over his mouth and smashed a brass paperweight on the top of his skull. The little lieutenant slumped to the deck. The captain gagged his mouth with several handkerchiefs and began to bind his arms and legs. In a few seconds

Gerhardsen appeared at the door carrying a sub machine gun.

"The guard's taken care of. Three to go." Gerhardsen slipped down and unlocked the door to the crew's quarters and they slipped quietly onto the deck. The radioman was called from the shack by imitating the lieutenant's voice, asking him to unlock his door. They waited outside the mate's cabin until one sailor came out to relieve the watch on the bridge: they jammed a pistol in his ribs and rushed the door before it was locked. The remaining Nazi quickly threw his hands into the air. All three were bound and gagged and joined their lieutenant and other countryman in a storeroom which was locked and guarded by one of the *Helga's* crew.

THE crew had once again taken over their ship. Gottvaldersen was told to get steam up by midnight, Captain Klaestad commenting that they were lucky the night was dark and the watch on the 314 wouldn't be able to see their smoke. Gerhardsen looked nervously at his watch.

Inside the sub, Willy, on the operating table and Einar, on the deck, pretended to be asleep. From time to time the fire watch looked in at them. At one A.M. Einar jumped up and touched Willy's shoulder. Willy was ready. He wrapped a blanket about the big man's shoulders and put his shoes on as if Willy were unable to do such a thing for himself. The fire watch was in the forward part of the sub by then and they moved slowly, Einar supporting the big man. When they approached the guard at the ladder to the control room he stiffened and Einar explained, in bad German, that the sick man had to go to the head. The guard nodded and let them pass. As soon as they were behind him Einar turned and jammed a scalpel in the German's throat and drew

it from ear to ear. They pulled the dead guard out of sight, removed his helmet and pistol, both of which Willy concealed under the blanket.

They climbed the ladder to the control room, which was immediately under the conning tower, slowly. The guard, against regulations, was sitting down and had his helmet on the deck beside him. He jumped to his feet when they appeared and came over. Again Einar spoke in halting German, said that the sick man needed fresh air, that he was beginning to get nauseous. But the guard was suspicious and said he couldn't let them pass without orders from an officer.

"But," Einar said, pulling Willy after him. "Look at this."

And he acted as if he was going to pull the blanket away from Willy's middle. The guard bent down and Willy quickly brought the pistol butt down, knocking the guard unconscious. They stuffed his body into the shadows and removed his gun. Einar picked up the guard's helmet and put it on, then searched the various drawers until he found a flashlight.

BOTH wearing helmets they climbed the ladder to the conning tower, remaining in the blacked-out area between the control room and the hatch for more than a minute to accustom their eyes to the darkness.

"Who is it?" the guard called out and Einar mumbled something about fresh air. When the guard came toward them to investigate Einar flashed the light in his face, blinding him, and Willy quickly strangled him, holding his neck even after the man stopped breathing. They lowered the body into the water and Einar glanced at his watch. It was then 1:15. He flashed the searchlight in all directions to give the *Helga* a bearing. They removed their shoes and raced barefooted across the iron deck making sure even then to make as little noise as possible for any sound on the iron deck would carry below. They reached the big gun and Einar took out the wrench and began working on it. He pushed and pulled, grunted and groaned for about three minutes and finally held the breech lock in his hand. He gave it to Willy, who tossed it into the water. It was exactly 1:19. They peered into the darkness trying to locate the *Helga*. Willy whispered, "Hurry," took off his trousers, knotted the legs and filled them full of air. Einar did the same. Just before they jumped into the cold water Einar turned on the flashlight and left it on the deck.

At exactly 1:20 the *Helga's* searchlight was turned on. She was heading full steam at the U-314 and only had to veer slightly to ram the sub almost exactly amidships. There was a thunderous crash and the *Helga's* bowplates crackled, the entire forward end of the ship coming out of the water. Captain Klaestad signalled for reverse engines and there was a whirring and whining as the *Helga* backed out, pulling the sub with her until she wrenched herself loose and jerked backward. Her bow was bent and some of the plates were buckled but she was, luckily, not stove in. There was a huge gash in the U-314's side which pierced all the way into the control room.

The general alarm sounded even as the *Helga* backed away a sufficient distance for a second ramming. There was panic aboard

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the sub and many of the crew ran about the deck in circles. Finally a gun crew gathered around the gun and they went through the motions of passing ammunition from hand to hand until someone discovered the breech lock was missing. The men holding the shells threw them into the water. Two sailors manned a machine gun on the conning tower and began to fire, but the whaler, with her searchlight on, had backed away some 1000 yards and was prepared to ram again. The machine gunners quickly abandoned their gun and dove into the water when it became apparent that the angry whaler would strike near them.

The *Helga's* second ram hit immediately aft of the first, enlarging the first gash into a tremendous hole which extended below the water line. This time the *Helga* had no difficulty pulling away and the U-314 began to slowly settle toward port as tons of water rushed into her. Most of the crew were on deck by then and when one group began to throw themselves into the water others followed until only a few officers, brandishing pistols, remained on the sloping deck of the stricken sub.

The *Helga's* bow was stove in but the forward compartment had been made watertight beforehand and there was little danger of sinking. The spotlight was turned on Willy and Einar and the whaler, which just a few seconds ago had acted so fierce came up gently and threw life preservers to the two men and hauled them aboard. The rest of that night was spent fishing the Nazi survivors out of the water, picking them up one by one, searching them and binding their hand and foot. By dawn, when the *Helga* was ready to leave the U-314 was still afloat but she had turned over and was bottoms up, her screws and torpedo traps showing obscenely above water. Her crew was distributed on the deck of the *Helga*, all tied hand and foot and guarded by Icelandic sailors with sub machine guns.

THREE days later it was a very battered *Helga* that steamed slowly into Reykjavik harbor. She had radioed beforehand and a Coast Guard cutter escorted her. Citizens lined the wharves and cheered; the news had been released to the radio stations and newspapers. One of the whaler's crewmen had painted two submarine silhouettes on the bridge.

Although Iceland was not at war with Germany the officers and crew of the 314 were convicted of piracy on the high seas and given long prison terms at hard labor. The German ambassador to Iceland and the local Nazi Party issued protest after protest, the ambassador even threatening war, but the doughty Icelanders stuck to their guns. Tage Gerhardsen was promoted to full commander in the Icelandic Coast Guard, the youngest man in history to hold that rank. And Gerhardsen, as well as Captain Klaestad and the entire crew of the *Helga*, were awarded the Order of the Falcon, Iceland's highest medal.

Because of Iceland's neutral status the Allied governments didn't issue medals, but each member of the crew received a letter of thanks from the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Sea Frontier and though it has never been officially confirmed or denied, it has been rumored that the bill for repairing the *Helga's* bow was paid for by the American consul in Akureyri.

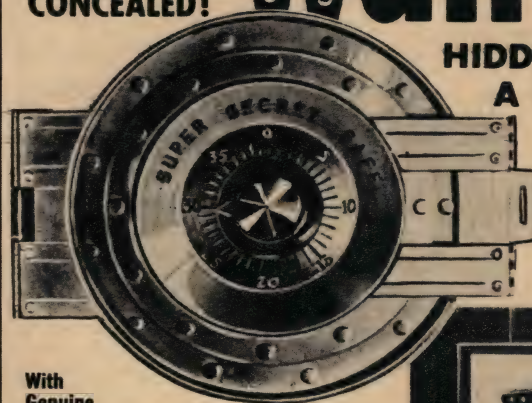


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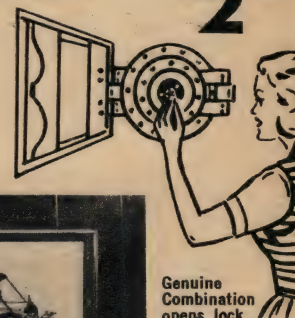
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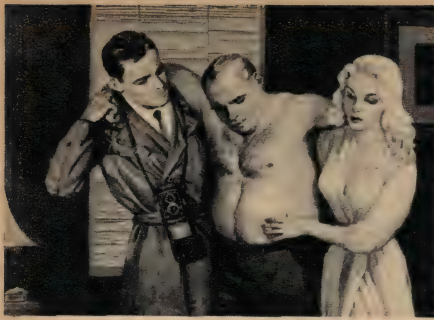
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The Fraulein Sellout

Continued from page 31

behind that door. I asked one of the waiters, trying to sound casual, "Tell me, is that room over there private or is it available to all your guests?"

All he said was, "As you say, monsieur, it is private, for our very special guests."

I think I had been watching the show for about fifteen minutes when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

"Would you like to play a game of cards, monsieur? There is a game going in that room over there. Will you join us?"

I answered, "Yes, I do play cards. If you are sure that it will be all right for me to join you, then I would be delighted to do so."

AFTER playing cards for more than an hour, I began to feel disappointed. I had been so sure that I was about to stumble onto something, but nothing interesting had occurred. All the men talked about was unimportant things in everyday life.

By the time most of the boys had started to go home I was convinced that I was on the wrong track. But then something attracted my attention. It was a remark by one of the younger men. As he was going out through the doorway, I overheard him say to one of his friends, "Don't forget the meeting, Jacques."

That night, in my hotel room, I did a lot of thinking about the evening in the back room and the people I had met there. Were they connected with the underground at all? I decided that it would be wise to pursue this apparent lead.

It was around eight o'clock when I showed up at the café. Again I sat close to the bar so I could watch the door to the room. But nothing happened. Finally I was convinced that there was no one inside. It was past ten, and I had about given up hope of seeing any of the men that night, when suddenly three of them, including the chap who had invited me to play cards, appeared. They hastened to the bar and whispered something into the ear of one of the waiters. Then they disappeared behind the door of the little room. Seconds later, the waiter came to my table. He addressed me, "Monsieur, you no doubt saw the three men who entered that room over there. Well, in a very few minutes, we expect a visit from some members of the German secret police. They are looking for these men. Since you met some of them last night, they ask a favor of you. They ask you to deny, if asked, of course, that you have seen them here tonight. They will talk to you later and explain."

He got no farther, for at that moment several SS troopers and two men in civilian clothes entered the café. While the troopers posted themselves close to the entrance, the two men came over to the bar. One of them addressed the crowd.

"This is a raid. Anyone who makes a

wrong move will be arrested. Now everybody produce his or her papers."

The SS men began making the rounds, inspecting papers, and asking a lot of questions. I was one of the first to be snapped at.

I just answered yes and no to the questions. I told him that I had not seen any suspicious men come in during the last few minutes. He growled, threw my papers back on the table, and went on to the next table. Everyone in the club breathed easier after they were gone.

I too let out a sigh of relief as I thought of the automatic that I had in my pocket. Lucky for me that I was not searched like some of the other customers. It would have been disastrous!

I still couldn't get over my surprise, when the two plainclothesmen found no one in the little room in the back. I was still trying to solve this puzzle when the waiter who had spoken to me before tapped me on my shoulder.

"Follow me, monsieur!"

When he opened the door of the back room I was more than astonished. There sat the three men the Nazis had been looking for!

"You are astonished to see these men sitting here? It is very simple. You see that panel in the back wall? It is movable and leads to an exit into the back alley. While the Germans were looking for our friends here, they were hiding behind this secret wall. You did us a great favor by keeping silent about these men being here. You have made yourself a part of our organization whether you like it or not. Since Charleman is in charge here, he will be the one to do the explaining. I have to get back to work. Excuse me, gentlemen."

Charleman was the oldest of the three, and was one of the men I had played cards with the previous night. He seemed to weigh each word carefully as he spoke.

"First, I want to thank you on behalf of my friends and myself for what you did for us. Whatever your reasons, you did a very decent thing, which leads me to believe that you might be a very useful member of our little social party."

HE asked me quite a few questions about my personal life. I had a story all ready for such an occasion. I used the name Claude Touchan and described myself as a student and an orphan. When I had answered all the questions, Charleman resumed his talk.

"As Paul remarked, you have, even though it was unintentional, become a member of the underground. We had a meeting in an old house nearby tonight, suspecting nothing when the Germans raided the building. Most of us were able to escape one way or another. I don't think any of the men were arrested. The Gestapo traced us here. How, I don't know. Just as we don't know who tipped

them off about our meeting. There must be a rat somewhere among us. We shall find him, too. Anyway, we came here, and the rest you know. We are very grateful to you for what you have done. If they had found us, it would have been very bad for this café, which is our headquarters at the moment. We are fighting for a very great cause—the liberation of France. There are many of us, and the number is growing by the day. The Germans are beginning to feel our bite. We welcome anybody who is willing to fight for, and believes in, a free country. We don't ask too many questions about a man's background, but woe to the man who betrays us. He would be shot immediately. I want to ask one very important question now, Claude. Will you join our ranks?"

WHAT these people were offering was exactly what I was after! But I had to be careful not to appear too eager to join. "Well, if you think I can be of some service, then I would be honored to be one of you. I only hope that you won't regret this."

I just had to try to make myself look eager and willing to help my comrades, although I knew in my heart that I was actually a traitor!

"Nonsense, Claude! We won't regret it. We are sure that you will do your best to help us to drive the German dogs out of our country, even if it takes us years. We will have another meeting in a day or so, at which time I will introduce you to most of our members in the city. The first thing you must do is to take an oath, right here and now. François." He turned to one of his two companions. "Give me the Bible."

Charleman opened the great Book.

"Claude, come here and place your left hand on your heart and your right one on this open Bible."

I knew I had to go through with it.

I repeated the oath word by word, almost automatically, without even thinking of what I was saying. I tried to look very calm when Charleman shook my hand and said, "My boy, I can welcome you now officially into our movement."

The other two men were just as happy as their leader as they shook my hand.

The older man spoke. "We will meet here from time to time. You will always be kept informed of the various meetings that will be held. If you prove yourself to be a loyal and valuable member, you will meet, later on, our general, who is in charge of the operations here in Lyons. We will have a little innocent card game here tomorrow night. Shall we say, nine o'clock?"

It was nearly midnight when I started out for my hotel. As soon as I reached my room I took out my radio set. Although it was after midnight, I wanted to report to the colonel.

This time I had an immediate reply.

"Hello, Mekka. This is QR seven. Is the colonel still around?"

"No, he is not. He left instructions to take all messages and relay them to him in the morning."

I repeated several names I had learned in the past few hours that seemed important. I also told them the name of the bar where the meetings were frequently held. Then I went on with my report.

"But remember, he is only to start action if I should not answer within two days, which I think I will. Tell him that I am well on my way. Over."

I decided to find out exactly how much money the colonel had supplied me with. This was actually the first chance I had had to inspect some of the things I had been given. I opened the suitcase again and took out the roll of money that was hidden in the compartment with the radio set. The sum amounted to more than I had ever seen in all my life! There was both French and German currency as well as some American money.

It wasn't quite nine o'clock when I showed up at the café the next night. I was surprised to see Charleman sitting close to the bar. He was alone.

"Good evening, Claude. How are you this rainy day?"

"Hello, Charleman. How are you yourself? Where are the other boys?"

"There has been a change in plan, my boy. I am here alone. You may not know it, but this place was raided again about eight-thirty tonight, just before you showed up. After today we can't meet here any more. Not for a while, anyway. It's too risky. We have decided to meet at the Napoleon, a night club about fifteen minutes from here."

"Do you think we will be safe there?"

"I can't answer that question, Claude. Now enough of this chatter. We had better get going if we are to get there in time. This is a very important meeting, as you will know shortly."

As Charleman had said, it took us about fifteen minutes to reach the night club called the Napoleon. We entered by a stairway to the cellar. Downstairs, among many barrels and bottles, were at least twenty-five men. Charleman began by introducing me to the men.

I tried to memorize as many as I could. Charleman soon began to talk about the business in which they were presently engaged.

"Friends, some of you know why we are here tonight. I had a talk with the General today, the man responsible for this party of ours, who informed me that our intelligence service had disclosed that the Germans are planning to strengthen their fortifications all along the Normandy coast. For this purpose, thousands and thousands of tons of materiel and weapons are being rushed to the coast. Quite a bit is coming through Lyons. We cannot destroy all of these shipments, naturally, but we can try to get as many as possible. We have plenty of dynamite and weapons. We must have thirty men altogether. The trains will start rolling in sometime tomorrow night. The plan is to plant dynamite under the trains when they stop for coal and water. We will have exactly one hour to blow up as much of the convoy as we can. The trains will be heavily guarded, so we will be playing with our lives once more, as we have so often before. We will meet here tomorrow night around five o'clock. . . ."

The men were getting ready to leave, when suddenly a man came storming down the cellar stairs.

"Charleman, hold your men! The trains that were supposed to arrive tomorrow night just rolled into the western part of the freight station. There is no doubt about it, these are the very ones we have been waiting for! The General wants immediate action! He figures we have not more than two hours at the most to do our job."

"Thank you, Renauld, for your message. Of course, we will strike tonight—right now!



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Men, let's get busy." The men went into action.

To my amazement, large quantities of dynamite suddenly appeared out of barrels that I had assumed were filled with wine or beer. Every man was given a half-dozen sticks, which he had to conceal somewhere on his body. The rest of the men were checking their guns. Every one of them seemed to have a pistol of some kind as well as a long, sharp dagger. I was so amazed at the quiet activity that I did not notice Charleman coming toward me. He spoke to me.

"This is going to be your first assignment. Have you a pistol?"

I answered, "No, do I have to carry one?"

"Here, use this if you have to."

Then Charleman addressed the men. "We are going to split up into small groups. Since there are only three trains, we will tackle all three of them, dividing into three main groups, ten men to each group."

Three men were selected to lead the raiding parties. Charleman was the leader of one, and he insisted on my being with him. After instructing us to return to the same place, the cellar, after we had finished our job, Charleman gave the signal for departure.

Charleman's group, to which I was attached, was to tangle with the train from the south, which had been stopped alongside the coal chute.

Now we were only about twenty yards away from the train. Without even as much as a whispered word, Charleman motioned his men to their positions.

The men were about to begin their dangerous work when suddenly a terrific explosion shook the ground! More explosions followed, then the sound of machine-gun fire! In a matter of seconds, the whole yard was as light as day! Suddenly the freight yard was swamped with German soldiers.

All of us started to run for our lives. We ducked as much as possible, and tried to run in zigzag fashion, in order to avoid the bullets zipping around us.

It took us about four minutes to reach the trucks. Eight of us jumped in the panel and drove away. We stopped at an old warehouse in the older part of the city. We stored the truck there, and then Charleman ordered us to break up and proceed to the Napoleon on foot. After we had all gathered there, Charleman proceeded to harangue us about the failure.

It was nearly four in the morning when I reached my hotel.

THE next morning I gave the Colonel my report. He was delighted to hear that I was on the scene the night before. He told me to try to find out the name of the leader of the gang.

I had just put the suitcase with the wireless under the pillows when a sudden knock on the door startled me. I opened the door half-way and was about to ask who it was when my heart took a great jump downward! In front of me stood Charleman!

"Surprised to see me, Claude? I admit that this is somewhat sudden, but I had to see you. And I dare say that I was a bit curious to find out where you lived and how. You mentioned this hotel, so I thought I would drop over and say hello."

He looked around the room. "This is a very nice room."

He was standing at the upper end of the bed. As he sat down, close to the pillows, I nearly jumped. What if he should feel the suitcase!

"Well, now about my being here. The General called a meeting for tonight at nine o'clock. There will be ten of us. I will pick

you up in a light truck tonight at eight-thirty. I want you to meet the General."

I was relieved to see him go. All the time he had been in my room I expected him to discover the radio equipment, and expose me for what I really was!

At eight-thirty sharp, Charleman knocked on my door. He had an old, beat-up car waiting for us.

As the car sped through almost deserted streets, I suddenly realized that we were nearing the old warehouse, where we had left our trucks the night before. As soon as we reached it Charleman jumped out of the car and I followed.

We climbed the stairs to the second story, where we entered a large room. There were two people in the room who struck me as rather strange. One was a man whom I presumed to be around sixty or sixty-five. He was very tall and quite thin. While I was looking him over, he stood near the only window, with his back toward me. It was when he turned around that I got the biggest surprise of the day. He was masked! It wasn't much of a mask, but it was enough to cover his eyes and mouth. The color stunned me, it was purple. As he sat down in an old, worn-out armchair, I directed my attention to the other person in the room—a woman. She wasn't masked, and she was extremely attractive. She had a small, pale face framed with jet-black curly hair. She was not very tall but quite slender. As the old man got out a pipe and began searching for matches, she stepped quickly to his chair and offered him a light. He patted her right hand and she smiled softly.

No one had spoken so far, but now Charleman stepped forward and turning to us he said: "Gentlemen, this is the General. I know that his mask probably strikes you all as rather odd, but I assure you that he wears it for a perfectly good reason. This is the man who is responsible for the birth of our movement. He supports us financially as well as with his experience and knowledge. . . ."

While he was speaking I couldn't keep my eyes off the girl. She simply fascinated me. I tried to guess her age. She couldn't have been more than eighteen or nineteen. She was wearing a very tight dress.

Charleman must have noticed me staring at the girl, for now he cleared his throat and went on with what he had been saying.

"... And this young lady is the charming daughter of our leader, gentlemen. You may call her Dinah."

We had been there for about ten or fifteen minutes when three more men arrived. I had not seen them before. They were older men like Charleman. Only one attracted my special attention. Across the entire right side of his face ran an ugly red scar. It actually reached from the right ear to the upper lip. Charleman said, "Here is our General to give us his instructions."

As soon as Charleman had finished, the General turned slightly in his chair. He began to speak in a tone of voice that is very difficult to describe. It sounded like thunder from far away.

He outlined the plan of our next mission. Only five men would be used. Another train would be blown up but this time the men would board the train, light the fuses and jump off while it was moving. As I listened I hoped I could warn the colonel in time. And I also hoped that I would not be one of the men selected for this dangerous assignment.



Back at the hotel, the first thing I did was to get in touch with the colonel. I told him about the plans to blow up the train. He said they would lay a trap for the men. If I was one of them, I should allow myself to be arrested.

I had just folded the set together and was about to take a hot bath when someone knocked on the door. It was Charleman.

"Getting ready to go to bed, Claude?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact."

"I think you had better put the rest of your clothes on. I have just completed the selection of the five men who are going to take part in the raid on that train. And you are one of them."

I didn't want him in the room any longer at that particular moment, so I just grabbed my jacket and locked the door.

About a block away from the hotel we climbed into a waiting sedan. There were two more men inside, besides the driver. Before driving off, Charleman told us all to put blindfolds on.

We must have been driving for more than half an hour, when finally we stopped in what seemed to be the courtyard of a large housing block. We were led in, with our blindfolds still on. We were guided up two flights of stairs, then through two doors. Charleman was the first to speak.

"All right men, you can take your blindfolds off now."

I removed mine. The room we were in was quite large and very comfortably furnished.

It looked like the drawing-room of an old castle. The fireplace attracted my attention at once. There was no one in the room when we entered, but a few minutes later two more men showed up. Altogether there were six of us—Charleman, myself, the two men who came with us in the car, and the two who just came in.

The door opened slowly. She stood in the doorway! Dinah! I found myself comparing her with Brunhilde.

She returned my fiery glances, and I saw her smile. Never before had I wanted a woman as I wanted her! That witch! Just as suddenly as she had appeared, she vanished again.

As I sat there, thinking, another person appeared in the doorway. This time it was the General. Again he wore his mask. He closed the door behind him, walked over to the chair closest to the fireplace, and sat down. In that same strange voice he began to speak. Again he outlined our plans.

Then he rose from his chair and walked through the open door into the other room. Our meeting seemed to be over. Charleman ended it officially by saying, "All right, my friends, that is all. We can go now. As you leave the room, put your blindfolds back on again. We are all going to spend this night as well as most of the day tomorrow together. We cannot go home, for many reasons. We are going to spend the night in my apartment. There is plenty of room there. Let us go."

I was about to step through the doorway when I heard someone whisper my name. I turned around. There she stood in front of me. I admit that I was a bit stunned to see her standing before me. I didn't know what to say. I didn't have to, for she broke the silence. She whispered to me, "Claude, do you mind if I wish you good luck? You men are doing such a brave thing! What you are doing is very dangerous. We may not see each other again. Please take this and wear

it for good luck. It belongs to my mother."

With these words she reached up and put a small medallion around my neck. But when she kissed my cheek and turned to slip away I caught her left hand and pulled her close to my body. I kissed her lips violently, with all my desire breaking loose. She struggled, but only for a second. Then she returned my kisses, more violently and demanding than I had ever thought possible! From behind I suddenly heard Charleman speak.

"All right, Claude, let's go. You are keeping us."

I whispered softly, "Are you angry with me, Dinah?"

"No, I am not, Claude. I want to see you again."

Charleman stood beside me. "Come on, the others are waiting."

That night we all slept together in a house Charleman took us to. In the morning he called us together and gave us final instructions.

Then at twenty minutes before two, one of the men drove up in the truck. At exactly fifteen minutes after two, we got into the car and truck and drove off. At three, we arrived at the spot where the tracks were being repaired. We had left the vehicles farther up and had proceeded on foot the rest of the way. When we were close enough to notice that there weren't any soldiers, Charleman seemed puzzled.

"What, no guards? What is going on here? I thought the General said that there were at least three men on duty here. Claude, stroll over there and see what is going on."

I did as he asked me. I had known all along that there weren't going to be any guards, since the colonel had told me so over the radio. After a few minutes conversation I went back to the other. I told them what I had found out.

"Claude, you still have a job to do. Go over there and keep the men company. When the train arrives and slows down, see that they don't get out of hand. The rest of you follow me."

I went over to the workers again, while the others disappeared in the brush alongside the tracks.

THE men went on with their work with me watching them. It was a long and very boring wait, but finally I heard a whistle. Slowly the train came closer. Another few minutes and everything would be over. The train was very close now. It had slowed down considerably. Now it was passing the spot where I was standing, so slowly that I could have walked alongside it and kept up with it. I started to count the seconds. Any second now... It was a very long train, and only now was the last car passing over the defective section of the tracks. Everything was very quiet. Then suddenly there was a shot! Another one! For a second or two all was quiet again, then all of a sudden I heard the hammering of a machine gun! I could hear a few shouts, then everything was still. I had been standing there, frozen with tenseness. Then I remembered that I had to get out of there, in order to make my part in this job look real. I turned and started to run northward. I ran for about one kilometer, until I was well out of the reach and sight of the Germans on the train. Then I slowed down. There was a road running parallel to the tracks that led back to the city. I took that road. Walking rather slowly, it took me two

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hours to reach my hotel. I grew quite weary. As soon as I was inside my room I locked the door and got out the radio set. I hoped that the colonel would still be at headquarters. He was. He told me:

"Everything turned out just fine. We have captured two of your friends. Two are dead. The fifth one escaped. Let me congratulate you, René, my boy. You have done a magnificent job so far. We still depend on you to get us the most important information."

I put the equipment away. At that moment there was a knock on the door. I rushed to the door, and opened it. Before me stood—Dinah!

"Oh, Claude, I just had to come and see you! Charleman told me where you lived!"

"Charleman? Where is he? Did you speak to him lately?"

"Yes, he is at our house. He got in about an hour ago, bleeding from a head wound. He seems to be the only one, besides you, to have escaped. He asked me to come here and check, to see if you had escaped also. Oh, Claude, it is terrible! The whole thing backfired on us! Everything went wrong!"

She was crying very softly. Sobbingly she asked me, "How did you escape?"

"As soon as I heard gunfire I knew that something had gone wrong. But I still waited. A few moments later I heard machine-gun fire, and then when there was no explosion I knew that everything had failed. I turned and started running. I took me nearly two hours to reach the city. That is all I can tell you."

She was trying to smile now. She looked so small and lost that I couldn't help taking her into my arms and caressing her.

"Charleman didn't really send you, did he, Dinah?" I asked.

"Why—why do you say that? How did you know I wanted to see you? How could you tell?"

"I knew last night. I knew that we felt the same way."

"Do you think that it was love at first sight? Do you?"

She pressed her cheek against mine. By now, I could feel my blood rush through my veins like the waters of a wild stream. I felt my self-control slipping. . . .

I pressed her womanly body to mine, kissing her hair, her eyes and then our lips met. I felt no guilt or shame. Never had I experienced anything like it. Our kisses became more violent. I heard myself whisper as I caressed her tender body, "I am crazy about you. I want you." I heard her say, "Oh, Claude, I love you!"

I picked her up, carried her to the bed and put her down. Her arms were still around my neck. "No, Claude! Don't, please don't. Not unless you love me, Claude. . . ."

I COULDN'T speak any more. My throat was dry. As if intoxicated I pulled up her skirt. She was still struggling. Again she whispered, "Oh, Claude, this is wrong. We must not do this, we must not! Oh Claude. . . ."

Her body was so tender and her skin so soft that I lost all sense of reality. And then she gave up her struggle. Her kisses became fire. Her arms pulled me to her body. As the seconds slipped away there was only the throbbing of love and desire. . . .

It must have been an hour or so later when I recovered from that trance.

She put her arms around my neck again

and kissed me. How sweet she was, sitting there on the bed. She tried to act as if nothing had happened. Suddenly she asked, "Claude, do you really love me? Do you. . . ."

"Of course I love you, sweetheart. What a silly question!"

"I had to be sure. . . ."

The ringing of the telephone interrupted her. I lifted the receiver. It was Charleman. He said, "I see that you managed to escape. The General wants to see you in about an hour or so. I am going to tell one of the boys to pick you up and bring you here."

Dinah asked who it was. I told her. She immediately jumped up saying, "I must hurry back. I will probably see you later on at our house. Good-by, darling."

It was around nine and already dark when one of Charleman's men arrived. Within twenty minutes I was at the General's house. Again I had to wear a blindfold, which I took off before entering the living room, where Charleman and his chief greeted me. They were alone. Charleman was the first to speak.

"I am glad to see you well, Claude. Would you mind telling us how you were able to escape?"

There was not very much to tell. I told them exactly what happened.

I wanted to make the right impression on both of them, so I asked, trying to sound very curious, "Tell me, Charleman, what went wrong?"

Charleman then told me what had happened (which I already knew from the Colonel). He also said he thought the Germans had been tipped off.

At that moment Dinah came in from the other room. She went over to her father and kissed him on the forehead. I was thinking that the only way to discover his real identity would be through Dinah.

THE General rose from his chair and began pacing up and down. Then he began to speak.

"Gentlemen, I have received information regarding the whereabouts of the Germans' current storage place for ammunition and light weapons. This time, instead of blowing it up, we are going to clean it out. We are in great need of arms and ammunition, since our number is growing daily. We will have to work out a foolproof plan. When we have done so, we will start with our work."

He had stopped pacing the floor, and now turned around and disappeared into the next room.

Again it was after midnight when I got home. I pulled out the set and got the colonel on the other side. I told him about the plan the General had outlined, the plan to rob the ammunition warehouse. "By Jupiter," he exclaimed, "this beats everything! Are they going to get the surprise of their lives when they arrive at the ammunition warehouse! We are going to set a nice little trap for them!"

"By the way, sir, how is Brunhilde?"

"Just fine, my boy. She told me to give you her love the next time I spoke to you."

I was about to put away the radio set when the telephone rang. It was Dinah. "Claude? I have the most wonderful idea! Why don't we go to the zoo this afternoon, or maybe the park? Just think, there will be only you and I all alone! Will you come, please?"

So we spent the afternoon together. We walked around the city, but when I tried to

take her to her home, she refused. She went home by herself.

I had passed many a sleepless night before, but that particular one beat all of them.

The next afternoon, I had just finished taking a bath when the phone rang. It was Charleman. All he said was, "Claude, I want to see you in fifteen minutes at the Napoleon."

Before I had a chance to say anything he hung up. I hurried up with my dressing and then left the room in a rush. . . .

As it was daylight I was very careful when I approached the side entrance. I went downstairs and was greeted by Charleman. He addressed the group that was gathered.

What Charleman had to say was very important indeed. Apparently he had received orders from the General, along with some information to attack the ammunition warehouse of the German army.

"This is going to be one of the toughest assignments we have ever tangled with. If there is anyone among you who feels that he does not measure up to this job, I want that man to speak up and say so."

But there was no one.

"Now to the plan itself."

While Charleman was speaking I watched him closely, trying to catch as much valuable information as possible. Although I had already warned the Germans, they still didn't know when the raid was to take place. I was rather relieved when one of the men asked, "Yes, there is one question. When do we do the job?"

"That is a very good question, my friend. The only men who will know the actual day of this raid will be those who participate in it."

Fortunately, I was one of those chosen.

"Now for the most important piece of information. We are going to strike tonight at exactly ten-thirty! In order to prevent any leak of our plans our leader has ordered all men selected for this assignment to stay together the rest of the day right here."

While Charleman was talking I tried to concentrate. He had said that we would have to stay in the cellar together until it was time to go! That meant that I would not be able to warn the colonel of the exact time! But if I knew the colonel, he had already set a trap for the raiders, and was now waiting for them. I would have to try to escape.

The afternoon was a rather boring one. We sat around and talked or played cards.

After what seemed ages, nine o'clock finally came! Charleman told us to be very quiet as we went outside to board the trucks.

About seven hundred yards from the arsenal building, the trucks stopped, and the men, who had already been divided into two groups, jumped off and formed two parties. The weapons were quickly checked, and then Charleman, who was the leader of one of the parties, gave the signal to advance in a half circle.

As we neared the building we could see dark shadows passing up and down before the front entrance. Now we were only about thirty yards away. The half circle that had been formed widened as each group made for its objective. The watchdogs began to bark! Our presence was known!

As soon as the dogs had begun to bark powerful searchlights went on. Instead of advancing with the rest of the men, I suddenly swung toward the river, leaving the group behind me. I kept on running, and within only seconds I was hidden safely behind a low wall

that ran alongside that particular section of the river. The minute I hit the dirt, hell broke loose!

There was a deafening explosion. I looked up and noticed a big cloud of smoke rising in front of the warehouse. Immediately after, there was the hammering of machine guns. Now I could hear the cries of wounded men. As I looked up again, I saw the front of the building swarming with Germans armed with submachine guns and rifles. From the back of the house I saw a very few members of the second party being marched to the front. After all the living men had been rounded up I counted them. There was only twelve left. The rest were either dead or badly wounded.

From the inside of the building more soldiers appeared. Now that the smoke and dust had cleared away I could see what was going on very clearly. Bodies of dead men were scattered all over the ground in front of the building.

AS I lay there, watching that unpleasant scene before me, I decided to get away as soon as possible. The only way I could turn was to the river. Slowly I began to crawl away from the wall, but suddenly I slipped and rolled down the embankment! I rolled all the way down the bank right into the water! As soon as I came to the surface, my roving eyes focused on a small rowboat! At once I decided that the only safe way to get out of that district was by water, and that little boat was just the means of transportation I needed.

I rowed the little craft for about ten minutes or so, then decided that I could resume my flight by foot. It took me at least an hour to get back to my hotel.

It was close to noon the next day when I awoke. Now I had to decide what steps to take next. I decided that I had better try to get the colonel on the set. Within minutes, I succeeded in getting him.

"René! I thought that you might have perished in last night's skirmish!"

"I am all right, Colonel. How many escaped? Over."

"As far as we know, none. But then we didn't know just how many were in on this thing."

"Well, there were forty men besides myself and Charleman, the leader. How many were killed?"

"We counted twenty-seven bodies and there are twelve prisoners. Why, that means that besides you two more have escaped! What are you planning on doing from here in?"

"I don't exactly know, sir. I was so sure that all had either been killed or taken prisoner! If they find out that I have escaped too, they will start wondering about me—suspect me. Have you any suggestions, sir?"

"Well, we still don't know who the instigator and leader of this movement is. I will leave everything to your own discretion. Do whatever you think necessary, but do a thorough job."

"All right, Colonel. I only wish that I could look at the bodies as well as the prisoners in order to find out who is dead and who is still alive! Can you give me any clue at all?"

"Well, I can give you the names of most of the prisoners and the names of a few dead."

While the colonel read the names I listened intently. I was waiting to hear the name of Charleman. But that name was not mentioned! Charleman was the only person I had

to fear. I had to know what happened to him.

While putting away the set I kept wondering who it was that escaped. Could Charleman have made it? The colonel said that there were two men missing.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door!

I didn't even look up when the door opened. But then there was that scent. Dinah! She stood before me, even lovelier, than I had remembered her! I rose slowly. She just stood there, staring at me, not uttering one word.

"Dinah, darling! What are you doing here?" I finally managed.

Her eyes widened even more when she exclaimed, "You ask me what I am doing here? It is I who should ask you what you are doing here."

I asked, "What do you mean, what am I doing here. I live here, remember?"

She broke into tears. "Silly, am I? Were you not with the rest of our men on an assignment last night? And didn't that well-planned raid blow up in their faces? Where were you when the shooting started? Or didn't you know that most of the men were killed?"

Very carefully I asked her, "Why do you ask me all these questions? You know I was with that party last night! I was just lucky to have escaped! Are you not happy to see me alive?"

She answered, "I am sorry, Claude. I must have lost my head. But I am all right now, darling. Will you forgive me for being such a fool? I am so happy to see you in one piece, Claude, my dearest! Please forgive me."

Suddenly a thought struck me. During the past few hours I had realized that my time was running out in the movement. I knew that very shortly I would be discovered as a spy. And yet I had accomplished very little as far as it concerned identifying the real leader of the movement! The only way I could do this was through Dinah. At that moment I felt that it was then or never. I had to do the only thing that would bring results. I had to propose to the girl! I knew that I would be lying, but that was the only way. I suddenly stood up and pulled her to me. Holding her very tight I kissed her. She seemed surprised at my sudden action but didn't struggle. In fact, she pressed her slender body close to mine.

I whispered into her ear, "Dinah, I love you. I have never felt this way about any woman before! Darling, will you marry me?"

"Did . . . did you . . . really mean that, my darling? Oh, yes, yes, yes, I will marry you if you will have me!"

SHE rushed to my arms and hugged and kissed me as if the world were about to come to an end. I returned her fiery kisses. Our embraces and caresses became very violent. I picked her up and put her back on the bed. She didn't let go of me. My beastly instinct guided me as I pulled up her dress. Instead of pushing me away, she pulled me closer to her still. Clumsily I removed the rest of her clothes. Her skin was soft and warm. . . . From that moment on neither one of us seemed to know or care what we were doing. Then there was only the contentment of throbbing life and love . . .

Half an hour later we sat side by side on the bed just looking at each other. She was the first to break the silence.

"Do you still want to marry me after this? I won't hold you to your promise. . . . You must think me terrible!"

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"You are talking nonsense, sweetheart. I think you are the sweetest, the most beautiful, and the most wonderful girl on this planet!"

I felt that this was time to steer the conversation to, for me, the most important part—her father. Very casually I asked, "Do you think your father will object to our marriage, sweetheart?"

"No, my darling, I am sure that he will not."

"When are you going to tell him about us, sweetheart?"

"There is no real hurry about it, is there?"

Cautiously I replied, "Darling, every minute we waste is lost time."

"Darling, you mean to say that you want to get married right away?"

"There is nothing to stop us from getting married soon. Say, in about two weeks—or even less?"

"No, I guess not. I think I can talk my father into it."

"Sweetheart, when can I meet your father? I mean a real introduction, when no mask is necessary?"

"Very soon, my darling. I will definitely speak with him tonight about us."

She sounded so convincing and true that I didn't doubt her for even a minute. I was happy because an end to my restless life as an agent was near.

Dinah left and I went out for a walk.

When I got back to my room, I took a hot bath. While I was still in the tub the phone suddenly rang. It was Dinah.

"Claude? Oh, darling, I have the most exciting news! I talked to my father about us. He has agreed! He wants to meet you tonight. One of the men is going to call for you about eight-thirty."

"Fine, darling. Do you still love me as much as ever?"

"I love you even more now, pigeon! See you tonight."

Another two hours and I would know the man who was responsible for the underground movement, the man I was about to betray!

Around eight-thirty there was a knock on the door. I opened it to find myself staring into the most frightening face I had seen in all my life! He didn't say a word, but handed me a piece of paper, still grinning. I read the following:

"Darling, this is Paul. He is going to take you to our house. He cannot speak since he is mute. Love, Dinah."

ABOUT one block from the hotel we climbed into a battered black limousine, and soon we arrived at our destination.

We were let in through the back door by a guard. And then Dinah showed up. She rushed toward me and threw her arms around me. I had just enough time to notice that Paul, the driver, had disappeared, when she pressed her warm lips to mine.

I don't know how long we stood there, embracing, but finally I whispered, "I think we should go inside now and meet your father."

There was a bright smile on her face as she led me into the living room. The General was sitting by the window, close to the door. The first thing I noticed when he turned toward me was that he didn't wear a mask! Slowly he walked toward us, his eyes looking straight at me. There was a strange look in one of his eyes. It was a glass eye! The rest of his face reminded me of an old eagle. He raised his right arm and offered me his hand. As I gripped it I noticed for the first time that there were two fingers missing. Just then Dinah started to speak.

"Papa, this is Claude, the man I am going to marry."

"I think I am going to be very proud to have you as my son, my boy. If you two are sure of this, I hereby welcome you into the Coulan family."

"I want you two to sit down over there so I can look at you and see how you are going to go through life together."

About twenty minutes later, having talked about unimportant things, the General suddenly became very serious.

"I hate to bring this up at all, but it is of the utmost importance. Only after Dinah had told me, a few hours ago, did I know that you had been fortunate enough to escape last night's disaster. I want you to tell me how you managed to escape. In fact, I would appreciate it very much if you would start at the beginning and tell me everything that happened."

I had not expected to be questioned by the General at all. But I had my nerves under control. I told him how everything had happened. Actually, the only thing I didn't tell was my connection with the Germans.

"You were very fortunate indeed to have escaped, my boy."

Then he suddenly clapped his hands, and in came Paul. Turning to him, the General said, "You'd better tell our friend to come in."

The door that led to the other rooms opened, and in came Charleman! I had not expected such a surprise. I rose and stepped close to him while staring at his right arm, which was in a sling.

"You can close your mouth now, Claude. I am not a ghost, you know. I too was very lucky and escaped, not without getting winged, as you can see."

"The General here had told me that not many had managed to get out of that trap. I didn't know who were amongst the lucky ones."

"I might say that I am very much surprised and, of course, very happy to see you safe and well, Claude."

Charleman added, "No doubt the General has told you that we are sure that there is an enemy spy in our circle. Last night proved that."

Just then, Dinah announced dinner. After a luxurious meal, we sat around and talked. The General said: "I have plans for smoking out the informer in our midst. Tomorrow night we will hold a meeting at the warehouse."

If I played my cards right, that meeting would be the last one for the General and his chiefs!

IHAD to get to my hotel and warn the colonel as soon as possible. It was long after midnight when I finally broke loose from Dinah and started out for my hotel. I rushed through the lobby and up the stairs.

It took me more than five minutes to get the colonel. I told him about the meeting they were planning for the next night. The colonel said he would personally lead the raid on it. He would give me an owl call as a signal to leave, and then they would attack. This would be my last assignment. I was then to report to City Hall.

I went to bed wondering if what I was doing was right.

It was the clock of the nearby church that woke me. I was rather jumpy and nervous during the course of the afternoon, and so took a long walk along the river to calm my



nerves and try to think things over clearly.

I must have been walking along the river for hours, without even noticing the time slip by. It was nearly seven o'clock! I hurried to my hotel. I picked up my gun and packed the rest of the things neatly into the suitcase, which I hid under the covers of the bed. I locked the door and set out for the warehouse. This time I didn't want to be late.

There were about fifteen men assembled inside the warehouse. Charleman was there already, too. The men stood around, talking. They were all waiting for their leader, the General. About ten minutes after my arrival, the old man's car pulled up. He and two other men got out. A few minutes later, another vehicle pulled up and four more men jumped out. Another four men were placed at the rear of the house as guards. They were armed with submachine guns just like the men in the front of the building. This time the General was wearing a white mask. He called the meeting to order.

"Gentlemen, we have called this meeting for only one reason. We are here today to uncover the dirty work of a spy among us . . ."

He didn't finish his sentence for at that moment the sound of a rifle shot pierced the quiet of the evening. Instantly everyone in the room jumped up and rushed toward the door.

While the confusion lasted I managed to slip out the back way. I slipped away, alongside the house, without any of them seeing me. I couldn't have been farther away from the door than fifteen paces when the sound of machine-gun fire nearly deafened me. I saw three guards in front of the back entrance start to hit the ground to escape that rain of bullets, but before they even touched the earth at least two of them were dead. While the deafening noise of those hammering machine guns increased, I slipped away into the night, knowing that the raid had been a complete surprise and that none of the men would escape.

I didn't exactly hurry as I directed my steps toward my hotel, since there was no more real danger for me.

Instead of going to City Hall as the colonel had told me to, I went straight to my hotel to pick up my things.

I went to the desk and paid my bill for the last two days and then went upstairs. Automatically I took out my key and opened my door. Inside, I switched on the main light. Without any further delay I began packing. All I had to do was to get all my things together and put them in my suitcase, on top of the radio set. I bent down to get the suitcase from under the bed, when I suddenly heard something behind me. It seemed to come from the bathroom and sounded like dragging feet. Electrified, I jumped up and turned around and—stared into the muzzle of an automatic! It was Charleman! Yes, Charleman, whom I had thought either dead or captured!

He sounded very hoarse when he spoke.

"I see that you are surprised to see me here, my young friend. You seem to have lost your voice. What's the matter? Are you afraid that I will kill you right away?"

"What, Charleman, have you gone crazy?"

"Keep your mouth shut, you dirty double-crossing rat! You didn't think that we would get wise to you and your dirty work! I must have been an utter idiot not to have noticed this before! This was a very clever way of reporting your findings to the Germans, using this shortwave set! Sit down over there be-

side the dresser!" His eyes blinked rapidly.

He motioned me toward the chair that was standing near the dresser, next to the window. I thought of the gun that was in my coat pocket. It was the one Charleman had given me when I had first joined his group. My own gun had been lying in the top drawer of the dresser for quite a while now. I moved very slowly toward the dresser.

"Easy with those hands, my friend! I know that you have a gun in one of your coat pockets. I want you to take your coat off without even as much as touching that pocket and the gun."

I began to unbutton my jacket very slowly. This was my chance! It was now or never.

Charleman was just saying, "To think that you even fooled the General! And Dinah! You ought to be . . ."

That was as far as he got, for at that very moment I had the jacket off and with my left hand slung it with all my might into his face. I turned around and opened the drawer as quickly as I could! I grabbed the gun and threw myself on the floor. At that moment Charleman's gun went off! Without taking too careful an aim I fired! I saw a surprised look on Charleman's face. His eyes suddenly seemed to have turned to glass. He dropped his pistol and reached with his left hand for his stomach. With a look of utter pain and agony on his pale face, he slowly sank to the floor. Suddenly blood was dripping from his mouth. He was dead.

There was someone at the door. Actually I had nothing to fear. I was sure that Colonel Kruger would protect me from the civil authorities. I tried to look very calm as I walked to the door, my gun still in my right hand. I opened the door. Before me stood the hotel manager.

"What happened?" he asked.

I simply replied, "There has been an accident. You'd better go downstairs and call the military police."

Strangely enough, I was quite calm and relaxed as I sat on the bed, awaiting the police. It couldn't have been more than ten minutes later when I heard a lot of noise from the corridor. Without a knock the door was thrown open. In the doorway stood two men in civilian clothes. They grabbed me and took me to City Hall, where they threw me into a dark dungeon. I don't know how long I was there when I lost consciousness. When I awoke, I was in bed in the Krugers' suite with Brunhilde bending over me.

"You must not strain yourself, darling. You are very ill. You have had a very bad fever."

That didn't clear up things.

She added: "It is late in the afternoon now, René. You have been here exactly five days. When my father brought you here you were in a coma, and remained in that state until just a few minutes ago."

SUDDENLY there were tears in her eyes. She turned and rushed out of the room. Then the door opened and the colonel walked inside.

"Colonel, just what exactly did happen? I asked Brunhilde but she didn't tell me much."

"Well, after I received your message about that meeting, I arranged a perfect ambush. In all, seven men were killed. More than half of the rebels were badly shot up, but they will live. The General was slightly wounded, but captured when he tried to make his getaway. The signal fired by one of my men was definitely premature. After that, hell



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broke loose, as you well know. Well, after we had captured all the leaders, we noticed that one of them was not among the captured. He was Charleman, whom you had described to me often enough. I had the surrounding area searched, but to no avail. Then that shooting in your hotel room was reported. Unfortunately the men who arrested you didn't know who you were. They just dragged you down to City Hall and threw you into that little room. It must have been more than three hours later before I heard about your arrest. I looked into it at once and found you lying on the floor, already feverish. Well, you have been lying here ever since."

I asked the Colonel if they had found Dinah. He said they had, and didn't know what to do with her. I suggested they put her in a convent to keep her from avenging her father. Then I told him that I would have to leave the country after what I had done.

"Leave the country?" he exclaimed. "But where will you go? What about the plans you and Brunhilde had before you went on your mission?"

"I don't know where I am going to go—Switzerland—or perhaps Turkey. I wouldn't be a very good husband for your daughter, sir. She deserves something better."

However, later that day, Brunhilde came to my room. She assured me that she loved me and I realized then that my future was with her. We decided to get married right away.

The colonel had arranged for us to have a two-week honeymoon in Rome. The day after the wedding, we were all set for departure when the colonel came into our living room and pronounced, "Children, it is difficult for me to tell you this, but I have been recalled to Germany. Berlin, to be exact, and I expect both of you to accompany us."

I must admit that it was a bit of a surprise to hear him tell us that we had to leave France. But it didn't really affect me in a bad way. It didn't matter to me where I lived as long as I had my dear wife by my side.

The afternoon of the next day we went down and boarded the train for Berlin. After eighteen hours, we arrived and were met by a small committee who took us to our new home.

TWO days after our arrival, the colonel was sworn in as head of a secret-service section and was ready to go to work.

About a week after he had taken command of his department, he turned to me, one night, and said: "René, today I completed my full report on the situation in Lyons. In that report I mentioned you as the hero who cleaned out the rathole. Before I went home, later in the evening, the Fuehrer's private secretary called me. He congratulated me on a job well done, and ordered me to present you to our illustrious Fuehrer tomorrow morning at ten-thirty."

I, René Lagoit, was about to meet the Fuehrer and speak with him!

At ten-thirty sharp the colonel and I were sitting in the private secretary's office. Shortly after eleven, one of the doors opened and three men walked in. We rose and saluted.

While the other two men, who were very high-ranking officers, remained at the door, the Fuehrer came toward us. He smiled as he addressed us.

"Well, I see that we have visitors! And if

I am not mistaken this would be Colonel Kruger and this—this—young man would, of course, be none other than—"

His secretary quickly put in, "His name is René Lagoit, my Fuehrer."

"Yes, of course, of course!" Then he said, "Now, then, my good Colonel, this is the young man of whom you spoke so highly in your report?"

Turning to me he continued, "Well, now, young man, what have you to say for yourself?"

Surprisingly calm, I replied, "I can only say that it is a very, very great honor and pleasure, indeed, to be standing before the Fuehrer of the German Empire. I am deeply honored, sir."

Turning back to the colonel he stated, "Kruger, I must say that you have made an excellent choice in this young man."

HE then snapped his finger at one of the officers at the door, who immediately responded by rushing up and handing his commander something rather small. The Fuehrer turned back to me and said casually, "Young man, I hereby decorate you with this Iron Cross, for very valuable services rendered to this country. Wear it proudly and remember that from now on you are a true German, serving the German Reich!"

He briefly shook my hand and disappeared through the door, with the two officers following him.

Several days later, the colonel said: "René, I am going to make you my confidential secretary."

I was surprised and pleased.

Soon after, Brunhilde told me we were going to have a baby. I was so happy, I could hardly believe it.

Then it was late August—and the day had come! It was early in the morning, about six-thirty. The colonel, his wife, and I rushed to the hospital as fast as we could. But it took nearly another four hours before one of the doctors came into the waiting room.

"The baby is born. It is a girl, very healthy, but the mother is very weak."

I went to my wife. She had had a very bad time. As I embraced her, I could feel her strength waning. I held her in my arms, and as she tried to speak, she suddenly went limp. She was dead.

About six weeks later, little Brunhilde was brought home from the hospital. My mother-in-law took charge of her. But I was still her father, and finally got my wish to hold her in my arms. There was a secret joy in my heart that made up for the grief and pain I had suffered in the last weeks.

After nearly a year had passed, something rather strange seemed to be going on within me. Although I had kept on working with the colonel, I seemed to have lost the interest I had had before in my work.

One day the colonel called me into his office. He was very serious.

"As you may have noticed in the past few days, there is an air of unrest and worry around this place. Things haven't been going lately as they should on our fronts. Now our intelligence agents have discovered something that may well decide the future of this war. We simply must find out what is being planned by the enemy. To accomplish this we have already dispatched several of our best intelligence men to certain countries. However, there is one country that is covered rather badly in this respect. That coun-

try is Turkey. We must have action as soon as possible.

"Only yesterday did I discover that our men are not getting anywhere in Ankara, Turkey. They are not getting anywhere because they don't believe in our fight the way we do. What we need now is a man who does believe in our principles and who is willing even to give his life in the course of his duties. As far as I am concerned, there is only one man who can do this job. That man is you."

"Well, sir, I accept the mission if you think that I can do it. Now I would like to hear a little more about it, if you don't mind."

"First of all, there is the matter of money, which the Reich is promising you for your efforts. A successful mission will bring you one million marks. One hundred thousand you will be given before you leave, and the rest when the mission is accomplished. This down payment you must deposit in the government bank, only to be drawn out after you have returned. In case of failure, and should you return safely, the one hundred thousand will be all you receive for your troubles.

"Now I am going to tell you what your mission will be. We have a feeling that something big is being planned by the British and their allies. This plan of our enemy must get into our hands without the British even as much as suspecting what has happened. Your main field of operations will be the British Embassy in Ankara. The person who will contact you is our agent, Margarete Rydberg, also known as Madame Rouge. From then on it will be entirely up to you how the whole affair is handled.

"I think you will be ready to leave in about two weeks. Are there any questions?"

"I want to know what you plan to do with little Brunhilde."

"My wife and I shall look after our granddaughter while you are away."

Somehow, I was very anxious to get started.

It was five in the morning, on July 7, 1942, that I boarded a two-engine bomber. Three hours later, we landed near Svilengrad, Bulgaria, where an hour later I boarded the train for Istanbul.

Once in that city, I took a rather brief look around. Three hours later, I was on the other side of the Bosphorus, rolling toward Ankara in another train. A few hours later, I was in Ankara.

I took a taxi to my hotel, which I shall simply call the Blue Moon Hotel. I registered as Pierre Dumont, a French student, and went to my room.

IHAD already been in the city two days, and still no one had contacted me. Although the colonel had said that it might take days to establish a contact, I was beginning to think that my presence had not been noticed.

Just then the phone rang. I lifted the receiver.

"Pardon me, Mr. Dumont, but do you want the wine you ordered to be French or Italian?"

I knew that I had not ordered any wine. I asked, "What wine? I haven't ordered any wine."

That very moment I nearly dropped the receiver as I heard a voice behind me say, "Yes you have. Tell him that French wine is fine. Tell him to bring it up at once."

Without looking back I replied, "Yes, French wine will do nicely. Bring it up at once with a lot of ice."

Slowly I put down the receiver and turned around. I was facing the person whose voice had surprised me. It was a beautiful woman.

She spoke in a most pleasant tone of voice. "I hope I have not inconvenienced you very much. It isn't my name but I am known as Madame Rouge around here. You were expecting me, of course, Monsieur Dumont."

I said joyfully, "I am very happy to meet you, Madame Rouge."

She smiled at me. I asked her to sit on the sofa. At that moment, the wine was brought in.

I poured the wine and sat down beside her. It was she who broke the silence.

"It wasn't possible for me to get in touch with you at once, although I knew you were in town. I hope you will forgive me for letting you go around alone, during the last few days."

I just grinned at her, and replied, "That is quite all right, Madame Rouge. The important thing is that we have made contact."

She said, "Actually we are treating each other with too much courtesy. I think it might be a better idea if you call me by my real name. Why don't you just call me Margarete?"

"All right, I shall call you Margarete if you will call me Pierre. I don't see any reason why we can't become the best of friends while we are working together."

After discussing unimportant events for about an hour, she rose and said, "I must leave, Pierre. I am giving a small party tomorrow night. There will be several people there I want you to meet. They will be of great help to us. I will send a car for you around eight o'clock tomorrow night. Until then..."

For quite some time after she had left I couldn't take my mind off her.

The next day, I went out on an inspection tour. Around seven, I returned to the hotel and began dressing for the party. At eight sharp I went down and was ushered into a shiny black limousine.

The ride didn't take any longer than ten minutes. The car stopped in front of an expensive-looking villa. A butler greeted me at the door and took my hat. Seconds later, I was welcomed by the hostess. She was very charming as she began to introduce me to people who looked important. Finally she took me aside.

"The only interesting person in this room tonight is Henry Fallsworth, a member of the British legation whom I have known for some time."

During the course of the evening, I watched Henry Fallsworth. His only interest seemed to be Margarete.

THE party lasted about four hours. Around ten o'clock we had a late guest. He was a man in his middle forties. He was baldheaded, but wore a long, black beard. Margarete introduced him to the rest of her guests as Rudolf Einheuser, a Swiss watch manufacturer, who was in Ankara on business.

About half an hour later I saw Madame Rouge beckon to me.

"Einheuser, who of course is a German, has been working on the same project that you are for quite some time, and today he has finally come upon something that might well be what we are after. Through an employee of the British Embassy, he has learned that important plans and reports were received by

the British Ambassador about a week or so ago. He thinks that the informer is telling the truth, and hopes to get at the papers in the very near future."

"If it is true, then it is good news and I am very glad," I replied.

"In the meantime," she said, "I will try to get something out of Fallsworth. I am sure that he knows something."

As I looked at her, standing there before me, I knew that she could get anything out of a man.

"There is something very important I want to talk to you about," she added. "I could tell you later, but I think you should know as soon as possible."

After the other guests had left, she changed into a sheer negligee. We sat on a couch and sipped wine. She began the conversation. "The reason I asked you to stay on is very simple. I wanted to be alone with you so that we could talk. Tell me something, Pierre. I know that you have a job to do, but how are you going to go about it?"

"I was told to rely on your help and information. Up to this point, I have not done anything."

She put her glass down on the table and came closer to me. "I happen to like you a lot, Pierre. In fact, I have yet to meet the man who has attracted me more than you have."

"I am flattered to have made such an impression on you. I am honored."

She suddenly put her hands on each side of my face and pulled me down, kissing me. I knew what she was trying to say. Silently I took her in my arms and kissed her, hard and demanding. But she suddenly pushed me away and slapped my face!

I grabbed her arm. "Don't you ever do that again, woman!"

She whispered, "I think you had better go home now, Pierre."

I didn't let her continue. Once again I pressed my lips to hers. Slowly her resistance disappeared, and finally she responded with warm, almost eager, love. I quickly pressed her slender body to me and then picked her up. I walked slowly toward the bedroom, pressing my lips to hers. Her arms were around my neck, warm and soft. . . .

THE sun was shining on my face. There was a sound in the doorway. I turned around and faced Margarete.

She spoke in a soft, almost loving, tone of voice, "Pierre, I don't hate you or blame you for what happened. We were both under the influence of alcohol, and what happened was natural."

She insisted that I stay and have tea with her, after having washed up.

While having tea we talked about my assignment, and she told me a few things that I had not known before. She told me that she had been working on Fallsworth for about two weeks.

"I know that he is very much in love with me, and I am positive that he would do anything I would ask him to do."

While she was talking I watched her face. It was beautiful! No wonder Fallsworth was in love with her.

At that moment the butler announced Monsieur Einheuser. Margarete and I were both astonished to see him at that time.

In an oily voice he remarked, "I didn't mean to break up any company of yours, Madame Rouge. Could I speak to you for a few minutes in private?"

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It took about ten minutes for Margarete to get back.

"He is gone. Well, he thinks that the hour has come when he will have the plans in his very own hands. I have given him exactly thirty-eight thousand American dollars for that purpose.

"I put a tail on him the minute he left the house. None of his moves will be hidden from us."

Things started to happen right after I left Margarete, around two-thirty in the afternoon. As soon as I left her house, I noticed a man who seemed to be going wherever I went.

I sat in the easy chair in my suite and tried to decide who might be employing the chap who had followed me. I was almost positive that he was not one of Margarete's men.

Around seven o'clock, I went down to the lobby and asked the desk clerk if there were any messages for me. There was one. All it contained was this: "Please call Charles at this number. Very urgent."

I WENT back to my suite and called the number. It was Margarete who answered.

"Pierre, I am so glad that you called. I hope you don't think that I am crazy for leaving such a message, but it is necessary that we talk as little as possible over the wire. Please come over right away. It is very important."

I rushed downstairs and grabbed a cab. Within ten minutes I was at her home. She didn't waste any time but came right to the point.

"Pierre, Einheuser has disappeared!"

"Why should you be worried because of that?"

"I have come to the conclusion that Ein-

heuser has double-crossed us and sold out to the British."

"I think we had better remain silent for another twenty-four hours. If Einheuser has not shown up by that time, we will start with Fallsworth. You will start charming him and try to get as much as possible out of him."

Twenty minutes later I left. As soon as I reached the hotel I entered the dining room. While eating, I heard one of the bellboys shouting: "Telephone for Mr. Rollings!"

I looked up and saw a middle-aged man get up from one of the tables and walk toward the telephone. He sat down in a chair and began a conversation. Although I was not very far from the desk, I couldn't understand what he was talking about. But I did find out that he was British, or at least spoke good English. Then he suddenly turned his face in my direction and I nearly dropped my fork! I recognized him as the man who had followed me earlier that day, when I had left Margarete's house.

It was already nine o'clock when I decided to go upstairs.

I stepped off the elevator and slowly strolled toward my door.

I switched on the main light using the switch beside the door, and stepped into the living room.

I was standing near the fireplace in the living room, close to the bathroom door, when I heard something. It was the dripping sound of a faucet. I must have forgotten to turn off the taps, I thought. Slowly I walked over and opened the door. As soon as the door swung open fully, I stopped dead in my tracks, horrified! In the bathtub, which was half filled with water, sat a completely nude man with his hands tied above his head and his face turned toward the door! In the middle of his forehead was a neat little

round hole! I didn't have to look twice to know that the man before me was Einheuser! And he was as dead as they come.

Then I saw it! It was a note, tied to the same string that was holding his hands. I picked up the piece of paper and read the German words: "We hope that you can take a good hint when you see one, and get out while the getting is good. We should regret to see you in this same peculiar position."

You must get him out before someone sees that carcass in your tub, I thought. You must have help. But who? Margarete.

About three minutes later I had Margarete on the phone. "Why, Pierre, what is the matter? Is anything wrong? You sound so strange."

"Wrong? There is plenty wrong. I have just found Einheuser in my apartment. In my bathtub, to be exact. He is dead. There is a nice little bullet hole in his head. You must come over with your car at once and help me get him out of my place."

"All right, Pierre! I will be right over."

About fifteen minutes later, there was a knock on my door. It was Margarete.

"We will have to get him out of this apartment before he is discovered. I haven't been in there since I called you. We will have to get him on the service elevator, so that we are not seen. Wait here until I drag him out."

I went into the bedroom and got a dark blanket. I then entered the bathroom. No sooner had I opened the door than I stopped, amazed. I was staring into an empty tub! Einheuser was gone! I rushed out and called Margarete.

"The tub is empty, but before I called you Einheuser, with a bullet hole in his forehead, was sitting in that bathtub. I don't understand."

"How could the body have disappeared with you in the apartment all the time?"

"I wasn't in the apartment all the time. I left it as soon as I discovered the body, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, to make that phone call to you. I didn't dare use one of the phones in the hotel. While I was out, whoever placed the body in my bathtub came back and took it with him again. That is the only way it could have happened. The body was apparently only placed here to frighten me, not get me into trouble at this time.

"They are definitely trying to get you out of town without having to kill you, but they will not stop even at that. Here is what we should do next. I mean to say, what I should do next. I am going to start working seriously on Fallsworth right away. He is our only real link with the British Embassy."

I FELT better already as I sat beside her. I bent over and kissed her suddenly. She didn't draw back or object. She returned my caresses and kisses. I whispered softly, "Tonight, neither of us is influenced by alcohol, sweetheart. We both know what we are doing."

"Yes, my love. I know what I am doing, and I don't care. I have to tell you that I am very much in love with you, Pierre."

"Yes, sweetheart. And I feel the same way about you."

Our embraces grew longer, our kisses more fiery until once again passion and desire were the victors.

The next day, while eating lunch, a young Turk handed me a message. "Everything set. Come to me at seven tonight. Love. M.R."

At seven o'clock sharp, that evening, I rang



"Carlos has always maintained that the pen is mightier than the sword."

Margarete's front doorbell, and said to her: "Is—he here already?"

"You mean Fallsworth? No, he will be here about eight. I wanted a little time to explain to you what I am planning to do. I will entertain him alone here in the drawing room, while you stay in my small adjoining dressing room, listening to everything that we say. I am going to drug his drinks slightly to speed up the procedure. I am positive that after an hour he will start talking about certain important things."

A little before eight, the doorbell rang. Slowly voices came closer, which I identified as those of Fallsworth and, of course, Margarete. I had left the door slightly ajar, so that I could observe the goings-on in the next room.

It was about nine o'clock, and I don't know how many drinks later, when things started to go wrong. Fallsworth insisted on kissing her. She played along. Now was the time she started her attack.

He had great difficulty speaking. I hoped he would not black out before we knew what we wanted to know.

The questions went on and on, without Fallsworth getting suspicious. Slowly, bit by bit, Margarete pulled out of him the vital information we needed. Henry's mumbling got worse, until he didn't speak any more. He had blacked out. I signaled Margarete.

We both decided that the information Henry had given us, involuntarily, of course, couldn't be of much use to us. We had to find another way. Then a thought struck me that promised results. I asked Margarete, "Is Henry married?"

"Yes, for about three years."

"You say he has only been married for about three years? This means that he would give anything to prevent a picture such as we would have from getting into the hands of his wife, right?"

"Yes, I see what you are getting at. Good old-fashioned blackmail."

"Yes, sweetheart. But do you know any girl who might pose in the nude with Henry?"

"Yes, I know someone. She is a model and will do anything for a good price. I will phone the girl and see if she is home. Just a minute."

Her conversation was short.

"Everything is set. She will be here in about half an hour. Now we must get the photographic equipment ready. I have a very good set."

We practically dragged the inert Henry into the bedroom. While Margarete went to get the camera, I took off Henry's jacket, shirt, and shoes. There he lay, with only trousers and socks on.

About half an hour later the girl showed up. Margarete explained to her the fine points of her job. After having taken off all her clothes, she put a towel around herself and climbed in the bed. I made exactly six pictures of the two in bed.

Then we decided to let Fallsworth sleep it off, so I left. The next day, I developed the film.

That night and most of the next day were uneventful. It was late afternoon, the next day, when something happened that nearly knocked the bottom out of the barrel. I was killing time downtown about four o'clock, when I saw Margarete with the chap who had followed me from her place that day. I quickly hid to avoid being seen. What was

she doing with a man who I thought was an enemy agent?

What if Margarete was working for the other side instead of Germany? What if she was playing a double game, trying to profit from both sides? But, perhaps, the whole thing might be easily explained. Perhaps she had also invited him to the party that was to be held that night. I decided to wait until that night, and then find out.

Seven o'clock rolled around and Margarete had not called me. As far as I was concerned, the party was on. I had already made my preparations. Near the hotel was a little flower stand, where a man was selling flowers. I asked him if he wanted to make some money by running an errand for me that night. He was willing. So I explained to him the plan I had worked out.

At eight-thirty sharp he picked up the envelope from me. I followed him right up to the house and saw him knock on the door. I saw Margarete's butler open the door, and accept the envelope.

I walked back to my hotel, went to a bar and ordered some wine. I had only been sitting at my table for a few moments when I noticed a man come into the bar. He came to my table without losing any time. He was the same chap who had followed me several times.

"Good evening. Allow me to introduce myself, my name is Ralph Carter. I am an American tourist. May I join you?"

"I don't mind. My name is Pierre Dumont. I am a French tourist."

"I believe we have a mutual friend—Madame Rouge."

"Yes, I know Madame Rouge slightly. We have only met twice."

"I have known her nearly a year. Did you know a Monsieur Einheuser?"

"Einheuser? Sounds like a German. I don't know any Germans here in Ankara."

"No, he is not—or was not—German. He was Swiss. I know that you would very much like to know who killed him and why he was dumped in your apartment. Well, for a price I will tell you who did that. But not here. You will have to come to my hotel."

"Why should I be interested in the death of a Swiss gentleman? I am not in the least interested, I assure you."

"Look, I know that you would like to know these things. Well, for a decent price, shall we say, a thousand American dollars, I will tell you all that. If you don't believe me, then ask your friend, Madame Rouge. Here is my address. I will expect you tomorrow morning at my hotel. With the money. Remember, I know more about you than you know about me. I know you are a foreign agent, on a very important mission. I can help you if you are willing to pay."

BEFORE I could reply, he stood up and hurried out of the café.

I had to see Margarete. Margarete would know what he was doing in Ankara. She would tell me whether it was safe to deal with him.

I decided to call her. "Margarete? Pierre! Something important has come up. I will see you as soon as you are alone. When will that be?"

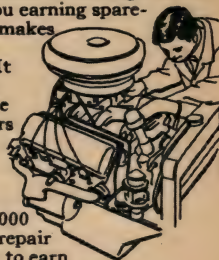
"Give me another hour."

Margarete was still in her party dress when she let me in.

"I have good news for you. I am happy to report that your trick seems to be working.

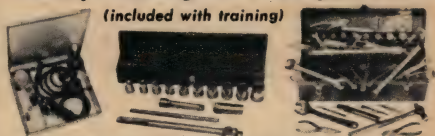
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Shortly after receiving the message, Fallsworth opened the envelope in a quiet corner. I was watching and noticed at once that the pictures did their job. He became as white as a sheet, at first, but then anger seemed to flare up in him. He came over to me and asked if he could see me alone for a few seconds. I agreed, and in my dressing room he really let off steam. He asked what the pictures meant. I acted as if I didn't know what he was talking about. He showed me the photographs. I acted shocked. He then accused me of tricking him, the night before. I told him that I was just as indisposed the night before as he was, and that I had no idea what the whole thing meant. He didn't want to believe me, at first, but I convinced him that I had nothing to do with the pictures. He finally believed me, but left right after that."

"Tell me, pigeon, do you know a chap named Carter? He is an American."

"Yes, I have known him for some time. He has been in Ankara for about a year now. I had a complete check made on him and found that he does anything that pays easy with good money. His latest project is blackmail. I met him this afternoon while doing some shopping. He made a proposition on which we both could make a lot of money. I told him that I was not interested."

"He made me a proposition too. He wants to sell me some information about Einheuser's death."

"I don't think you should go there tomorrow morning. I am certain that he is trying to get you out of town by getting you into trouble with the police."

"Look, I am going to see him tomorrow morning, and I want you to send a man after me, just in case something should go wrong. I know what I am doing."

THE next morning I set out for Carter's hotel. At the desk I asked for Carter's room number. I went upstairs, and after locating it I knocked. There was no answer. I tried the door. It was not locked. I decided to go inside and wait.

I waited for ten minutes. There was no noise in the apartment. I stood up and listened at the bedroom door. I could not hear a thing. I slowly opened the door. The bed was completely covered by a white spread. But I saw that there was someone under it. I stepped closer and touched and slightly shook the person I believed to be Carter. He didn't move. I then slowly pulled the spread off, and I forced myself to look on the sight before me. It was Carter lying on one side, his back turned toward me. There was a knife in his back!

I covered the body again, the way it had been before, and got out of the hotel as fast as my feet could carry me. Once outside, I resumed an ordinary pace, so that I would not attract attention.

I was only about three blocks from my hotel, when I suddenly saw Margarete. She was on the other side of the street, just getting into her car. I had to attract her attention before she drove off. She was just looking back again when she caught a glimpse of me. She didn't wait but drove off. But I knew that she would be waiting for me farther down the boulevard.

I was right. I got into the car and she drove off again.

"Well, how did you make out with Carter?"

"I didn't. He is dead. I found him in his bed about an hour ago, with a huge dagger in his back. I am afraid that the desk attendant got a very good look at me and can give the police an excellent description."

"Oh, this is dreadful! There is only one thing to do, darling. We must get this thing done, and then leave Ankara together."

"Look, sweetheart, you arrange for Fallsworth to meet me tonight at nine at the old cemetery."

Margarete had promised to send a man around to go with me. It was about seven when he arrived.

"I suppose you have been expecting me, Monsieur Dumont. I am George."

George and I arrived at the cemetery and hid behind some large monuments.

Around nine we heard footsteps coming closer by the second. Then Henry Fallsworth stood there. I stepped slowly forward and whistled softly. He spun around as if he had seen a ghost.

"I am going to make this short and sweet, Fallsworth. I will come right to the point. You received some pictures a day ago. Now should those pictures, along with some explanatory notes, reach your wife, what do you suppose she would do?"

"I have never been blackmailed before, and I am not going to be now. If you think that you can get away with this outrageous undertaking . . ."

Our argument lasted quite a while. But finally he agreed to arrange an easy passage for me to the Embassy building, and, of course, the Embassy safe.

That was the end of our little meeting. I was going to talk the plan over with Margarete. We went straight to her house. George left me at the door and disappeared.

Margarete wasn't surprised to see me. I told her the result of my meeting with Fallsworth.

"When I empty that safe tomorrow night," I added, "I want to leave Ankara by the following morning. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes, I want you to take me with you, darling."

The next day Margarete persuaded me to stay at her home while she went out and got our passports inspected, and then picked up the plane tickets. She was back by eleven. Minutes after, George came back from the little trip he had undertaken earlier in the morning. According to the message, Fallsworth had given him, everything was set for ten o'clock that night. He, Henry, would be waiting for us downstairs, and let us in, and then, of course, take us upstairs to the safe. He knew the combination. Just to be on the safe side, Margarete got a professional safe-cracker to go with us. We were all set for ten that night. . . .

AT ten sharp we pulled up in a rented truck, about twenty yards away from the Embassy. I sent George ahead to make sure that everything was all right. He signaled from the main entrance that it was safe for us to meet Henry, who was waiting for us not far from the front door.

We slowly began to climb the stairs to the second floor. The stairs led to a hallway, which had doors on either side.

Then we came to the door that led to the office where the safe was. Our guide opened the door and beckoned us into the room. Henry shone his flashlight in a corner, on a

dark, steel object. It was the Embassy safe.

He remarked with a little tremble in his voice, "Well, we are here. This is it. What now?"

"Open the safe. You said that you knew the combination," I ordered.

He didn't reply but turned around and began dialing the little round disk on the safe.

He gave the dial another turn and began pulling at the handle of the huge door. It looked as if he had made it! Suddenly there was a nerve-shattering noise that startled the three of us. I realized instantly that the inside alarm of the safe had been touched off, when the door was pulled open.

Almost at that some moment I knew that everything was over, and that we had to run for our lives. I turned around and rushed out of that room. Within seconds, I had raced down the corridor and reached the stairs. I flew down those steps. Then there was the front door. I sped down the sidewalk with lightning speed. I heard shots behind me, and suddenly my left arm lost all feeling. I felt the warm blood running down my arm and my fingers.

Somehow, I managed to get into a taxi. I was nearly in a state of collapse by the time the car stopped at Margarete's. I tried the door. It was unlocked. Once or twice I called Margarete's name, but there was no answer. The house was deserted!

I decided I better get on a freight train and high-tail it to Istanbul. . . .

It was five in the morning when I reached the railroad yards. My arm was throbbing painfully. Ten minutes later, I noticed a heavy freight leaving for the west. By the time it had reached high speed, I was aboard.

Around one in the afternoon, the train finally stopped at Istanbul.

The first thing I did was to locate a private doctor. After examining my arm, he said he would have to operate, or I would lose it. I spent several weeks with him while I recovered. Then I made my way by train to Paris.

I spent nearly a year in the fair city of Paris, living on the money I had brought with me from Turkey. Then I found out I had contracted a serious blood disease and had a short time to live.

BEFORE I died I wanted to do one thing. I wanted to see my daughter! And my wife's grave! I would travel to Berlin at once!

I boarded a train, and was just outside of Leipzig when some bombers came overhead. Next thing I knew there was a loud explosion, and I was waking up in a strange place. I was told I was in a hospital in Leipzig and I had lost my arm.

On a day already set I was to be released from the hospital, healed in body but not in mind. Since my papers had not been destroyed that fateful night, I was free to resume my journey to Berlin.

The trip was torture for me. But I made it! I managed to get to the sector where I had lived over a year ago with the colonel and his wife, and, of course, my little daughter. But just as I had feared, I found only a pile of rubble, where once the house stood. Now my whole world had crumbled. I was a broken man. Nazi Germany had fallen, my family was dead, and my health had gone. Was this my retribution for being a spy for Hitler!



Call-House Hideout

Continued from page 25

Puritan of a cousin." But she liked Lumiere.

Now, as he sat twisting his hat in her luxurious parlor, the detective felt uncomfortable and indignant that his own relative should be a peddler of flesh, profitable though he knew her profession to be.

Berthine kissed him lightly on the cheek and said: "Allons, girls, what a surprise! The poor man has escaped from his sister and is out to learn about life tonight. He is good-looking, no? Though a bit stuffy. Who wants him first?"

He was scandalized. "Berthine—please! I am here on police business. Your humor does not amuse. May I talk with you alone?"

She led him to her small but elegant private office, where she served coffee and croissants. Elsewhere in the mansion, he could hear men's voices . . . the laughter of girls . . . a tinkling piano . . . furtive rustlings of silks and satin . . . he wondered how it would be with Fleurette, the tall blonde who had looked at him so sympathetically in the parlor. . . .

"All right, Jules, speak. You must be here on something important; I know how you disapprove of me."

HE minced no words and spoke earnestly, a strained look on his longish pale face. "Berthine, I'll come to the point. You have many important people coming to this house—generals, cabinet officers, publishers, men like that. I hear some top Nazis from Berlin have been here too."

Her face, usually mobile and gay, became guarded.

"What of it, Jules? Business is business. Even Germans are human. Men want girls. It's as simple as that."

He took from his worn briefcase several official police photos of three dead people, including the still-damp flashlight shot taken some hours earlier of the slain girl in the Metro. Madame Mailleux sucked in her breath as she looked at the pictures; then averted her eyes. She was angry. "Why do you show me these horrors, Jules? Am I responsible?"

So he told her what he knew about the Cagouards. How it was believed that some of France's most ambitious and powerful men were in the hooded gang, manipulating thousands of lesser fry organized into cells so that each Cagouard knew only the ten or twelve men in his unit.

"You are a Frenchwoman above all, Berthine, and a woman who loves her country. I want to meet the top man in the Cagouards. Surely, with your connections, you must know who he is."

"You are mad. I've never heard of the organization!"

He bluffed now, and said sternly: "You lie, Berthine. Your name was found in the wallet of a dead hood wearer. Work with me, please; they are scum, regardless of what

they claim. They would hand France on a silver platter to Hitler and that jackal Mussolini."

Her face was irresolute as she toyed with a diamond pendant, the gift of one of the very traitors Lumiere had in mind.

"Well, Berthine, I am waiting. Are you with me, or against France?"

"I'll do anything you ask, Jules. Yes, I know some of them. They are fools, always talking about saving France but actually peddling us to Hitler. What can I do for you?"

He waved aside her offer of a gold-tipped cigarette and lit one of his "stinkers," as he called them.

"Berthine, I want a job in this place. Make me a houseman, a servant, anything. Tell them I am no good, quite unprincipled. I want to meet the most important Cagouard you know. Will you arrange it?"

She took a locked metal box from a drawer and opened it with a key she carried on her charm bracelet. Pulling out a pastel blue card, she handed it to the Sureté man.

He read: "FAVOILLE, MAURICE; attorney; cash payments—sometimes jewelry; preference: orientals, North African girls, Eurasians. Uses the Gold Room. Drink desired: cognac. Food: snails, veal scalopini, pheasant. *Unpleasant when drunk!*"

She said nervously: "He's the big one, Jules. That's his card from my customers' file. Get in good with him and you'll learn plenty. That's all I can do for you now. Come back Tuesday and I'll put you to work, cheri."

On the following Tuesday, May 11, a young man rode a bicycle through the fashionable Parc Monceau, turned off at the Avenue Hoch, and dismounted ten minutes later at Berthine's establishment. The rider, who called himself "Robard," carried a lunch-pail, wore a leather cap, and had a Fascist newspaper in his jacket pocket.

Locking his bike to a tree in the courtyard, he entered the lavish sporting house through the servants' entrance and found himself in a big, pleasant-smelling kitchen where girls in various stages of undress sat around eating breakfast and comparing notes on the previous night's patrons.

Jules Lumiere glanced at himself in a mirror and was pleased with the make-up job old Parduille of the Sureté staff had done on him. Lumiere had a crew-cut now which made him look years younger. An old scar on his cheek had been covered over. Brown dye had altered his black hair. With a subtle application of rouge, the detective's usually pallid cheeks now had a high outdoor color.

Berthine, avoiding any sign of recognition, thrust a broom and a dustpan at him. She was amazed at the transformation.

"You can start sweeping the pantry and the front hall, Robard. Please wash my car when you have finished. The silver will have

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to be cleaned and polished, and replace the window in Mademoiselle Mimi's room; she had a wild man there last night."

"Yes, madame." He touched his cap.

The strumpets studied the new houseman with casual interest. Again Fleurette, the blonde, leaned forward to smile at him. As she did, her blue robe parted, revealingly.

Lumiere—now "Robard"—gulped and lowered his eyes. He was glad Parduille had given him red cheeks, for he felt himself blush under the harlots' scrutiny and ribald jests.

As he worked all day at many chores, waiting for the nightly traffic of male visitors to begin, he listened to a portable radio and was disturbed by new reports of Cagoulard insolence. One newscaster told of a monoplane high over Paris which had dropped thousands of leaflets on the city that day, extolling Hitler and deriding the existing French Government.

Another related that a masked man, waiting in a Deputy's office, had thrown acid on the politician. It was feared the legislator—a man of 65—would be permanently blinded. The assailant had removed his mask and walked out of the building unnoticed.

It was not to be tolerated.

Berthine called from the doorway: "Robard, come to my office!"

The new employee switched off the little radio and followed the woman. She said in a low voice: "Maurice Favoille telephoned. He'll be here tonight with a German from Essen. Put on this apron and serve them well, Jules. It may be your chance."

Favoille was a nasty customer. He demanded service. He insulted girls and the piano player. But when he rang for more cognac, it was Robard who brought it to the Gold Room, smiling and bowing to the irascible man.

Favoille was thin and acid in manner, with disdainful eyes and a high domed forehead. Yet he fawned on his German friend, a dumpy fellow with a swastika on his watch-fob, who sat in his undershirt with a small dark girl from Egypt on his lap. He chuckled and called her his dumping as he stroked and pinched various parts of her anatomy.

"If Monsieur wants anything else, just ring for me, please!" murmured Robard to the French lawyer. The man's arm was around his own girl, Odette Chan, Berthine's newest import from Shanghai, and now Favoille turned his weary hound's eyes on the houseman. Robard smiled ingratiatingly. Favoille grunted.

As the party in the Gold Room grew more strenuous, Robard was kept busy rushing food, liquor, towels and pastries to the two men and their women. Becoming relaxed and maudlin after several bottles of cognac, Favoille eyed the Fascist newspaper in Robard's pocket and said thickly:

"You like the policy of that paper, eh? The editor is a friend of mine."

Robard nodded enthusiastically. "He must be a great patriot, Monsieur Favoille. The editor is right: France should ally itself with Herr Hitler. There is a man of decision . . . one we can admire."

The German cocked an ear at the mention of the Fuehrer. Favoille translated Lumiere's words. Ignoring the playful pawing and simpering of the nude girls, the men looked sharply at "Robard" and Favoille

said: "You are a smart fellow. I want to see you again."

IN the weeks that followed, Lumiere made certain that the Cagoulard leader saw him often. He ran errands, drove Favoille's car, served the man in many little ways when the lawyer came to Berthine's place. She said:

"Favoille likes you, Jules. He told me so. One of these days he will make you an offer. I'm told his own valet is leaving him."

She was right. Not too long after, Favoille, nursing a hangover, thanked Robard for the tomato-juice-and-vodka pick-me-up he concocted and urged upon the attorney.

"You are too excellent a man to waste your time here at Madame Mailleux's. How would you like to work for me?"

Robard would be so pleased to work for Monsieur. Yes, yes, the salary was quite suitable. It would be a great honor. When could he start?

"You can begin now. Tell Berthine you're quitting. I'm having a meeting at my place tonight and want to get back there. Pack your bag, man."

Favoille's "place" was his ancestral estate, tended by a deaf old couple and a surly game-keeper. A gloomy pile of a castle, it had forty rooms. Some of them were bolted by double-locks of American manufacture.

"Robard" worked diligently and kept his eyes open. Though his taciturn employer told him nothing of what went on at the Villa Favoille, Lumiere made notes on important personalities who came there at odd times, some in limousines with drawn curtains.

One was General Ives d'Autremont, a hawk-nosed officer with a reputation for not paying his gambling bills and for chasing other men's wives. Another was a multi-millionaire, a wizened gnome of a man who had tobacco warehouses and sales agencies throughout Europe and Africa.

Lumiere recognized an Arab—a glowering man named El Maadi, from Algiers—whose picture had been often in the papers because of his agitation against French rule.

He also saw a prominent polo player with Hitlerian leanings, an actor who had been lionized by Mussolini, and Albert Stiller, Paris' Superintendent of Streets and Sewers. And there was Jean Chiappe.

The strutting little Corsican was Commis-

sioner of Police, Lumiere's top boss, who had once personally pinned a medal on Jules for having subdued and disarmed a crazed man who had killed his family with a hatchet.

Would Chiappe, who spoke freely of his admiration for the Nazis, see through his disguise? Lumiere was uneasy. But the pompous little official paid no heed to the young man named Robard who took his coat. Nor was he aware that this servant searched the coat, even the linings, before hanging it in the guest closet.

On some nights, Inspector Lumiere would hear the distant sound of men's voices in the woods surrounding the Villa Favoille. There was the tramp of marching feet . . . sharp orders . . . occasional muffled reports like pistol shots. When he tried to leave the building at one time to investigate, the game-keeper turned him back at the front door.

"Monsieur Favoille says to stay in this house, Robard. Please respect his wishes."

A month passed. During this time the French press carried almost daily stories of new Cagoulard outrages in that unhappy country. At a soccer game in Lille, which was won by a team of refugees from Hitlerism, two carloads of hooded men drove onto the field, beat up the players, and shouted:

"Hitler was right. You all belong in concentration camps!"

In Noilly, several masked Cagoulards robbed a bank just before closing time. When a pretty teller named Hyacinthe Goux screamed, one of the hold-up men shot her in the throat. She was never able to speak again. The gang escaped with 200,000 francs which turned up on the South American arms market two weeks later. Lumiere fretted and stewed, feeling the danger to his country growing hourly, yet powerless to thwart it.

But there came a day when Favoille was satisfied with the loyalty of his man "Robard," who read and praised Nazi journals and papers during his spare time. One morning Favoille said:

"I want you to meet some people tonight, Robard. We intend to save France . . . in our own way, of course. I think you can be of great help."

Lumiere had visited the Sureté headquarters on his day off for another touch-up job by the make-up specialist. Now he peered in the mirror and hoped that his crew-cut, the brown hair, his reddish cheeks and the concealed scar would hold up under the scrutiny of the Cagoulards.

In an oak-paneled hall illumined by tapers, fifteen hooded men sat in a circle, their eyes visible through slits in the black cloth. Favoille escorted Lumiere to the center of the room. They fired questions at him.

"What do you think of Hitler?"

"Are you a believer in democracy or strong-arm methods?"

"Are you willing to kill for your beliefs?"

To all queries, he gave the right answers. In fact, he impressed them as being a man of ruthless tendencies, desiring adventure, an admirer of the bully-boy methods of dictators. Favoille then polled them and put on his own hood. He intoned:

"Pierre Robard, you are about to enter the society of Les Cagoulards who will redeem France. Future generations will hail us as saviors of our country. For the time being, we operate in secrecy. Our fraternal handshake is known to each of us by a coin



*"Yes, all the world loves a lover.
But there are exceptions."*

inserted between the middle fingers of the right hand. Do you accept this vow of secrecy, on penalty of death, and pledge to reveal nothing of our identities or activities?"

"Oui, maître."

A smallish masked figure—later it proved to be Police Commissioner Chiappe—brought Lumiere a knife with a three-edged blade. The weapon rested on a blue velvet pillow.

Favoille went on: "This dagger is carried by the men of Cells 1 and 2 only. They are elite fighters. Guard it well; we will tell you what to do with it."

Following additional rigmarole by the Cagoulards, the new man Robard was declared a member. Favoille shook his hand, he felt the coin between the fingers, and the others filed up to meet and welcome him. Lumiere felt limp with relief.

He was on the inside at last.

At his first opportunity, the detective closeted himself with his superiors at the Sureté and warned them to keep Commissioner Chiappe from any knowledge of his own connection with the Cagoulards.

"Chiappe is one of them. It would ruin everything now, and they would kill me if he learned who I was."

He then telephoned his worried sister Clothilde—a weekly procedure—and pretended he was calling from another city where he had been sent on business. Yes, he would wear his rubbers if it rained. . . . No, he would not eat oysters—*oui*, they gave him indigestion. Yes, he would wear a sweater on chilly nights . . . *au revoir*, Clothilde. . . .

One month after he became a member, Lumiere was able to give his superiors a disturbing picture of the mounting Cagoulard plot. As Europe was to learn later from his probing, the hooded men were no minor-league threat. To the contrary. In Paris alone, they numbered 20,000 members, with another 40,000 scattered throughout the nation and Empire.

His first major test came when Favoille showed him a British newspaper containing an article blasting the Cagoulards. It was written by Hugh Brookes Foote, who still is a staff member of the *Manchester Gazette*, and expressed shock that the French Government hadn't been able to smash the Cagoulards' conspiracy.

"We must punish Monsieur Foote as a lesson to other critics," said "Robard's" employer. "Each morning, he takes a leisurely breakfast at the Restaurant Delogues near the Clignancourt Gate. Find him. You have the knife—you know what to do, Robard."

Lumiere felt ill, but his face was impassive. He shrank from hurting an innocent man, one like himself who loathed the pro-Hitler crowd, but he had his orders. On Friday, July 6, he was driven to the Flea Market, haunt of junk dealers, curio shops, and struggling artists, and got out of the car while a beady-eyed ex-boxer named Raoul Couer stayed at the wheel and kept the motor running.

The Briton sat at a table in the rear of the cafe, drinking coffee and making notes from the morning Paris journals. Lumiere approached him, said something insulting, and the man stood up and began to grapple with him. The detective brought out the Cagoulard blade and carefully pinked the newspaperman on the fleshy part of his upper left arm.

Amidst an uproar in the restaurant, "Robard" fled and jumped into the waiting car which sped away. The Foreign Office apologized for the attack and there was loud indignation in Parliament over the outrage, though Mr. Foote's wound was trivial.

But Lumiere knew his deed would assure the Cagoulards that he had done their bidding, though he had not killed the man. At a meeting that night, General d'Autremont told him they were satisfied.

"It is a good lesson to the foreign press to keep out of our business. If the man hadn't scuffled with you, I'm sure you would have killed him, Robard."

In the days that followed, Lumiere learned many secrets and made copious notes, which he mailed in plain envelopes to his superiors. He told them that the Cagoulards were organized like an army, but into four "bureaus" as follows:

FIRST BUREAU: General Headquarters and Strategic Command, headed by General d'Autremont.

SECOND BUREAU: Intelligence, supervised by Favoille himself.

THIRD BUREAU: Operations and Training, alternately headed by Frenchmen and German officers in France posing as tourists.

FOURTH BUREAU: Transport, Supplies, and Munitions, commanded by Stiller.

Night after night, Lumiere accompanied the Bureau chiefs on various missions, serving as a trusted aide because he lived in the same house with Favoille and was regarded as the lawyer's protégé.

He visited Light Cells, Heavy Cells, Units, Battalions, Regiments, Brigades, and Divisions. He listened to the pep talks of trained speakers who preached disloyalty to gardeners, grocer boys, milkmen, postmen, laborers, ne'er-do-wells and ex-convicts. These men strutted and preened in their quasi-military uniforms provided by the Cagoulards.

On week-ends, he helped conduct secret drills of the Cagoulard recruits on secluded estates and farms. His own police experience enabled him to train men in use of the Schmeiser sub-machine gun, Brett automatic rifle, flame-throwers, and French pistols stolen from army depots.

And he saw a man executed.

This was one Feuiller, a ticket seller at LeBourget Airport, who had become drunk in a bar near the Porte St. Denis and left behind a suitcase containing twenty hand grenades. The tavern owner had turned it over to the gendarmes. Now the hooded men were merciless in their denunciation of the unhappy man.

"Imbécile!"

"Bête!"

"Stupide!"

"Idiot!"

It was Favoille himself who pulled out a pistol and shot Feuiller between the eyes. He said curtly to Lumiere: "Get rid of the fool. Mistakes like he made are unforgivable."

Lumiere and Couer, who drove an old panel truck, hauled the body to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise at night. They draped the corpse over a headstone and hurried away. As they relaxed in a tavern after leaving the cemetery, Lumiere bought several bottles of brandy and began loosening the tongue of Couer, who admitted he was a bigamist with six wives. Lawyer Favoille had used influence to free him from prison.

"Who stabbed Pellesou, the baker? Ah,

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that was a very good job!" Lumiere said with admiration. He pressed another drink on his companion.

Couer gulped it down. "I did, Robard. Hugo was a flannel-mouth; he told his wife things. Bakers should stick to their dough." He laughed vacantly.

"And that traitorous journalist Verlien, who was found in the Seine. That took work, Couer. Too bad the dredge boat dug him up."

Couer swallowed another tumbler of the best brandy and grew expansive. "I did that one with a little help. It took plenty of sweat. A police boat almost came upon us. But Favouille is such a cheapskate he gave me only 500 francs for the job."

Lumiere didn't want to crowd his luck, but he had to know something else, so he told Couer to drink up and waited until a glaze came into the Cagoulard's eyes.

"But the one job I really admire was a masterpiece—killing that girl on the Metro. What planning. What daring! The man who did that deserves a really big reward from Max Poinceau."

Couer was quite drunk by now. And he felt sorry for himself. He got to his feet and said angrily, weaving and almost falling:

"I am that man, Robard. I did it, but what thanks did I get? Nothing. They expect these things from me. Poinceau was tired of the Tourneau woman; he promised me 5,000 francs if I'd get rid of her. But did I get it? Not a sou."

And under skillful prodding, with a few more drinks, Couer related how he had followed Letitia Tourneau onto the train, waited until other commuters got off at each station, until finally there were only the woman and himself in the car. One plunge of the knife into her breast and she was dead. He had slipped off at the Egmont-sur-Villiers platform as soon as the train slowed down.

"You are a good friend, a real pal, I like you, Robard . . . I like you. . . ." His maudlin voice trailed off and Couer passed out, dropping to the sawdust-sprinkled floor. Lumiere felt tense, keyed up, and triumphant, too, now that he knew the truth.

Still, there was more work to be done before his department could move in and make arrests. There was the all-important matter of munitions. Lumiere knew that vast sums had been spent on weapons. But where was the central distributing station? It was vital to seize those armaments, if the Cagoulard snake was to be thoroughly squashed.

Yes, he would have to wait. Now he felt shaky and worried, knowing he was on the track of something big. It was a terrible thing for one man like himself to stand between disaster for France and a decisive smash at the whole Cagoulard movement. He suddenly wished he were home with his slippers and his dominoes. . . .

THE week of August 4-11, 1937, was a bad one for France.

Becoming more brazen, the Cagoulards struck in a dozen places, using coercion and force to turn Frenchmen against their own government. In a gun battle with police and army officers at Metz, the hooded men killed six and wounded eight. At an elegant jewelers' salon on the Rue de la Paix, three Cagoulards smashed a display window and took all the diamonds and rings.

They sent the jeweler a mocking note:

"Baubles are nothing; converted to money, they will buy guns!"

Lumiere, prowling through Favouille's desk and files while the Cagoulard leader was at Berthine's play-house or at work, found a list of secret arms caches in Paris suburbs and other cities.

He used a public typewriter at the Hotel des Jardins to peck out anonymous warning notes to a dozen prefects of police, giving the exact locations of the munitions dumps. In a two-week period, more than 100,000 rounds of ammunition and 4,000 weapons were seized by police, thanks to Lumiere's tips.

HE guessed that the central arms depot must be in Paris, and that it would be a huge one. By trucks and private cars, Cagoulard thugs carried weapons into the countryside and to other towns. But where was the main supply center?

The detective was patient. And discreet. He dared not ask Favouille, for his employer was fretting over the police raids and muttering darkly that "there must be an informer among us."

Time and again, Lumiere saw the fat man, Stiller, in earnest conversation with Favouille and other Cagoulard top brass. The role of Stiller in the conspiracy puzzled the man from the Sureté. Why was the superintendent of sewers so important to the movement?

The answer hit him like a brick one night as he tossed sleeplessly on his bed.

The sewers.

What better hiding-place for arms and munitions could there be?

On the following Monday, obese Superintendent Stiller was taken to a run-down neighborhood near the Seine in a big Daimler. Neither Stiller nor his driver noted a small black car which followed his own limousine. In the second car was a gray-haired man with bristling mustaches and a garlic breath. He wore the soiled white garb of a sewer cleaner, and Badge No. 445 of the appropriate trade union was pinned to his tunic.

As Stiller lifted a manhole and dropped out of sight, almost too fat for the hole, Lumiere waited a bit and then followed the official down the ladder. Passersby and some Cagoulards in mufti nearby saw nothing unusual about a sewer worker going underground with his wrenches and broom.

The make-up man at the Sureté had done a good job on Lumiere. "I even smell like a sewer man!" the detective chuckled.

Down below in the murk, Lumiere discerned Stiller gingerly proceeding along a cat-walk. A rat scurried across the detective's foot and he said "Damn!" Stiller turned around, came back, and peered at Lumiere's face.

"You are not the cleaner assigned to this district. Who are you?" the fat man asked, reaching in his pocket as if for a gun. A boxer in his school days, Lumiere threw a punch at the flabby face and Stiller sagged. The detective dropped him into a moldering rowboat tied to a stanchion and pressed forward through the stinking gloom.

In a few minutes, from the cavern ahead, he heard voices. Soon he crept up on a mammoth enclosure—large as a theater—and beheld an amazing sight. Under floodlights, five armed men guarded an ammunition stock which rivaled in size that of a well-supplied fort.

Rifles, still in crates, were piled to the ceiling. Along one dripping wall were hundreds of machine guns, well greased to protect them from corrosion. Towering boxes with German lettering on their sides contained arms of an undisclosed type. In another roped-off area, almost a thousand cartons of grenades made in Italy were piled in long orderly rows.

Quietly and still unobserved, Jules Lumiere slipped back the way he had come. He gave Stiller a crack on the head, as the man was returning to consciousness. The sewer official went back to sleep in his rowboat.

He climbed the ladder into the sun, glad to be out of the stench, and hurried to a telephone booth nearby. When he told his superiors at the Sureté what he had found, they dispatched six picked squads to the intersection above the arms dump.

The raid was made almost noiselessly. Man after man dropped into the manhole, guns ready, and moved in on the Cagoulards' arms treasure. Stiller, groggy and sick, was yanked from the boat and taken to headquarters.

After the guards were disarmed and shackled, forty loyal soldiers of the Republic and twenty policemen were left in charge of the munitions.

Back at the Sureté building, Inspector Jules Lumiere—still smelling pretty bad—consulted his notes and gave officials names, addresses, and descriptions of the men he had worked with—Favouille, Couer, the triple-killer; General d'Autremont, Commissioner Chiappe, and others.

He didn't return to Berthine's house of ill repute, but he sent his second cousin a bouquet of roses with a card which read simply: "To a woman who knows the right people." Then Lumiere peeled off his smelly clothes, took a shower, and telephoned his sister. . . .

"Women, women," he sighed.

THE trials of the conspirators in which Lumiere was the star witness, clinched the case against the Cagoulards. Death sentences and long prison terms were handed out. Couer went to the guillotine sobbing with hatred for Lumiere.

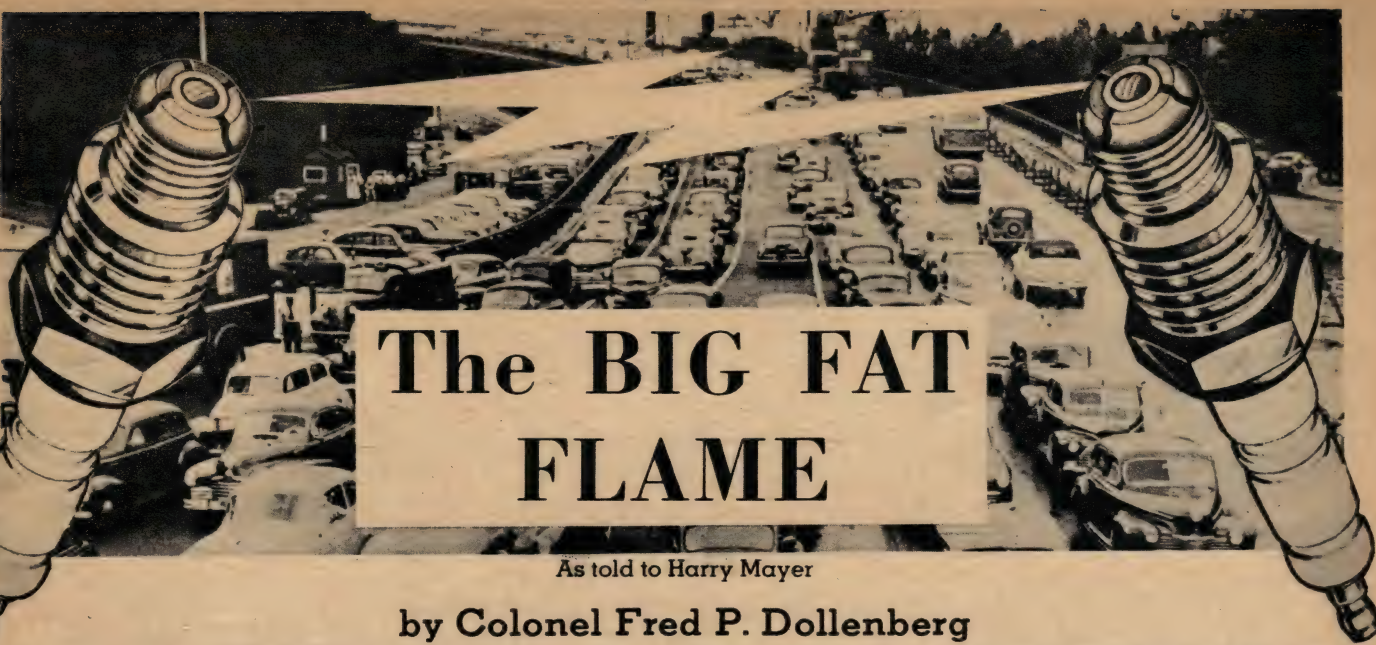
And Favouille, serving a life sentence, sent Lumiere a note which said: "Too bad you were on the wrong side. We could have won with a man like you."

Throughout France, Africa, and other parts of the Empire, Cagoulard cells were raided and their local leaders were tried and sentenced. The governments of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy piously declared they had never heard of the hooded men.

As for Jules Lumiere, his victory over the Cagoulards meant little change in his life other than for the rosette of the Legion of Honor which he now wears in his buttonhole. But he no longer lives with Clothilde, his sister.

Braving his sister's wrath, he married the blond Fleurette from Berthine's establishment "to make an honest woman of me," as she laughingly says. The only reminder of the terrorists in their house these days is a three-sided knife which Lumiere keeps on his desk.

On its sharp point are impaled the monthly bills which pile up. For a detective, first class, in this inflationary era finds it hard to support a wife and five little Lumieres. . . . ■



The BIG FAT FLAME

As told to Harry Mayer

by Colonel Fred P. Dollenberg

We were stuck in the busy mid-Manhattan street. Behind us the traffic piled bumper to bumper, horns screeching indignantly. The colonel leaned over to our cab driver. "What's wrong?" he asked.

The cabbie pointed with his cigarette to the car in front, "Look."

We did. The car ahead of us — a shiny 1958 model — had stalled and the starter clattered endlessly with that empty metallic sound that you know in advance is not going to make the motor catch. Twisting the ignition key in helpless fury, the unfortunate motorist at the same time was exchanging uncomplimentary opinions with the drivers of the vehicles snarled behind him. At length he piled out of the car, wrenched at the hood, and looked fiercely at the inert engine. To no one in particular, but as though to vindicate himself to his tormenters, he shouted: "I just know it's those damned spark plugs. Only two thousand miles and already they're shot!"

Startled, I turned to my companion. "Colonel," I demanded, "is this a plant?" He stared back at me, then he got it and he began to laugh. So did I, in a moment, and there we were in this taxicab, stalled between skyscrapers and going no place, roaring as though we'd never stop.

Spark plugs! That was the joke. The colonel and I were on our way to his downtown office where I was scheduled to interview him for a magazine story. The subject — spark plugs.

You see, Col. Fred Dollenberg is the inventor and manufacturer of a device which is designed to allow automobiles to run **without** spark plugs!

Later, sitting in his top floor office, with the drapes parted to reveal the exciting lower Manhattan skyline, I got a more leisurely look at the colonel. I wondered and asked about his smashed nose, — the war maybe? — and he smiled and said no; just an opposing tackle with a very hard head. Dollenberg was an All-American mention at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia before he joined the Army Air Force as an engineer immediately after graduation. After war was declared against Japan and Germany, he saw enough action to later receive the Inquirer Hero Award as Philadelphia's

most decorated flyer, succeeding a similar award to Marine hero Al (Pride of the Marines) Schmid. For a time he was personal pilot for Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Evidently there was considerable brilliance to this young fighter; he started the climb up to the brain brass, and some of the military manuals he was charged with preparing are still used by the Air Force. (Only part of this did I drag out of Dollenberg. Indeed it was a newspaper file which informed me that the colonel was a triple ace!)

It was while Dollenberg was in command of a

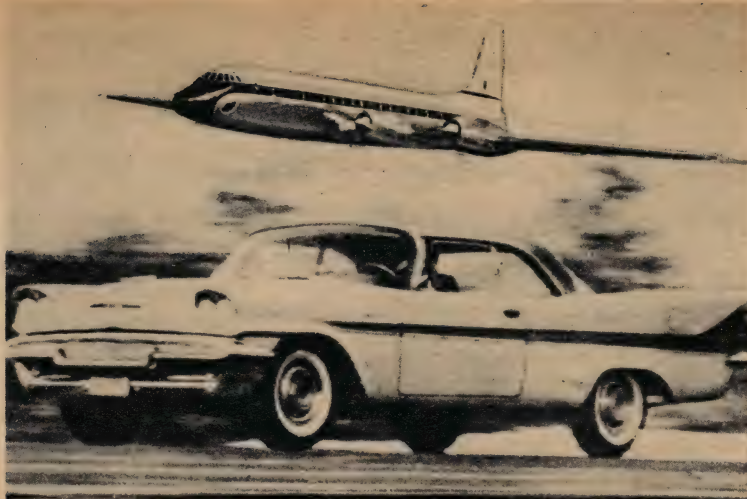


"The spark plug was invented more than 40 years ago. For the last 20 years it has not been doing an adequate job. The U. S. Navy and Air Force knew this only too well. I was commissioned to replace the spark plug with a modern efficient ignition system. I succeeded — with the Lectra Fuel Igniter. The Navy accepted it and took the spark plugs out of their aircraft replacing them with the prototype of our Lectra Fuel Igniter. Today this extraordinary invention is replacing spark plugs in tens of thousands of automobiles throughout the country. By 1961 every car made will carry fuel igniters not spark plugs" . . . Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, U.S. Air Force, from a speech at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, January 8, 1958.

task force of seasoned P-40 pilots that a grim incident took place which set the then Capt. Dollenberg off on his restless search for perfection. A young ace, coming in safe and sound from a mission where he had gone through murderous enemy fire, never made it to his safe hut a few hundred yards away. He nosed a bit too low — no engine power to get the plane up quickly — and the trees that lay just short of the runway caught the plane and pilot and crashed both. Dollenberg was horrified at the accident and at the paralysis of fatalism that seemed to settle on the shoulders of officers and enlisted men alike in the face of a tragedy so senseless. . . . After all, it seemed to say, it is true, isn't it, that more planes are lost through engine failure than are brought down by the Japs? You had to expect such things — and accept them. . . . But Dollenberg couldn't accept it. Not when the cause of this type of accident could be ripped out of the engine.

"Plug failure?", I asked. He nodded, shortly. "This tragedy and others, too. Too many others. Did you know that spark plugs were invented more than 40 years ago for engines whose limit was 20 miles an hour? These very same spark plugs — and that they haven't been changed an iota since? Can you imagine a 2000 horsepower motor depending for ignition on a skinny little spark that had been intended to help Grandpa toot around the square on a Sunday afternoon? Well, that's what these boys had under their P-40 hoods." The accident had started him off on his search, I supposed, and again he nodded. It hadn't been an easy journey. Apathy, defeatism—a young enthusiasm will always encounter these. I've done many success interviews, and it's a rare success that has been a joyride. Dollenberg spent long hours off duty working on the problem of the antiquated spark plug, but when the war ended he still hadn't cracked it. Returning to a young wife and family the colonel organized a non-scheduled commercial airline and operated it for 3 million miles, even introducing gliders for the first time in commercial aviation.

If it hadn't been for some weight-throwing on the part of one of the larger airlines which had



begun to smart under the irritating competition it was getting from the Dollenberg outfit, the young man would undoubtedly have succeeded in commercial aviation and this particular story wouldn't have been written. But as it was, Dollenberg was forced out of business on the sort of technicality that somehow seems always to crop out against the small business, not the big. He had to sell.

Well, there he was — with a little money left from the debacle, a family, and a living to make for them. He turned his attention once more to the anachronism of modern engines — the spark plug. Starting again from scratch, he reviewed the problem.

"It's really quite simple," said Col. Dollenberg. "An engine provides power for a vehicle because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas the more force in the cylinder. The more force, the more power. Obviously, therefore, the larger the spark the more gas ignited and burned. What we were after was a much larger spark, a big, fat flame!"

"And the conventional spark plug can't provide it?"

"No, it cannot. Every mechanic knows that."

"And the kid in the plane?"

"The P-40? What killed him was insufficient fire — a spark too skinny to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to climb up and over those trees."

"Why can't the spark plug give a fat spark?" I persisted.

The colonel spoke simply. "Because of its basic design. Every spark plug has an air gap — .025 to .035 of an inch — and the spark is no larger than the gap. No larger did I say? Only when the plugs are brand new is the spark even as large! Carbon forming immediately as the plug is put into use begins fouling, then ruining, the tip. The thin wire electrodes begin to wear away. The danger — and enormous expense — of this obsolete mechanism lies in these factors."

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no airgap — which contained no wire electrodes — whose tip would not foul — which would not blow out even at the highest compressions . . . which would never need a replacement for the life of the motor.

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington.

The Navy didn't accept him with open arms. The principle — fine! Let's see it work. And Dollenberg made it work. After the most exhaustive tests, he knew he was in. . . . Out went the spark plugs. The LS-702 Prototype was approved for U. S. Navy jet engine use; the Air Force followed suit.

If that had been it, it still would have made a good story — the revolutionary change that a former fighter pilot had effected in military aircraft. But that wasn't all. Dollenberg turned to the field of automobiles.

For more than 40 years the old fashioned spark plug had been the standard gas igniter for every car made. During that time engine power had soared from less than 20 horse to more than 300. Every year the puny spark plug with its skinny little flame became less able to do its job. The new high compression engines were now burning out spark plugs in a few thousand miles of driving. In 1957 Americans paid more than 500 million dollars merely to replace wornout spark plugs. To provide what spark plugs could not do, the big oil companies began to produce super and then super-super gas — at super prices! Not only were car owners spending a huge sum for plugs each year — they were also spending a fortune in premium gas for the privilege of keeping spark plugs in their engines. And even at that they were not getting their money's worth, as the new cars they bought very soon became sluggish ones.

If ever there was a call for a modern, efficient ignition mechanism to go with the modern automobile, this was it. Dollenberg heard the call. He marketed the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!

There were problems. Little ones like designing the Igniter in the same size and shape as the conventional spark plug they were to replace. And big ones such as getting a small voice heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit automobile kingdom. Dollenberg was helped by the shrewdness of fleet operators whose business depended upon efficiency and economy. Taxicabs running

triple-shift around the clock installed the Fuel Igniter and reported a 10-20% increased gas mileage per car! Truck owners followed suit — and then the motorist. In less than 12 months, sales of the Lectra Fuel Igniter zoomed into the million dollar stratosphere!

I asked Dollenberg about the Lectra advertising claim that had jolted motorists all over the country. "Colonel, you've made the guarantee that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER will save a car owner \$100 a year or that you will take back the igniters and refund their money. How do you arrive at that one hundred dollars figure?"

"It's based on the average of 10,000 miles of driving in one year. First there will be a saving of from \$10 to \$12 a year in eliminating spark-plug cleaning, gapping, and adjusting at 5,000 miles, replacement at 10,000 miles."

"Does that mean that the Fuel Igniter will need no cleaning or replacing for a whole year?"

"It means that the Fuel Igniter will **never** have to be cleaned or replaced! I mean that we guarantee that it **will outlast the life of any car!** Not only that: we are also guaranteeing that the Fuel Igniter will squeeze up to **6—maybe 8—more miles out of every gallon of gas purchased** the first year and every year—or we will replace them free until they do. That's a saving of \$40 per year. And it will do this using **regular gas—economy gas—not** the super gas bought at such walloping prices. That means a saving of \$50 each year. And the Igniters will do this every year of the car's life — they improve with age. **They never wear out!**"

As Dollenberg talked I drew up a chart. You can see it at the bottom of this page.

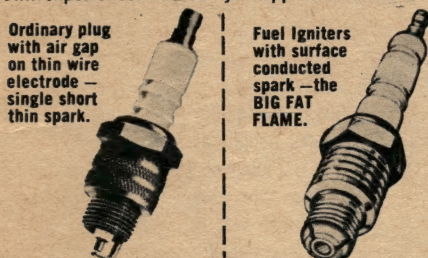
I said to Dollenberg, "Colonel, to a person like myself—a guy who drives a car well but knows next to nothing about its mechanism—who's always felt the car runs better after it's had a wash—how will I know right away I've really got something after I've switched from spark plugs to Fuel Igniters?"

The colonel twinkled at me in sympathy. "I've always felt it a pity they don't teach mechanics to all school children. I think I know just how you feel. Anyway — very seriously — please listen to this: The first time you press the starter after you've installed the Igniters (very simple — by the way), you'll hear and feel an instant clean throb of the starter and an immediate even roar of the engine. I tell you, you'll be astonished. Even on the coldest morning you'll get a thrill, listening to your motor kicking over instantly and then settling quickly into a smooth purr. As for stalling in traffic, like that fellow did this afternoon, that won't happen to you. Stalling is almost always traceable to a faulty spark—and the Igniter will not fault. Climbing and passing? Even a big 325 horsepower car can and does falter on a hill or when it tries to pass if suddenly the spark plugs aren't burning sufficient gas. That won't happen to you. Instead you'll climb and pass more

HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING \$100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUGS	LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS	SAVINGS
Cleaning	several times a year	never	\$10 per year
Gapping			
Replacing			
Gas Consumption	600 gallons	465 gallons	\$40 per year
Additional cost of premium gas	\$50 a year	not a cent	\$50 per year
TOTAL SAVINGS = \$100 per year			

swiftly than you've ever known because you'll be burning gas, not wasting it. You've heard about the simple exhaust test? Try it. First, with the spark plugs in place, let the engine idle and stuff a ball of white absorbent cotton into the mouth of the exhaust. It will come out soaking with **unused** gasoline. Then try it with Igniters replacing the plugs. The cotton ball will be almost dry. The gas **burned** instead of escaping through the exhaust. Or here's something else. Again with spark plugs in the car, go into gear — or in drive if you have an automatic transmission. Don't touch the accelerator. Now note how much the car moves forward—if at all. Then unscrew the plugs and replace the Igniters. If you stood still with spark plugs you'll move forward from 4 to 6 miles an hour with the Igniters while not touching the gas pedal! The gas that was required with spark plugs in your car merely to idle your motor without being able to move it forward, carries you forward up to six miles an hour with Igniters in the engine! One more final thing—with spark plugs a car must be looked over and adjusted several times a year. You know that from your own experience. But can you appreciate the con-



cept of **never, never** having to remove or change spark plugs because you don't carry any? The concept of Fuel Igniters becoming **permanent** installations in your engine — for the life of your engine?

"Yet, with all this — believe it or not — I still haven't fully answered your question . . . How you'll use more air and less gas . . . the savings on your battery . . . increased RPM . . . how carbon — the enemy of spark plugs — actually increases the efficiency of Fuel Igniters. But what I've tried to say is that the spark plug is as inferior to the Fuel Igniter as the wagon is to the modern automobile. And just as out-dated. Auto mechanics know this now. The ordinary motorist is learning about it fast."

"One last question: What about Detroit, Col. Dollenberg? Do you feel you're fighting a crusade?"

Dollenberg looked out of the window, out into the dusk of the city. There was a reflective quietness about him as he thought of his reply. Then he said: "No, we don't believe we're fighting the big spark plug manufacturers. Oh, there's bound to be a competitive fight soon because it's a matter of only a short time before these giants will all scrap their investments in the obsolete spark plug and turn to the manufacture of fuel igniters. Meanwhile — to put it quite candidly — there is, of course, that huge investment in stocks of spark plugs to liquidate and while the big fellows are attempting to unload, LECTRA will be booming along." The grin came out again as he said: "I hope they take their time about it. At the rate we're going we'll be big enough to take care of ourselves shortly."

I got up to go, convinced that Dollenberg's quiet confidence was well-founded. The product and the man were right for each other. Here's an incident which impressed me. A short time ago, LECTRA ran a mail order advertisement in the sober New York Times. One of the replies they got was from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who put it to LECTRA right on the line. Said the Pennsylvania man:

"I've read your ad in the New York Times. What I want you to do before I order a set is for you to send me a copy of that ad through the United States mails. Then if your Fuel Igniters won't come through with all those fancy promises — and if you don't send my money back if they don't

perform as you say — I'll have Uncle Sam on my side while I go after you." The hard-bitten Pennsylvania man sent the ad through the mails, all right. And he ordered a set of Fuel Igniters. LECTRA wasn't fearful that Uncle Sam would be after them. Because — and here was the kicker — **Uncle is a LECTRA customer!** A large U. S. Government agency, after field-testing 5,000 Fuel Igniters **ordered 25,000 to replace every spark plug in a fleet of 3,000 key vehicles!**

So that's the story of The Big Fat Flame. I'm leaving a little space for a message from Col. Dollenberg. Meanwhile I'm on my way outside to the garage with my set of Fuel Igniters. I can't wait to get rid of those spark plugs!

This article has been presented both as an advertisement for the Lectra Fuel Igniter and as a public service. Especially do I wish to emphasize the words **public service**. It is flattering to be imitated, it is said, but since the invention of the Lectra Fuel Igniter, there have appeared so-called "imitations" which have failed to perform as promised.

We state, flatly and sincerely, that we can back every claim that appears in Mr. Mayer's story. Please look very carefully at the table which follows. It has been prepared from the research of one of the nation's leading Consumer Surveys:

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS

NOTE—All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used **REGULAR GAS**
(Compiled from Consumer Reports and Field Tests)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
1956	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1954	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1954	Oldsmobile 98	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1956	Plymouth V-8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98 (air-conditioned)	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

Nothing is as exacting — as compromising — as cold statistics. In the final analysis, nothing will prove to you the extraordinary benefits of the Lectra Fuel Igniter as its performance in your own automobile.

Therefore we guarantee (and stake our reputation and our business on this guarantee):

That Lectra Fuel Igniters must be everything we say they are, everything we have led you to expect. They must make your car perform as you never thought it would and on **regular gas**. You must **IN YOUR OWN JUDGMENT** get easier starting, faster pick-up improved economy (to conform to the table above) or you can return them after a 10 day trial and get back every cent you paid — without question and without delay. What's more — they must **continue to function** properly for the life of your car or they will be replaced until they do.

We've taken a lot of your time in presenting our story. Now there's nothing else to say; the rest is up to our Fuel Igniter. If you want to try them (bear in mind our guarantee) they will be rushed to you as soon as we receive your order. For your convenience we are adding a coupon to the bottom of this page. If you'll fill it out and mail it I can promise you the most exciting automobile experience you've ever known.

Sincerely,

Leo P. Dollenberg

Lectra Fuel Igniter Co. Dept. GK-16
11 East 47 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Rush my Lectra Fuel Igniters by return mail on your money back guarantee.

☐ I enclose \$12.60 for 6 Igniters

☐ I enclose \$16.80 for 8 Igniters

☐ I enclose \$_____ for _____ Igniters at \$2.10 each

☐ Send _____ Igniters C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay postman balance on delivery plus shipping charges.

My car is _____ year _____ make _____ model

_____ no. of cylinders

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

frederick's Hollywood Magic!



A
2-PIECE
PERMANENTLY
PLEATED
SPECIAL:
\$5.98



A #3724 SHEER DELIGHT
S-h-e-e-r nylon baby doll
permanently pleated and hem-
trimmed with ruching, scoop-
necked and slit at sides for
sensational effect. Matching
panties. Flame Red, Orchid, Sky
Blue or Black. Sizes 32 to 38.
\$5.98

B #3884 MIDRIFF MADNESS
Frederick's fine and fancy
sheer Nylon harem pajamas for
those Arabian nights. Opaque
bust and bikini briefs under
sheer harem pants, bodice and
sleeves. Elasticized shoulder
shifts from high to low-down
loveliness. Black or Cerise.
Sizes 32 to 38. \$6.98

C #3905 SHANGHAI SAL
Girls, get your man in this
minxish Mandarin marvel of
naughty Rayon and Acetate
knit jersey! Glamorous gold
braid and seductive side slits
are your personal secret weap-
ons. Black or White. Sizes 32
to 38. \$5.88

D #108 DANGER CURVES
French look bra has stitched
5-section cups for that glam-
orous pointed uplift. Rayon
satin is net-lined for firm sup-
port. In Jet Black or Gardenia
White. Priced so low. Sizes 32
to 38B, 34
to 38C cup \$5.50

E #17 HOSE SCANTIE
Frederick's fabulous creation
of all-in-one panty-hose for the
theatrical world. Sheer "stretch
Nylon" has reinforced toe,
heel and crotch. Terrific for
dancers and models. Pink,
Black or Beige. Sizes 8 1/2 to
11. \$5.95

F #3862 DOLL BABY
Frills and flounces run fetch-
ingly around this bosomy
scooped neck. Matching skin
tight pants have frilly trim at
calf. A tremendous pajama
value in Nylon jersey. Carni-
val Red, Maize or Aqua.
Sizes 32 to 38. Just \$6.50

G #3923 MISTY MAGIC
Just a hint of cloth to add
intrigue to your night reveal.
Mist of nylon sheer trimmed
in dainty lace. Red, Black,
White. Sizes 32 to 38. \$10.98

H #3727 CHEMISE, PLEASE
Dress length chemise cuddler
leaves something to be dis-
covered! Permanently pleated
sheer nylon. Big satin bosom
bow. Nile Green, Orchid, Red
or Black.
Sizes 32 to 38. \$8.98

I #3933 PINK ELEPHANTS
Wheel! Gay little pink elephants
frolic with twinkling rhine-
stone eyes on cloud-sheer
nylon baby doll and bikini.
Satin bows. Black, White, Lilac,
Mint, Red. Sizes 32 to 38. \$4.98

J #3930 FLOSSIE
Fabulous fringe adds fascina-
tion to Nylon tricot bikini. It's
a crafty Frederick's special!
White, Black, Red, Orchid,
Mint. Sizes 22 inch to
28 inch waist. 3 for \$3.78

K #3927 MAGIC MOMENT
Bare minimum bikini shows
every bit of flesh that's legal.
Perfect for sunning, modeling,
or just plain devilishness. Rich
Rayon satin, Nylon edging,
elastic sides. Black,
Red, White.
22" to 28" waist. 3 for \$3.78



FABULOUS
VALUE
\$5.88



Satin
3-Section
Cups!

Circular
stitching
lifts bust up
and out.



BARGAIN!
\$6.50

L #3087 HALF HIGH
Copied from a French Original.
Frederick's Frenchy half bra...
only half high yet this Satin-
lax bra is guaranteed to
stay in place. Satin cup has
foam rubber backing plus thin-
nest of flex-plastic support for
perfect control. Wired under-
cup. Black or White.
Sizes 32 to 38B cup. \$5

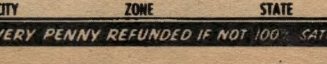
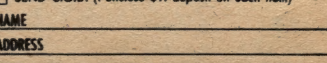
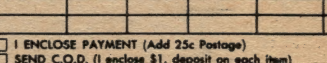
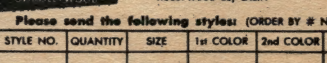
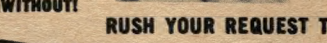
M #3304 OH, LA! LA!
Frederick's copies a fabulous
French import to bring you that
continental way. Stitched cup
cuddles so you burst through
the little hole with youthful
perkiness. "Oh, la! la!" the
point of points - and best of
all, it's all yours! Fabulous under
sweaters or silks. Rayon satin.
White, or Black.
Sizes 32 to 38B cup. \$5

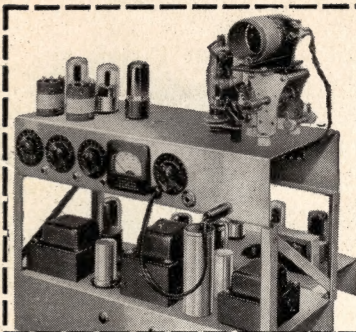
N #3164 RISING STAR
Frederick's combines the
widest cleavage with highest
uplift ever in a Dacron elastic
bra that hooks in front. "In-Up
angle pads and rayon satin in-
sets urge bust inward and up-
ward. Light secret circle inner
contour pads can't lose their
shape. Side feather boning
coaxes underarm flesh into
cups for increased measure-
ments and deeper cleavage!
Underwired cups give firm
support. Wear straps wide set,
halter style, or detached.
White, Black. Sizes 32 to 36
A, B or C cup. \$5

O #1162 BARE DARE
Show off the lovely lines of
your foot. Flatter yourself with
these little nothings of a shoe.
Slimming near 5 inch heel,
snug Spring-a-lator construc-
tion. White, or Black Kid.
Sizes 5 to 9 Medium. \$18.95

P #1145 FATAL FOOTSTEP
The sky's the limit in this
glamorous pump with "almost
5" heels. Goes any place with
any dress, flatters your foot,
semi-point toe adds an extra
measure of svelte sophistica-
tion to your outfit. In supple
Black Suede or shimmering
Black Patent.
Sizes 5 to 10 Medium. \$22.95

R #1432 SLIMLINE
Keep that youthful, vigorous
look, with no discomfort! Felt-
lined, perforated latex rubber
is perfect for avoiding flabbiness
while reducing. Detach-
able knit crotch. White. Waist
Sizes: 34 in. to 40 in. \$6.50



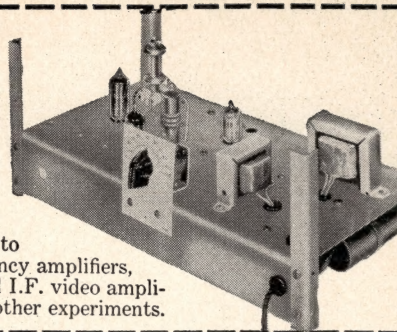


YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

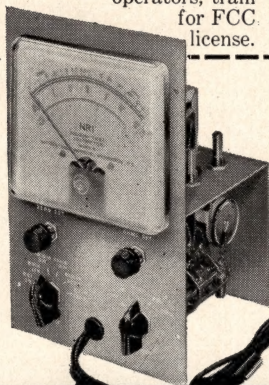
YOU BUILD Signal Generator

N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.



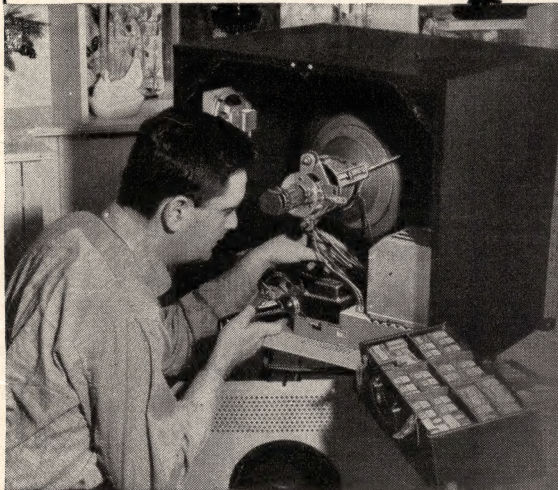
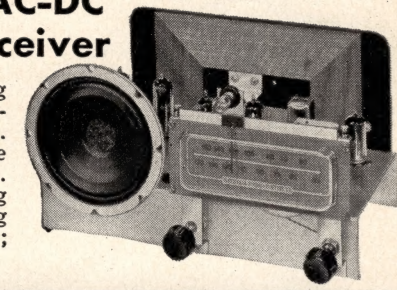
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.



YOU BUILD AC-DC Superhet Receiver

N.R.I. servicing training supplies all parts, everything is yours to keep. Nothing takes the place of practical experience. You get actual servicing experience by practicing with this modern receiver; you learn-by-doing.

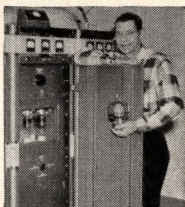


Learn RADIO TELEVISION by Practicing at Home

WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

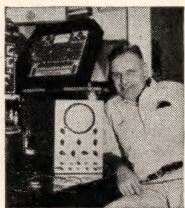
Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.



Paid for Instruments

"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.



Has Own TV Business

"We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing, and get TV repairs. During my Army service, NRI training helped get me a top rated job." W. M. WEIDNER, Fairfax, South Dakota.



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